

# CORONET

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year's smash musical hit

in 16 pages of glorious color

## OKLAHOMA!

with commentary by Governor Robert S. Kerr

# CORONET

# CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1944



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**Cover Girl** Because her eyes mirror blue skies and her hair is sunshine color, Mickey Malloy is Coronet's choice for its June cover girl. A talented artist, she shifts her camera poses with chameleon ease from high school girl to young mother or sophisticate. Her beyond-the-lens life revolves about her husband, Ellis Craig, and their infant daughter. Mickey spent her pre-Hollywood days on a ranch in Phoenix, Arizona. Tom Kelley, who took the shot, ranks her as Hollywood's most versatile model.

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*Behind the bulletins announcing battlefield casualties, lies human suffering and shock. An ace newsman here tells that grim story*

## **The Diary of a Wound**

by RICHARD TREGASKIS

**EDITORS' NOTE:** *This battlefield reporter for International News Service and author of the best-selling "Guadalcanal Diary" became a casualty of war in Italy, when a shell ripped through his steel helmet into his skull. The dispatch he filed at that time from the frontline fighting seemed to Coronet editors an exceptionally fine account of one man's reaction to the pain and shock of being wounded, and for that reason we're departing from our usual policy and reprinting his story.*

**T**HE FIRST SHELL of the barrage hit me—and then when consciousness came back, and I knew I had been badly wounded, I came to realize something I had long suspected: that there was absolutely no sensation of pain in such a situation. It was like a movie without sound.

Often I had seen badly wounded men—in Italy and the Pacific—and it had struck me that their eyes seemed to be filmed over by some barrier to pain.

That barrier, I know now, was shock,

the friend of the wounded soldier.

I knew, too, that shock had dimmed my perceptions, just as I had seen other men cut off from pain by shock.

But though all my senses were dulled I knew that I must catch up with Col. Yarborough (Lt. Col. William P. Yarborough of Staunton, Va.), if I wanted to get off the mountain that night.

Col. Yarborough and Capt. Edmund Tomasik of New Bedford, Mass., had gone a little ahead of me on our way back from the top of the mountain. I had stopped off for a few minutes to round up a successful day's notes. Then I got hit.

I knew that getting me off the hard rocky slope of Mt. Corno, west of Venafro, down the virtually impassable slope to the nearest jeep trail, nearly a mile away, would take a crew of eight.

It did not seem likely that I would

be able to find eight people to help me. The sense of self-preservation came strongly through my shock. Blood ran warmly down my face but I half sat up and tried to shout to two soldiers who were running at a crouch a few feet away.

My own voice rattled faintly like a broken gramophone and I realized that the words didn't make sense. Surprised, I tried again and another time to make words. I had lost my power of speech.

A shell was coming. I automatically grabbed the ground and listened. But this time too I heard the familiar sound muffled as if it were rattled nearly off the sound track, as if my whole head were joggling. The usually frightening sound of an approaching shell and the explosion were ghosts of themselves, almost comic.

A frightened soldier had skinned his way into the rocks next to me and I tried to talk, fumbling over the words, trying to say "Can you help me?" coming out finally with the words "Can help?"

Another shell burst farther down the slope and then the soldier's fear-wrought face was looking back as he ran away saying: "I can't help you, I'm too scared."

Then I realized that my chances of getting off that night depended on my getting up and walking. Blood still ran down my face and I knew I was badly hit. I saw my helmet lying on the ground, a hole like an open mouth in the front of it and another in the side. My glasses had been blown off but miraculously not

broken. I put on my helmet and glasses unsteadily with my left arm because my right arm had been knocked out of action. It felt like a board against my side. I stood up and began to stagger down the rocky trail. I dropped my helmet and stopped to pick it up, thinking it would be a good souvenir if I survived—probably that was the only extraneous thought I had except that I felt my pockets to make sure that I had my notes.

Then a shell was coming and I heard the same ragged, distant whistling and the rattling, loose explosion. I was on the ground for a little time and then I found a medical soldier wrapping my head in a bandage and saw that he had stuck my right arm with a morphine syringe, but I was not aware of the thrust of the needle. I picked up my right arm in my left hand and it felt like a foreign body and when I dropped it, it fell inert.

THEN THE MEDIC was gone and I became again consciously alone and helpless. I got to my feet again, and stumbling, dropping my helmet time after time, picking it up with my left hand, talking my ape-jargon and with blood running down my glasses, I must have been a grotesque sight.

In this peculiar way I was still trying to catch up with Col. Yarborough. That was the idea that filled my stunned mind and the arrival of each rustling and rattling shell halted me only temporarily while I hit the rocks. Once a shell burst so close I felt I could have touched it. I wasn't frightened, but startled at its proximity.

Then there were more shells following me and I found a small cave which a German had evidently dug a few days ago against this sort of danger when the Germans held the area. I began to wonder whether I would be able to catch up with Col. Yarborough after all, or whether I would stay the night on the mountain. Meanwhile, bursts in a rustling succession hit close below my little cave. I felt something like relief at being wounded even though I might die tonight. After so many close ones, my luck had at last caught up with me.

After having watched an all-day hand grenade battle between the Germans and the Rangers on the Ridge of Mount Corno, I had thought my job of reporting was over for the day.

I had started down from the peak along the rocky trail, and had estimated it would take me about two and a half hours to negotiate the two-mile trail down the mountain.

On the long sweaty climb up the mountain to the box-seat for the hand-to-hand battle, I had been struck by the continuous trail of blood sprinkled brightly on the calcite rocks. It was the first literal trail of blood I had ever seen over such a long distance. Nearly every day there had been casualties on this trail, particularly at one point where the Germans were able to bring a heavy concentration of artillery to bear. Yesterday from the foot of the mountain I had watched the dirty gray puffs of shell-fire sprouting from the mountainside and had seen the wrecks of injured men. I hadn't thought that I would be

contributing some of my own blood to this crimson trail.

However, here I was in the cave, badly wounded through the head and, as I thought, also in the arm.

Thinking back to that time I remember, however, that I was singularly unconcerned about my plight. I seemed vastly good-natured. Nothing seemed to disturb me—only the automatic force of self-preservation seemed to be telling me what to do.

When the shells slacked off I climbed to my feet again, dropping and retrieving my souvenir helmet several times. Then I staggered down the rocky trail, still impelled by the force which pushed me in the direction of Col. Yarborough.

Like a robot unsteady on his feet but under directional control I stumbled over the rocks, fell automatically each time I heard the fuzzy sound of the approach of a shell, got back to my feet and went ahead.

Time did not seem to be moving fast or slowly; time seemed to be in neutral gear, but I knew that the distance I walked was long.

Around a bend of the trail I saw Col. Yarborough, bending over a bleeding enlisted man who sat on the ground. With Col. Yarborough was Capt. Tomasik, and I felt a surge of pleasure at seeing them again, like a dog wagging his tail at the sight of some familiar person. Then I knew that somehow I would be able to get down the mountain that night, because I had found Yarborough. Fortunately for me Yarborough and Tomasik had stayed behind to care

for one of their men whose arm had been blown off a few minutes before.

From then on, down the long trail, Yarborough helped to support me, and the long haul might have seemed like a nightmare had I not been shielded by the barrier of shock. As it was, this was not a particularly unhappy dream.

It must have been half an hour later that we reached a pleasant house and waited for transportation.

Still I tried to talk, uttering inane unconnected syllables, lifting my paralyzed right arm in my left hand and trying to indicate where I thought it had been hit. They stripped the sleeve from my arm and it was untouched. Still the blood ran down my face and coated my glasses.

Across the room I saw a line of soldiers standing with fascinated, awed

looks on their faces as they stared at me, the badly wounded man. Those fascinated spectators imagined more pain than I actually felt. Such is the friendly power of shock, and the stubborn will for preservation.

More than a month later, when I was recovering my power of speech and the use of my right arm, and the great hole in the side of my skull was healing, I asked a doctor who was a patient in a bed next to mine the question which had occurred to me many times since I had undergone the experience of being badly wounded.

The doctor believed that almost all of the men badly hit feel no pain at the time.

That, I think, is the only worthwhile bit of information I gathered in that otherwise unproductive day of news-gathering on the front line.

### ***False Front***

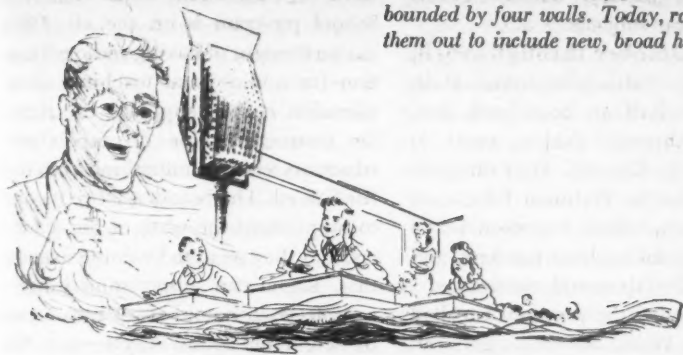
**T**O CONDITION ITS MEN to the horrors of a raging battlefield, the U.S. Signal Corps has rigged up a near-facsimile called the "Lunk Trainer."

Plunging through a curtained doorway into the inky darkness of an underground grotto, the trainees are shaken by the explosion of a booby trap under the threshold. Pandemonium breaks loose as the roar of a propeller fills the cave and spine-chilling sounds blare from a loud speaker. Amid the rattle of machine-gun fire, the communications men dive for the foxholes dug into the dirt floor. Streaks of light momentarily illuminate a battleground covered with bloody bones, dummy corpses and scattered equipment. Suddenly the now dusty air of the chamber fills with gas. The trainees grope for their masks and work their way through two rows of barbed wire covered with a dense cloud of white phosphorus smoke.

After nearly an hour of what they term "unmitigated hell," the men stumble out, realistically initiated into the abnormal conditions of combat and vividly aware of their own weaknesses and strengths under stress.

—MARGO PEREZ

*American schoolrooms of yesterday were bounded by four walls. Today, radio pushes them out to include new, broad horizons*



## ***There's Learning in the Air***

by ALAN HYND

IN OCTOBER, a few years ago, the seventh and eighth grade pupils of a Pacific Coast public school located in a tough district became, without realizing it, the subjects for an unusual experiment. Each Tuesday, while these children were in the school cafeteria eating lunch, the Gateways to Music program of the Columbia Broadcasting System's American School of the Air was piped in, without comment, by school authorities.

There were two theories advanced as to what would happen when underprivileged children were exposed to classical music. One held that the kids from poor, uncultured families wouldn't have the slightest interest in, for instance, a dramatization of the life of Mozart and concert orchestra renditions of such works as the Minuet from the Symphony in E Flat. The second stuck to the idea that since good music stimulates the imagina-

tion the pupils would like it, even though they had never heard it before, as imagination is not necessarily restricted to families with socially correct addresses.

The first indication that anything constructive was taking place came when it was noticed that the children tarried in the cafeteria until the half-hour program came to an end. In the past, they had usually bolted their lunches and left in a hurry.

At mid-year examination time in February, three out of every ten of them chose some phase of music as the subject for an essay in English composition—something none of them ever had done before.

The results of the experiment were not at all surprising to officials of the Columbia Broadcasting System. What happened in the Pacific Coast school with music had happened in countless other schools with science, literature,

geography, history, current events and post-war subjects.

From October through April, Columbia's radio schoolroom is in session for half an hour each day, Monday through Friday, coast to coast and in Canada. It is officially endorsed by the National Education Association, which represents 218 thousand public school teachers, and goes into 200 thousand classrooms.

On Monday the program is called Science at Work; the music goes out on Tuesday; Wednesday offers New Horizons, the study of air-age global geography and history. On Thursday, modern and classical stories for children come under the heading of Tales from Far and Near, and Friday's This Living World takes up current events and post-war problems.

The programs are carefully planned for different age groups. The literature broadcasts, for instance, go into primary, elementary and junior high schools, and the science series is prepared for upper elementary, junior and senior high school pupils.

It has long been the contention of William S. Paley, president of CBS, that people, regardless of age, sex, color, creed or social position, will be influenced by the worthwhile facets of life if only they are exposed to them. It is partially upon this exposure principle that the School of the Air, which is not for sale to any sponsor, operates.

The two basic ideas behind every program are—that it will make interesting listening and stimulate constructive thinking. While all other

work in a classroom stops when the School program is on the air, CBS has no thought of having radio education (or audio-visual teaching when television comes) supplant the regular instructor. Nor do far-sighted educators see any competition from the Air School. The broadcasts are meant to supplement the work of the teachers, and they seem to be doing exactly that. Radio can supply something—a professionally-told story put across by actors and sound effects—that the teacher cannot duplicate. And the teacher can supply something—a vital human relationship—that radio can't duplicate.

While every script is prepared through painstaking consultation with outstanding educational authorities on the subject being treated, showmanship is an integral part of the picture. The subject matter is always dramatized in a manner calculated to arouse the maximum juvenile interest.

The broadcasters operate on the theory that if a picture is as interesting as 10 thousand words, then a dramatic story is more interesting than 100 dust-dry lectures. It is a proved theory that when seemingly unrelated facts are integrated into a chronological dramatic narrative, a person—either juvenile or adult—is far more likely to keep the facts in his mind and in perspective than he is if the facts are given to him in cold, undramatic form.

One of the School's most popular programs of the season just ended was a science broadcast on December 6 devoted to the gasoline engine. Since the gasoline engine is a vital



element in the automobile and in the airplane, a knowledge of its simple physical principle—the expansion of hot gases which exert force that can be harnessed to do work—would seem necessary to the sum total of a well-informed citizen's information. Yet, the subject of the gasoline engine doesn't make for a classroom lecture that is exactly intriguing.

The CBS program on the gasoline engine included several intentional laughs in an otherwise serious and thought-provoking script. The laughs were built around the character of a landlady in a London lodging-house who wished to dispossess the inventor because of the racket he made in his room while working on the engine. It is doubtful if the landlady would have assumed major proportions in a classroom lecture. Yet in the radio program she was the character that lightened what could have been a tedious explanatory portion of the script. The interest of the listeners was caught and held, and they soaked up the serious stuff that followed.

Lyman Bryson, Columbia's director of education, who has a background as an educator, newspaperman, social worker and writer, and who is now in charge of the School of the Air, believes that education should be molded to fit the pupil since the idea of molding the pupil to education has from time to time proved to be remarkably unsuccessful.

In the past season—the School's fourteenth year on the kilocycles—children in tens of thousands of classrooms ate up literary classics and

books on such varied subjects as the vacuum tube, physicians' instruments, the composer Bach and his family, the Mesopotamian Valley, inflation, manpower and jobs for tomorrow, principally because such subjects had been dramatized in the radio classroom.

THE PRODUCER of the School of the Air—Leon Levine, assistant director of the CBS department of education—has a background of agriculture, literature, science and newspaper work. Levine will go to any lengths to remain factual and unbiased. He, like everybody else associated with the program, is fully cognizant of the power that is in his hands and the dangers of its misuse.

By the same token, the broadcasters feel that they can use the power for good. A typical example of this was to be found in one of last year's programs which showed environmental factors at work on human beings.

Breakfast scenes in four countries—the United States, England, China and Germany—were dramatized. Children at the breakfast tables in England, China and Germany were presented as being very subservient to their fathers, while the boy at the American breakfast table—a sort of Andy Hardy type—was more or less straightening out the old man on a couple of matters.

Then came a part of the script that showed how Americanized Chinese, and presumably others exposed to the American way of life, conducted themselves at the breakfast table. They acted more or less the same as so-

called typical Americans. Thus the point was driven home that the peoples of the world aren't so different from Americans or from each other as their environments sometimes make them appear to outsiders.

This particular program caused considerable discussion in thousands of schools, and in one particular classroom, located in a melting-pot area of a large eastern city. In this classroom children of different nationalities had formed opposing cliques, principally because of habits and prejudices that they had brought with them from their homes.

After the program was freely discussed in the class, however, and the teacher elaborated on the importance of trying to understand why people acted this way or that, the air began to clear. Kids who hated each other because of thinking habits they had contracted from their parents began to have a new and instinctive understanding of one another. In a few months' time, the once friction-ridden classroom was a peaceful and happy place as a direct result of a lesson that had come through the ether.

The School of the Air sticks to the principle that information is not

enough, and that children should be taught to inquire as to the whys and wherefores of things that they are told. This principle, of course, lays the School open to the charge of spreading propaganda—democratic propaganda. Mr. Goebbels operates on the theory that an individual should never have information explained to him until he is old enough, the only catch there being that in Germany the individual never seems to attain sufficient age to rate any actual explanation.

Programs for next season—the fifteenth—are already pretty well set. Key stations on the CBS web maintain education directors and boards of consultants who cooperate with teachers in the vicinity for the purpose of correlating the Air School's programs with community needs.

Each year, the School sends out an elaborate manual for teachers, listing broadcast times, titles and details of the programs, and specific suggestions, such as those relating to reading matter. This manual enables the teachers to take the greatest possible advantage of the programs which bring world events into 200 thousand classrooms through the ether.

### ***Victory Buy Lines***

**I**T'S BETTER TO BUY Bonds than to wear them. (PHIL BAKER) . . . We can all afford to buy a War Bond because we cannot afford not to. (FRED ALLEN) . . . Buy a piece of victory and a peace of

mind. (FIBBER MCGEE) . . . You're not making a sacrifice—you're making money. (AL PEARCE) . . . We are attacking by air, by land, by sea and buy Bonds. (Guest on BILL STERN's program)

—Contributed by HAROLD S. GROSS



# The Best I Know

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN



A NEGRO SOLDIER, who had been wounded overseas, lay in the sick bay of a hospital ship entering New York harbor. A medical officer stopped by on a last-minute check-up to ask the soldier whether he had any personal belongings which he wished carried ashore. The colored boy shook his head.

"You don't mean to say that a soldier who saw as much action as you did has no souvenirs?" exclaimed the officer.

"Captain," said the soldier, "I don't have no souvenirs—cause all I wants of this here war is jest a faint recollection!" —ROBERT W. KERNAGHAN  
*Cincinnati, Ohio*

IT WAS DURING the Civil War. An officer in the Union Army was talking with an old southern Negro.

"Uncle," he said, "you know, don't you, that this war between us and the Rebs is largely on your account?"

"Yes, sah," answered the old man. "At least, that's what I done heard 'em say."

"Well, you crave to have your freedom, don't you?" continued the northern officer.

"That I does!"

"Then why haven't you joined the Army yourself?"

The Negro scratched his head re-

flectively. Then his eyes lit up as he thought of an explanation.

"Boss," he answered, "did you ever see a couple of dogs fighting it out over a bone?"

"Yes, many a time."

"Well, was the bone fightin'?"

—IRVIN S. COBB

THIS SOLDIER seemed to have a grudge against the world. He hated everybody and everything, and nothing seemed to please him. The chaplain decided to have a talk with the boy and try to get to the root of the trouble.

"I despise everybody," snarled the soldier before the chaplain could begin. "I even hate Roosevelt!"

"Now, now," soothed the chaplain. "That may be, but surely you don't hate the Supreme Being."

"The Supreme Being!" yelled the soldier. "I hate her even worse!"

—MARGUERITE BAKER  
*Cambridge, Idaho*

STUMBLING INTO an auction house, a drunk mumbled out a bid for a parrot which was then on the block. He was forced to go higher and higher as each figure he named was instantly topped. But at last the bird was knocked down to him for 100 dollars. He staggered out with the

parrot under his arm, but half way down the block he began to mutter:

"Why'd I buy thish damn bird anyway? I don't even know whether it can shpeak!"

The parrot cocked a beady eye out from under his new owner's arm. "Who d'ya think was biddin' against ya?"

—JACK MOORE  
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

DOWN IN Fort Benning, Georgia, a private had overstayed his leave. He hightailed it back to camp and was climbing the fence, hoping against hope that he wouldn't be seen. Just as he was astraddle, he heard the voice of the guard, "Hey, where do you think you're going?"

"I was just going out for a minute," said the private meekly.

"The hell you are," growled the guard. "*Get back in there!*"

—CPL. HAROLD PORITZ  
*Modesto, Calif.*

AT A NAVAL training center, a pharmacist's mate was preparing to fingerprint a recruit. "Wash your hands," he instructed.

"Both of them?" queried the sailor-to-be.

The pharmacist's mate hesitated in thought. "No," he said grimly. "Just one. I want to see how you do it."

—LOWELL E. HUGHART  
*New York, N. Y.*

COACHING HER class in preparation for the superintendent's visit, the young teacher asked, "Tell me, children, who made you?"

There was a moment's silence. Then a voice piped up from the back of the room. "God made me."

"Very good, Johnny," said Miss Brown. "Now please remember that, boys and girls."

Things were moving along smoothly the next day. The superintendent was nodding his satisfaction. Then came the question, "Who made you?"

This time the silence was long and heavy. Finally a little girl stood up. "Please, teacher, the little boy God made isn't here today."

—CLIFFORD A. RIEDE  
*Fort McClellan, Ala.*

A MAN CLAD in bathing trunks was found trudging along in the Sahara Desert. He was stopped by a Tommy who asked where he thought he was going.

"Swimming," was the reply.

"Swimming! But where?" returned the soldier in surprise.

"In the Mediterranean, of course."

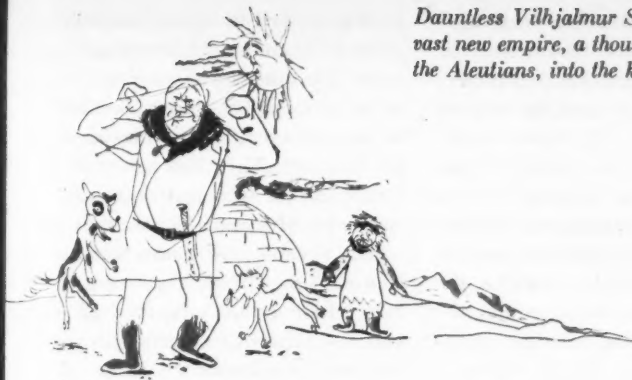
"But the Mediterranean is 50 miles from here," said the Tommy.

Gazing incredulously at the expanse of sand, the would-be swimmer exclaimed, "Great guns, what a beach!"

—JANET B. KOHL  
*Pittsburgh, Pa.*

*Have you heard a clever story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet cordially invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes to be used in The Best I Know or in the filler department. Payment of 10 dollars will be made for each one accepted. Address: The Best I Know, Coronet Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, contributions will be carefully considered. In case of duplicates, it will be the usual case of the early bird.*

*Dauntless Vilhjalmur Stefansson brings a vast new empire, a thousand miles north of the Aleutians, into the ken of civilization*



## **Envoy to the Arctic**

by GERARD PIEL

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON didn't have enough matches.

Sergeant Fitzgerald of the Northwest Mounted Police wouldn't let him have any. If Stefansson and his men pushed on into the empty, lifeless, frozen North, depending on their rifles for food, as they planned to do, they would go to their death. Fitzgerald ordered them to settle for the winter in a hut near him and he would feed them, as they were destitute.

The place was Herschel Island, 67 degrees North, on the edge of the Arctic Ocean.

Stefansson refused to obey. Three years later he was at ease in top condition in his snug camp near the Mackenzie River, having returned from the greatest ethnological expedition ever made into the Arctic. A companion came in with sad news. Fine, conscientious Sergeant Fitzgerald and three other officers of the

Mounted Police had been found between Fort Macpherson and Dawson, starved to death. They had depended on carrying all their food.

That tragedy epitomizes the difference between Stefansson and other Polar adventurers.

He is the last of the great Arctic explorers, the last and the greatest. He is the Daniel Boone of the North. He pushed back the frontier of the western hemisphere a thousand miles by proving that the Arctic can be lived in. The area he charted is crossed by the global airlines and will be a vital region in the world's future. It is rich in coal, non-ferrous metals and oil. It will support vast herds of Arctic cattle—musk ox and reindeer.

As Stefansson's vision now approaches confirmation in accomplished facts, the importance of his discoveries is being spread abroad. "The earth," in his own words, "is at

last a globe for practical purposes."

Until the necessities of war gave the region its immediate practical importance, Stefansson's teaching was an uphill fight. Now with Alaska recognized as a bastion of national defense and a base on the shortest route to Tokyo, a large population poured into it and its induction into the union as the 49th state brought closer by the Alcan highway and by air routes, the whole Arctic region is in the continental picture.

Stefansson was brigaded into the war effort as consultant to the Army in 1939. He has helped to plan food, clothing and shelter and has taught bailed-out flyers to do as he has done and live off the land. On the level of grand strategy through the Arctic region, his advice is based on more complete knowledge than is possessed by any other man.

The epic of Stefansson's exploration is so great that it is hard to realize that it is laid in our own times. He hoisted his flag when he wrote down his name at the University of North Dakota in the old style, Vilhjalmur Stefansson. He was born William Stephenson, of Iceland stock, at Arne, Manitoba, Canada, November 3, 1879. In his childhood the family moved to Pembina, North Dakota. After four years as a cowboy he was a handful for the faculty and was expelled in his junior year. He transferred to the University of Iowa, settled down and took his degree. He went to Harvard for three years of theology and anthropology, winding up as assistant instructor in anthropology. Meanwhile

he had worked as school teacher, insurance agent and newspaper reporter. He broke into exploration with an anthropological visit to Iceland at his own expense, followed by another for Harvard. Then Harvard and the University of Toronto sent him to study the Mackenzie River Eskimos.

The keynote that made Stefansson supreme as an Arctic explorer was his rule, "Live off the country." He declared, "Where an Eskimo can live I can live." He knows the Arctic as no one else knows it because he could go anywhere he pleased in it and stay as long as he wished. In his last expedition he and two companions went out on the Arctic ice floes and were gone five years. The story of that five-year trek is the greatest saga of the North.

The Eskimo staff of life is the seal. They are everywhere under the ice. To breathe they have to come to holes they have gnawed. In daylight they come out and lie down. Stefansson became a better seal hunter than the Eskimo. In their fashion, after marking down a seal with his glasses, he would crawl toward it, wallowing and scratching himself with his heels like another seal until close enough for a sure head shot. In winter, the seal holes are covered with snow which made other explorers believe there were no seals at that time. But Stefansson was intimate with the Eskimo. They showed him how their dogs can sniff the covered seal holes. The hunter then pushes a sliver of white bone like a darning needle down through the snow over the hole. When the seal comes to breathe he pushes up

the needle, down flashes the harpoon of the watching man and he hauls out 100 to 150 pounds of meat and oil. Food was plentiful for the man who knew how to find it. After five months Stefansson and his men had only a day and a half of hunger.

Contrast between Stefansson's practice and that of the classical explorer is shown by Peary's final dash to the North Pole and back—all he hoped was to get out alive. For the journey of 410 miles from his base, Peary needed 139 dogs, 24 men and 19 sledges. Stefansson wandered 10 thousand miles over worse and colder regions, depending only on himself. He could have gone to the Pole and stayed a month. In fact the whole region around and in sight of the Pole is alive with seals and polar bears as the Russian Papanin expedition found it, using Stefansson's knowledge. But Stefansson's sponsors, who included the American Museum of Natural History and the Canadian government, were not interested in the stunt of hanging a notice on the Pole.

From the Eskimo snowhouse Stefansson deduced principles which are now used by the most modern house designers. The first snowhouse Stefansson built was a success. He built hundreds. He found the igloo the most comfortable type of dwelling a man could have anywhere. Find a good snowbank, preferably crusted. With long knives cut domino blocks, four inches thick, 15 to 20 inches wide and 25 to 35 inches long. Set the blocks on edge around a circle. Set other rows on top of them, fitting the blocks

easily with the knife. They will quickly cement together. Lean them in as you go until they meet at the top. Half a dozen men can stand on it, and it takes three men 45 minutes to build it.

The secret of comfort is to have the door a low tunnel into the snowbank under the wall. The warm air won't come out at the bottom. A small hole in the roof gives ventilation. The floor is smoothed and furs spread over it. Benches may be left to sit on. A seal oil lamp can raise the temperature to eight degrees. If the heat starts the roof to dripping, send a man outside to shave it thinner and the cold outside stops the melting. Stefansson found it natural and comfortable to follow the Eskimo practice of taking off all his clothes before getting under his robes or into his sleeping bag.

For clothing, the most resistant is the Eskimo's reliance, caribou skin. Caribou herds range the Arctic grasslands and the Eskimo collect the hides during the summer. Stefansson found the Eskimo no better fitted in any way than white men to cope with the cold. But they knew how to dress for it. Next to the skin they wear a light shirt and trousers of young caribou skin with the fur inside. Several pairs of fur socks. Over that a hooded suit of heavy skins. Seal hide is best for boots. The hood is always loose so as not to freeze to the face.

Stefansson introduced a white man's variant of a number of pairs of loose thin trousers over the inside suit. He could take off or add what he wanted. This he told the Army clothes de-

signers, and it is the basis of all Army Arctic clothing now.

On a hunt alone, Stefansson was lost from his camp in a blizzard, with a 50-mile gale and temperature between 50 and 60 below. He didn't know how many miles he had to go or in what direction. He sat down with his arms on his knees and his head on his arms and went to sleep. When he got cold it awakened him. He stood up, started circulation, sat down again and slept. It was the next day before the storm cleared and he could locate landmarks, but he was all right all the time. Never keep walking in such a case, he says. It merely exhausts you.

ONE CELEBRATED Arctic explorer tells of one of his men finding his cheek starting to freeze. They immediately stopped, rubbed the place with snow and kept on rubbing it with snow all the way to camp. There they found the whole side of the man's face frozen. Stefansson laughs at that. "They certainly did a good job freezing it. Nothing could be worse treatment." Your sleeves should be loose enough to slip off your mitten and pull your hand up inside your shirt, he says. In hard cold or wind keep grimacing and wrinkling your face and nose to catch the first sign of stiffening. Then pull in your hand, shove it up through the loose hood opening and warm the spot with the palm. The feet, properly clad, never freeze.

They were awakened one night by the dogs barking. The men jumped up and Stefansson grabbed his rifle and ran out naked, 60 below, and shot a

bear that had come into camp. The other men followed, also naked. Chilling of the entire body simultaneously for a few minutes won't hurt anybody.

Polar bears are rarely dangerous. They are perfectly fearless on the ice but they can't pack lead like a grizzly. Only one ever charged Stefansson. This was on the four-miles-square ice island on which he drifted 700 miles on his great trek. The dogs were tied near the tent on the ice. Stefansson was a quarter of a mile away when he saw the bear come up out of the water and start stalking the dogs, thinking they were seals.

Stefansson, winded by the run back through deep, soft snow lay down for a steady shot. For serious work he despises snap-shooting standing up "like a Western movie." It also wastes cartridges. He knocked the bear over with a bullet about two inches back of the heart. The animal fell about 10 yards from the ice edge. The instinct of a wounded bear is to get into the water. Foolishly, Stefansson says, he got between the bear and the water. The bear, only stunned, suddenly leaped for him. This time the shot hit the brain but the bear fell so close that the blood spattered Stefansson.

His rifle was a remodeled Austrian Mannlicher-Schoenhauer, 6.5 mm. with a muzzle velocity of 3,160 feet, which corresponds to 25 calibre. Killing a polar bear with a bullet of that size shows the difference between them and grizzlies. The expedition's other rifle was a Winchester 30-30 carbine. They had 330 rounds of ammunition.

He never had to eat his dogs. He



would have considered that next to cannibalism. The dog he prefers is St. Bernard mixed with Eskimo husky. The native dog has better feet for ice work but the white man's dog is superior in loyalty and unflinching willingness to pull when a husky will quit. Arctic travelers expect to haul about a hundred pounds per dog, but Stefansson's big six-dog team hauled 1,236 pounds on a 208 pound sled. A lively team with a light sled, trying to make time, can do 12 to 15 miles an hour, depending on the going.

After 93 days continuous drift, averaging a little over seven miles a day, on the great expedition, they landed on an unknown island. On the beach were wolves, foxes, many hares, ducks, geese and small birds. Stefansson found caribou grazing in a grassland bowl many miles in extent. The men were waiting, hungry, making camp.

When they cut up the game one of the men sat eating broiled tenderloin steaks and sorrowing that he didn't have any salt or onions to give them savor. All-meat diet is a thing the "live off the country" Arctic traveler has to learn. Meat with plenty of fat is a balanced diet and will not cause scurvy. Salt is only a bad habit to disguise taste.

The nearby land was like North Dakota, with green hills rolling to the horizon and prairies covered with timothy, blue grass, goldenrod, poppy, watercress and edible mushrooms. This was great musk ox country, about which so many Arctic thrillers have been written.

After 10 years of living with the

Eskimos, meeting unknown tribes and others who had not seen a white man for more than 60 years, Stefansson is convinced that they are happier and healthier than South Sea Islanders. "All I lacked was music and books," he says. He knew their language and dialects and always met them as an equal so they were his friends at once. He wonders what civilization can do for them. "An Eskimo laughs more in a week than a white man in a month."

Today Stefansson lives in New York, still barrel-chested at 64, his rugged face furrowed and his sandy hair graying. His 20 thousand volume library on the Arctic is a larger collection than that of the Library of Congress or the Arctic Institute of Lenin-grad. To aid in his work for the Army, he has digested it into a 19 volume Arctic encyclopedia for his own use. He has been honored by all civilized nations, but his indestructible and ageless monuments will be, among his many writings, those two immortal books, *My Life with the Eskimo* and *The Friendly Arctic*.

At the close of that saga he says, "We have brought the North closer and have made it more than it used to be like Michigan or Switzerland. . . . It is chiefly our unwillingness to change our minds which prevents the North from being a country to be used and lived in like the rest of the world."

Heart of Stefansson's new empire is a thousand miles north of the Aleutian chain, but he makes it seem near. One thing he did. He explored the Arctic so it will stay explored. There is nothing left to do but prospecting.

*In Bagdad on the Pacific Samuel Goldwyn  
has been leaping agilely from terrific  
to colossal for the past exciting 30 years*



## ***That Goldwyn Touch***

*by* SIDNEY CARROLL

"I HAVE BEEN in this business 30 years," says Samuel Goldwyn. "I have done rather well."


When he says that, Mr. Goldwyn smiles. Thirty years is a long time in his business, in which ulcers are an occupational disease, and 30 days at one job is often considered a career. Truthfully, Samuel Goldwyn has done rather well. He can say it again and smile. He can say it without false modesty, because this year is a double anniversary for the great Goldwyn. This year he celebrates not only his sixtieth birthday, but his thirtieth year in the business.

It would be a good idea for Hollywood to pull out the klieg' lights—the ones Hollywood uses for its world premieres and its gala openings—to celebrate, for one night at least, the birthday of Samuel Goldwyn. For there is this strange thing about the great man: he is the perfect symbol

of Hollywood itself. He is the mirror of all its tempests and its triumphs, its past manias and its present maturity. His own career is simply a case history of the movies. His personality has changed exactly as the movies have changed. His accomplishments have grown with the art of the cinema itself. Even his vocabulary expanded when the movies learned to talk. It is a question whether Goldwyn grew up with Hollywood, or Hollywood grew up with Goldwyn. And the facts seem to favor the second point of view.

These days Goldwyn is a suave man who knows—either through bitter experience or through his doctor's orders—how to take it easy. When he is making a picture he works hard, but his hours are regular and his meals always arrive on time. He drinks his 'homogenized milk at a definite hour each afternoon, and he





makes a definite effort to control his temper. He is calm and assured, and he is quite frank about his own capabilities. "They tell me," he says, "that I am the best."

He dresses quietly, meticulously, without a bulge on his body to mar the silhouette created specifically for him by his tailor. He carries no wallet, no fountain pen, no memo pads. When he needs one (or all three) he knows that an assistant will be somewhere in the vicinity with one. He speaks slowly, calmly, and with a great deal of good humor.

But when Goldwyn broke into the business he was the *enfant terrible* of the trade. He had no control over his temper or his enthusiasms. He was the jumping jack of the industry. He hopped willy-nilly over his subordinates, over his actors and all over the continents of the world in frantic attempts to catch up with authors and actors and—perhaps—with his own mercurial dreams. He was aggressive, he was tough, he was perpetually on fire.

Between the two—namely the album photo of the glove salesman who came out of a Warsaw ghetto and the contemporary portrait of a gracious gentleman who sits in a pale, impeccable office surrounded by English hunting prints—there is a perfect picture of the motion picture business, of Hollywood itself. There is the symbol here of Hollywood, which was born without background, without tradition, which was reared by the old catch-as-catch-can method, and today, 30 years later, is suave, calm,

cock-sure of itself and its place in the sun. Hollywood was started by salesmen, developed by showmen and polished by artists. Samuel Goldwyn started in the business as a salesman, became one of its outstanding showmen and today is considered one of its most important artists.

"THEY TELL ME," says Goldwyn, "that I am the best."

The great point is not that he is the best but that he has been the best for so long. Thirty years. After 30 years of it he is, moreover, the only absolute monarch in Hollywood. He is the only large-scale producer in Hollywood who finances his own productions down to the last red cent and supervises every detail down to the last tuck in the bodice of a Goldwyn Girl. When you read that Mr. Goldwyn is about to start another two-million-dollar production you can be sure that the two million dollars are Mr. Goldwyn's very own. He is not beholden to any man or bank. He can afford to gamble so lavishly with so much money because, in his own words, he has done rather well in this business.

He has done many remarkable things in 30 years. He has made as many stars as any man in the business; he was the first to make feature-length films; he was the first to bring the great writers to Hollywood. The list of his distinctions will fill chapters in the books of his future Boswells. But Fame is a wall-eyed deceiver, particularly in Hollywood. And Goldwyn the trailblazer, Goldwyn the

battle-scarred veteran, the star-maker, the miracle man, the apostle of good taste, the bald eagle, the gray fox, the lone wolf of the industry—Goldwyn of the golden touch is known mainly as a coiner of phrases. Goldwyn has become most famous for his Goldwynisms.

A few years ago the members of the Dutch Treat Club invited Goldwyn to speak at one of their luncheons. The gentlemen of the Dutch Treat Club gather once a week to eat, drink, and be merry. The food is plentiful, the stirrup cup runneth over and the speakers of the day are supposed to provide the merriment. The Dutch Treat Club had heard—as who hasn't—of Mr. Goldwyn's talent for distorting the English language. When he got up to speak, the members of his audience loosened their belts and otherwise prepared themselves to be transformed into helpless hulks of hysterical flesh.

Goldwyn delivered a few well-chosen words. When he got through, his audience was laughing with, not at, him. What he said, in essence, was this: "I am supposed to say funny things, and I would like to say a few for you now. But I have a confession to make—I am not the man you think I am. I do not say all the funny things you read in the columns. The columnists have to make a living, and the columnists like to put words into my mouth. Mind you, I don't object. In fact, I'm often sorry I don't live up to their conception of me. I sometimes wish I *had* said all those funny things!"

That statement was, peculiarly enough, more fact than fancy. Of course Goldwyn was speaking as the Goldwyn of today, not as the Goldwyn of the formative years of the legend. There was a time when his vocabulary was far more limited than it is now, and certain things he said with that desperate inventiveness of all new users of the language were memorable. But that was a long time ago, and it is a fact that he never did say most of what he is reported to have said. The whole thing was a potent weapon for a long succession of press agents who found out that a good way to keep Goldwyn's name before the public was to manufacture scrambled sentences for him. Goldwyn is, among other things, a connoisseur of the sweet fruits of publicity. He simply let the press agents have their way. How it all started, and who started it, we shall never know. There are four press agents in Hollywood now who claim sole and exclusive rights to having created what is commonly known as the Goldwyn legend. When four press agents are fighting it out on a matter of historical fact, the true origins of that fact must be given up as lost for all time, for the truth will out only when three of the combatants give in.

ONLY ONE thing is sure. About 90 per cent of the cracks attributed to Goldwyn were ancient when Caesar was in Gaul.

There is, then, this further similarity between Goldwyn and the city he helped to build: each is most famous

for its indiscretions. Hollywood makes many good pictures these days, but when you say "Hollywood" you think of bearskin rugs, false eyelashes, libido by the bushel and claptrap by the ton.

Goldwyn is the greatest maker of motion pictures ever to come out of Hollywood. But when you say "Goldwyn" what do you think of? You think of a gentleman who is supposed to have said "Include me out!"

Chances are when the chips are all in and our children look back at these infant years of the cinema with infinitely more cold-blooded perspective than we can assume in this present topsy-turvy world, Samuel Goldwyn will be better remembered for other things. Chances are he will be better remembered for *Wuthering Heights*, and *Dodsworth*, and *The Little Foxes* and *These Three*.

### **Boomerangs**

■ AN OLD FRIEND of James Whitcomb Riley relates that before Riley took to writing, he was an itinerant painter of roadside signs and usually traveled with a patent medicine agent in a horse-drawn buggy. Once they came to a smooth-faced rock where an evangelist had painted, "WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?" Riley crawled up and painted underneath it, "TAKE BARLOWE'S STOMACH BITTERS." But two weeks later the evangelist returned and underneath Riley's line, he added, "AND BE PREPARED TO MEET THY GOD." —MILTON BACON

■ MARK TWAIN once asked a neighbor if he might borrow a set of books. "You may read them in my library any time you wish," was the condescending response, "but I make it a rule never to let a book leave the house."

A few weeks later the same neighbor asked Mark Twain if he might borrow his lawn mower.

Happily the humorist replied, "I shall be very glad to lend you my lawn mower, but since I make it a rule never to let it leave my lawn, you will be obliged to use it on my premises." —EMERY G. YOUNG

■ THE APPALLING FEAR of being hanged weighed heavily on Issac Van Wart Buckout, accused of murdering one Alfred Randall in New York state some years ago. In desperation, he had a friend bribe one of the jurors to hold out for manslaughter.

Due to the juror's stubborn determination, a unanimous decision was not reached and the accused managed to win a new trial. In the meantime, the district attorney unearthed some new evidence which sent Buckout to the gallows.

The ironical twist came when word leaked out that in the first trial the jury wanted to acquit Buckout, but the conscientious juror had lived up to the last letter of his bargain.

—WILLIAM HIGH

*Day after day, the sun blazed down on San Diego. Then, desperately, the city fathers hired a rainmaker, who peddled showers by the inch, and the rains came—and how*



## ***The Rains Came C.O.D.***

by CURTIS ZAHN

NEVER WERE five men more in a torture of desperate uncertainty than were the members of the city council of San Diego, California, in January 1916. The city was on the edge of a veritable catastrophe for lack of water. The reservoirs were almost exhausted. Less than two inches of rain had fallen in over two years. For three months not a drop had fallen. And there never had been such a drain on the water supply. The city was crowded with visitors to the widely heralded Panama-California Exposition, starting its second year.

The council was in session continually but there was absolutely nothing they could do. They were literally at their wits' end in the face of the calamity. At last, in their despair, now beyond caring if they made themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the world, they did something they themselves declared was an admission that

they had lost their minds to panic. They decided to employ a professional rainmaker.

Not all consented to it. The council was torn to pieces over it and when they decided they made the rainmaker feel their contempt. They hired him, but they treated him with scorn as a quack and imposter. They let him go to work only at the last minute after a discussion in which enough insisted that there was nothing left to lose.

Charles Mallory Hatfield was his name. As the California Rainmaker he had been credited with miracles for more than a decade. His first experiments were on his father's ranch. For a time he was a sewing machine agent—and then he resumed his rain compelling. After he struck his stride it was said that in 500 trials he had produced 495 storms. San Joaquin Valley ranchers had renewed their 10 thousand dollar contract with him

eight times and had enjoyed eight bountiful years. Early in his career he had set up his towers in the Los Angeles foothills and contracted to give residents an inch of rain for 50 dollars. He had given two inches. The miners of Dawson City, Alaska, paid him handsomely to produce four inches of waters for their sluices. The Lake Hemet water company subscribed four thousand dollars when he raised the level of the company's large reservoir some 22 feet. He had broken a drought for cattlemen in Texas.

For more than three arid years San Diego had been bombarded with solicitations by Hatfield's agent, Fred Binney. The letters piled up and were ignored. It was Mayor Capps who now wired the wizard to come at once.

When Hatfield arrived he was a newspaper sensation. The exposition had made the city a news center. The stories were spread over local front pages and went out on the wires. "San Diego to be Saved by Rainmaker" was a great freak story.

Some of the skeptical reporters wrote that Hatfield appeared to be sincere. He was lean and energetic and had the air of being what he claimed to be—a scientist and inventor. He methodically explained:

"The problem involved in the production of rain by artificial means resolves itself into localizing the ever-present air borne moisture and condensing it to the point of precipitation. I do not fire bombs into the air. I have discovered the means of reversing the processes of nature and stimulating action, using certain proc-

esses and chemicals which are my secret. It is simpler than utilizing the waves of electricity and just as feasible. My achievements are known. My results speak for me."

Councilman Fox was one Hatfield advocate. Fox argued, "This man may have something. His results have been impressive. Remember, not so long ago people could not believe in the possibility of airplanes. Look at the unknown marvels of the wireless that have been brought to use everywhere. They would have been scoffed at by everybody a few years ago." Many thought Fox was right. People crowded around Hatfield in public and urged the council to give him a chance to save the city.

Hydraulic engineers declared that Hatfield's claims were pure quackery. All the known laws of nature were against any such miracle working.

Binney's last letter to the council had enclosed an on-the-spot endorsement from northern California: "Dear Sirs: Mr. Hatfield has just given the farmers here 18 inches of water." A photograph showed a lake "covering hundreds of acres of formerly dry land" that had been created by the rainmaker. "Results are guaranteed," Binney wrote. "Mr. Hatfield has never failed. He can prove to you that you can have rain whenever you need it. He can fill your watershed and you will not need to spend millions more for building reservoirs."

San Diego's main reliance was Lake Morena, constructed 20 years before. It never had been more than one-third filled. Otay and Sweet-

water dams, earth construction and rarely filled, were little help now. Water in Lake Morena was far below the danger level and sinking fast.

The first proposal by Binney had been for a "no rain no pay" guarantee contract at the rate of a thousand dollars per inch of rainfall delivered. With the calm of a man who knew what he could do, Hatfield made a liberal proposition.

"For 10 thousand dollars I will make Lake Morena overflow," he said. "That would be better than 18 billion gallons of water. It would be worth more than half a million dollars cash to the city and you will get it for 10 thousand."

"Or," said Hatfield, "I will deliver 30 inches of water free of charge if you will pay me 500 dollars an inch from the thirtieth to the fiftieth inch." As that did not move them he added, "All above 50 inches will be free."

"How could we know that you do it?" asked a councilman. "We make an agreement with you and it rains. How do we know you make it rain?"

"Look out the window. Look at that sky," said Hatfield. "Do you see any prospects of rain there? When I bring rain I bring it right away."

One councilman thought the price was pretty high. Hatfield pointed out that he would have to erect several 35-foot towers and pay a highly trained assistant. With the cost of his chemicals it would come to at least three thousand dollars. And what was his price compared with the benefits they would receive?

But that was all. The council had

come back to good sense and Hatfield was contemptuously dismissed.

But Hatfield did not go away. The drought was working on the minds of the councilmen. Six cloudless days passed while the water trickled out of Lake Morena. The council broke down and asked the city attorney to investigate the legality of a contract with a rainmaker. He reported that it would be unjustified.

Three more days did it. The council called a rush meeting and voted, four to one, to accept Hatfield's offer.

Then Hatfield worked fast. Without waiting for a written contract to be drawn up he hurried to Lake Morena and began setting up his towers. The mass of the people were tense with excitement. And on January 16, rain was falling.

FIRST REACTION was awe and gratitude. Farmers rejoiced. Crowds in the streets yelled, "Hurrah for Hatfield!" But after two inches fell in two days the exposition complained that the patrons were rained out. The third day the Tijuana race track was flooded, and damage was mounting. The Chamber of Commerce telephoned Hatfield and asked if something couldn't be done. He replied, "It's only sprinkling. Just wait. All above 50 inches is free, remember."

On the following day 16 dogs were drowned in the city pound. Ranchers in the country were taken out in rowboats. Henhouses and small outbuildings floated away. Weatherman Nimmo denied that the storm was anything out of the ordinary but



on the following day was unable—for the first time in San Diego's history—to make a weather forecast. It was beyond his understanding. If Hatfield was getting square with the city council for their contemptuous treatment he was certainly doing a job of it. Two railroad bridges and several sections of highway went out. The city, packed with visitors, became an island, reached only by steamship.

Telegraph and telephone lines were down. Hatfield could not be reached. A Potrero rancher got through the flooded country to within three miles of Lake Morena. Through his binoculars he saw strange fires lighting the skies while smoke rose from the towers.

Otay and Sweetwater reservoirs began to overflow. Thousands of tons of water were pouring over the spillways. Riders spurred into both valleys warning ranchers to get out. Some waited too long. On January 27, shortly after dark, old Otay earth dam began to crumble. Three hours later a 50-foot wall of water rushed toward the sea carrying houses, barns, wagons, cattle and human beings. The left wing of Sweetwater caved next. Towering floods swept both valleys and into San Diego bay, jamming the harbor with wreckage. A 54-mile gale roared overhead. The population was in uncontrolled panic.

Starvation and disease were averted from San Diego by the *S. S. Yale* bringing food and supplies from Los Angeles. A party of U. S. Marines, landed by the destroyer *Hull*, went inland up the canyons to comb the area for bodies and survivors. The coroner

estimated 50 lives lost. With the havoc came vandalism and looting. Troops were called for. Thousands of dollars had to be raised to aid the destitute. Property loss was placed at a million dollars.

But Morena dam held. Overflowing for the first time in history, the great new concrete structure took all that Charles Mallory Hatfield had to give. He gave it 18 billion gallons and then ceased operations. He had made his contract. The sun shone that day for the first time. The rainmaker was gone. He had shown San Diego and shown them plenty—but maybe he thought it was not the moment to go to receive congratulations. From his Eagle Rock home Hatfield mailed his bill for 10 thousand dollars.

The river still was in flood February 15 when the bill was received. It never was paid. The San Diego city council was digging up 50 thousand dollars for claims by flooded ranchers. Binney, trying to collect, pointed out that Fresno, California, citrus growers, impressed by the San Diego storm, had put up 10 thousand dollars in advance for Hatfield to bring them rain. Later Binney cut the bill to four thousand dollars, then to 18 hundred. In December Hatfield brought suit.

WHAT SOME PEOPLE thought of him was shown three years later when a national magazine ran an article on rainmaking, featuring the San Diego episode as Hatfield's major achievement. The San Diego city clerk got letters from states and nations. A group in Burlington, Canada, wanted

to be put in touch with Hatfield. An Idaho community was interested. From the South Seas came a letter saying that "All Australia would like to know about your deal with Mr. Hatfield." Pretoria, South Africa, wanted to know: 1—what Hatfield usually charged; 2—how long he took; 3—the cost of the resulting damage.

The city clerk's answer to all was

the same. The rainmaker had not been paid one cent. There was no evidence that he had made rain. In 1928 Hatfield's suit was dismissed.

Great hydraulic projects have made the appeal of the rainmaker obsolete. Charles Mallory Hatfield retired from that vocation and is reported to have enjoyed some success again in the sewing machine business.

### ***Legends from the Stratosphere***

FROM A FORTRESS GUNNER COMES this tale of a bomber engineer who had a jeep called Isabel, after his girl, which was his pride and joy. In comparison, the Fortress was strictly incidental.

One day, the Fortress went down over France, and with it the engineer. The boys in the squadron decided that, even if it meant court martial, they would make another trip and drop the jeep down to him by parachute.

Well, the engineer got the jeep and drove it all the way to Gibraltar, but that was not so strange as the way he did it. He had painted a few words in German across the hood of the jeep, and everywhere along the way, instead of being questioned, he was saluted like crazy by the Nazis. For the words read: "Germany's New Family Car which the Leader will present personally to every member of the Greater Reich when the victory is won."

A NAVIGATOR with a Purple Heart and a hatred for flak—because he's had a piece of it—tells this story of a forgotten man. "Back in 1940, a Tommy received orders to guard a certain English bridge and to shoot everything that flew over it. But in the excitement after Dunkirk, he was forgotten, and he is

there today, operating under the same orders which applied when the Germans had more planes than the RAF.

"Every month his money comes by mail, and every month his rations come by truck. During the past four years, he is estimated to have brought down 224 airplanes, four of them German and the rest British and American. Sometimes he is plagued with a little uncertainty as to whether he ought to be shooting down our own planes, but he is an old Guardsman, and an order is an order.

"Maybe the guy who forgot the Tommy's orders will see this and remember to tell him the score, which is now about 100-to-1 against our team. Then I can fly over that neighborhood in peace."

—SGT. BILL RICHARDSON

### ***American Diarist***

What Samuel Pepys and his famous diary were to the 17th century, Walter Winchell is to the 20th, with his chronicling of the nation's high and low life. He has been known variously as an "informaniac," a "gray recording angel writing the fickle legends of Broadway," a "creative philologist," and, as a tilter of lances with Congressmen, less printable things. But his brand of personal journalism continues to pull a daily reader audience of some 20 millions.



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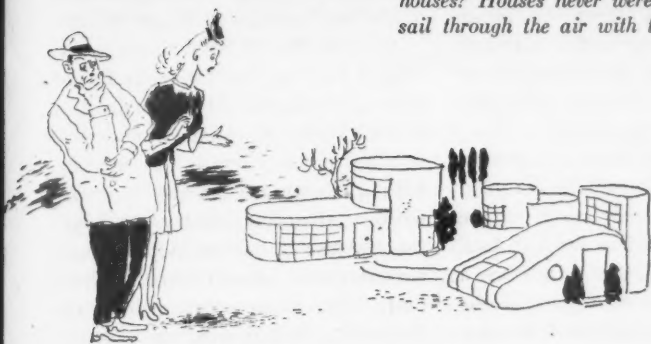


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*Speaking of world evils, what of streamlined houses? Houses never were intended to sail through the air with the greatest of ease*



## ***Hold that Streamline!***

by DALE NICHOLS

**W**HY MUST A house be streamlined? It isn't going anywhere. Yet, if we can believe what we hear and read, the post-war world will bring us houses which shall be so constructed that every room will look like the exterior of an airplane.

Back in '28, a number of designers and architects had the right idea. These men did not study the wing of a bird in order to create a room. They did not photograph a falling

drop of water in order properly to form a curve for a house which was not supposed to drop. They thought in terms of geometric design and order.

We all know what happened to modern design in the early thirties. Some clever cartoonist, inspired by the bad designs of imitators, pictured a conservative businessman sitting down by mistake upon a bookcase which he thought was meant to be a chair. From that moment on, the nation became hilarious at the sight of any type of angle. Egmont Arens, and a few other designers, saved the day for modern design by springing the aerodynamic theory upon the public—and streamlining became the theme song of the day. I shall never forget that afternoon at the Tavern Club in Chicago a number of years ago when Arens, as guest speaker before a group of advertising men, asserted that "we are going to

### ***Double Trouble***

We grant you these Siamese twins look like the last two words in innocence and charm. Still, photographer Ylla will tell you different. Spying them in a pet shop window, she borrowed them for an afternoon and hied them off to her studio, where the fun began. The kittens raised all kinds of merry ned, from scrambling up the curtains to hiding under chairs beyond reach. But when the temperamental pair quieted down, Ylla snapped this moment of rare repose.

streamline America!" "We" certainly did!—even down to paper weights. But why streamline a house?

Looking through the magazines today one is confronted with many pictures of the post-war world.

From these predictions one can assume that bathtubs will be designed to fly and that every room in the house (also designed to fly) will look like a bathtub. Chairs will have a simple form to fit that part of the anatomy, and this form will be supported by the simplest kind of leg, or perhaps none at all. Ornament in plaster and paint will be taboo, although a few textile designers may be able to put over a decorative chair covering. The post-war world will bring to us a "machine for living," designed by men who earnestly believe that they are architectural designers. But I believe that they are actually architectural engineers. They feel that the human body is a machine and as such needs a machine for living. They have apparently overlooked the fact that the human machine has a soul.

A house, contrary to the beliefs and teachings of these men, is not a machine for living. It is a place to live. A house, I maintain, can be too much a machine—too efficient.

A house should be as interesting to walk through as a strange forest in a strange land. If one enters a living room and at a glance sees the kitchen, dining room, bedroom and bath, all through archways and doorways which some bright person arranged for efficiency, the pleasant experience

anticipated through the suggestion of a pleasing exterior is blown to bits.

A house should have rooms so arranged that one cannot see from one to another. It should be as thrilling to walk from one room to another as it is to motor through the country. Isn't mountainous country more interesting than flat country? And isn't this because in mountainous country we cannot see around corners? Obviously. Then let us make our houses as fascinating by following the identical formula in their design.

Walls should be so decorated that when walking through the house in one direction one experiences an entirely different application of design from that encountered upon retracing one's steps. Let two walls be a grayed color and the opposite two a dull white. That room will be twice as interesting as the one with all walls the same color!

A livable house should have ceilings of different height, just as trees in a forest are of different height. Low ceilings to promote restfulness. High ceilings to lift our spirits. Color should be applied so that one wall will look solid while another will give an impression as delicate as a bank of flowers. Doors should be handled in this manner as well. Why should all doors in a house be alike? No two doors serve the same purpose, so wouldn't it be more sensible—more functional—to design each door to fit its own function?

That patron saint of most modern architects, Louis Sullivan, whose immortal words, "form follows func-



tion" are still ringing 'round the world, really started something with that simple but significant statement. Sullivan was perfectly sound in the idea implied by his dictum. There is no doubt whatsoever that the function of anything does govern its true form. But, studying the results obtained by many architects who adhere to this dictum of form-follows-function, I am led to believe that they didn't really get the idea.

For instance, many designers today feel that after the innards of a machine guides its form, all that a good designer must do is smooth off the corners! A few have broken down to the extent of adding an appealing color, but consumer research really brought this about. Try and find a kitchen machine with a decoration added to the basic form its machinery dictates. Yet isn't decoration also functional? Look at the flower. Its form is based upon its function—but nature felt that color and decoration were also a part of the functional job.

If decoration is not functional why

did nature give the zebra his stripes? Wouldn't it be rather monotonous if nature had just been content to smooth everything out, using but one or two flat colors on each organism? Louis Sullivan was right, but too few modern designers got the idea.

A good designer can relate everything in and out of a house. Frank Lloyd Wright does it by using a unit of space and a limited number of angles. I do it with a basic design approach, plus a limited number of colors. A house can be made fascinating and livable by taking into consideration that the human being who will occupy it is an emotional creature who needs something more than fresh air, hygienic conveniences and a shelter from the storms and neighbors.

If we are earnestly fighting to rid the world of evils, therefore, let us include the streamlined lipstick, streamlined pencil, hairbrush, bathtub, streamlined house and all those other items of everyday use which were never intended to sail through the air with the greatest of ease.

## **American Patchwork**

■ FRAMED in a Lexington, Kentucky, office: "Egotism: that sublime opiate that deadens the pain of mediocrity."

■ At Pierre, South Dakota, the Missouri River has dust on it, caused by the wind blowing water off sand bars until dry. Old timers say the river is too thick to swim in and too thin to plow.

■ In Laramie, Wyoming, around the turn of the century, a gambler died and several friends of the fraternity sat

up with his body. About midnight, they started a poker game and cut the dead man in with a cold hand on each deal. By morning the corpse had won enough money to pay for his funeral.

■ In Floyd, Virginia, a Negro woman was making a deathbed request. "I don't want one of them little shirt tail shrouds and have to be always backing out of the presence of my Lawd!"

—MILTON BACON

*Two sisters, a glass of wine and two black kittens—all play a part in this mystery that turned wedding bells into a death knoll*



## ***Crime on Their Hands***

by ARCHIE MCFEDRIES

THERE WERE TWO schools of thought about Charles Edward Twigg among the good people of Cumberland, Maryland. One school held that the 33-year-old, darkly charming Twigg was a rounder of the love-and-leave-them type. The other believed that he would eventually settle down and become a devoted husband for some lucky girl.

In the late summer of 1910, Twigg, a wealthy farmer who lived in Keyser, West Virginia, just across the Potomac from Cumberland, exhibited some of his luscious Clingstone peaches at the Cumberland Fair, and walked off with the first prize. And rumor had it that he had also walked off with the heart of 22-year-old May Elosser, an attractive gray-eyed lass whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Elosser, were considered to be the salt of the town's middle class.

By the time the Cumberland hills

had turned to gold that fall, it looked, to townsfolk at least, as though May might become Mrs. Twigg shortly. Gossips who had maligned Twigg's weakness for women by their barbed remarks, drew in their horns. But not for long. Because with what observers described as painful abruptness, the fascinating Twigg suddenly transferred his affections from May to her older sister Grace, a dashing brunette divorcee of 28. Within a month Grace and Twigg were engaged, and the wedding date was set for Sunday, January 1, 1911.

Naturally, that was something to rattle the tongues of every gossip in town. Small-town gossip mongers even said that Grace and May never spoke, and every time Twigg came to the house, May ran to her room and cried. Even Mr. and Mrs. Elosser were purported to be quarreling about their prospective son-in-law, with

Mother Elosser pleasantly flutter over him, and father despising the ground on which he walked.

Whatever there might have been to these rumors, it is known, in the light of subsequent events, that on the surface at least, things were smooth at the Elosser home when Twigg arrived Saturday noon, the last day of 1910, to discuss final plans for the wedding that was to take place the next day. It was evident that Twigg had been drinking as the family gathered round the dining room table to look at the wedding ring he had brought with him. But that was forgotten in the excitement and even May had remarked on the beauty of the ring.

As a matter of fact, it was May who asked Twigg if he would like a glass of port. When he nodded and smiled, she went to the kitchen and came back with a decanter, a glass and a piece of fruit cake. As she poured the wine, Twigg leaned over and gave her a brotherly kiss, saying, "No hard feelings, eh, May?" To which May replied, "Certainly not, Charlie."

In the next hour, Twigg consumed several glasses of port and was, to put it mildly, slightly crooked as he and Grace, his bride-to-be, left the dining room and went into the parlor, closing the sliding doors that separated the two rooms. May and her father remained in the dining room and Mrs. Elosser went to the kitchen to prepare a late dinner.

At 1:45—three quarters of an hour after Twigg and Grace had secluded themselves in the parlor—Grace's

dressmaker called her on the telephone, which was in the dining room. May answered the call, went to the parlor doors and called through to her sister.

Twigg remained in the parlor while Grace was at the phone. Mr. Elosser, who was sitting in a rocking chair facing the opened parlor doors, noticed, as he watched Twigg putting more coal in the little parlor stove, that the effects of the liquor were still plainly evident.

After talking for about five minutes with the dressmaker, Grace returned to the parlor. Just as she was closing the doors, she remarked to her father and May, "I'm the happiest girl in the world." Certainly that trite remark gave her sister and father no inkling of the fact that it would be the last words they would ever hear her utter.

The father buried himself in his newspaper, May began to set the table, and Mrs. Elosser kept on with dinner preparations. At 2:15, May went upstairs to dress for dinner, and Mr. Elosser was alone in the dining room when the phone rang again at 2:45. As the head of the house did not like to be disturbed when he was reading, Mrs. Elosser left the kitchen to answer it.

Again the call was for Grace from her dressmaker. When Mrs. Elosser received no answer to her calls and knocks on the closed parlor doors, Mr. Elosser, annoyed, put down his paper and snapped, "Open the doors, and see what's going on in there."

As Grace's mother opened the doors,

she saw her daughter and Twigg sitting on the sofa with their hands entwined. They appeared to be asleep. She crossed the room and shook the girl. But instead of awakening, her body lurched forward and fell to the floor, as Twigg fell sideways on the sofa and rolled to the floor. Mrs. Elosser's scream, which brought her husband bounding to her side, was actually heard a half block up the street, even though the parlor windows, facing the street, were closed tightly against the sub-zero weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Elosser tried to revive Grace, and it was a matter of minutes before they realized that Grace and Twigg were both dead. Their backs were to the parlor doors, and it wasn't until Mr. Elosser turned around that he saw May, lying face down just inside the parlor. He rushed to her side, shook her and slapped her face. Presently she rose unsteadily to her feet and reeled to a chair.

Within half an hour, the coroner was on the scene. Upon examination, the mouths of both victims were found to be dry and constricted. "Is there," the coroner asked, "any cyanide of potassium in this house?"

May and her parents shook their heads, Mr. Elosser remarking, "That's poison, isn't it?"

"The most deadly poison known to man," the coroner replied. "Your daughter and this man have been killed by it, through what the medical profession calls quick asphyxia."

Two poisoned persons in a practically sealed room, together with all the earlier gossip about doings at the

Elosser home, mystified the Cumberland police. Some of them considered it a suicide pact, instigated by Grace through remorse at having stolen her sister's sweetheart. That Twigg, feeling himself a heel, had consented. But where the poison came from would today be a 64 dollar question. For a search of the bodies and the entire Elosser premises revealed no source.

Of course May was eyed with suspicion—especially after police learned that she had been found unconscious at the parlor entrance just after the bodies were discovered. And more especially when she could give no clear reason for fainting. Even Mr. Elosser was suspected of having poisoned Twigg, whom he disliked intensely.

But why he should have included his own daughter in the crime wasn't so easily explained.

Mrs. Elosser had long since washed the wine glass from which Twigg drank the port; but what remained in the nearly empty decanter, together with a sample of the fruit cake, was taken for a chemical analysis. And when the stomachs of the betrothed couple were examined in a Baltimore laboratory, traces of hydrocyanic acid were found. This left no doubt in the minds of authorities that cyanide of potassium had been the cause of their deaths.

However, when the grand jury verdict was returned it stated: "We find Grace Elosser and Charles Edward Twigg died from the administration of cyanide of potassium at the hands of a person or persons unknown."

But that verdict didn't keep the

finger of suspicion from still pointing at May and her father. Only Mrs. Elosser completely escaped serious consideration as a possible perpetrator of the double crime, until an eight-year-old boy, whose first name was Harlan, implicated her. He walked into the police station with his mother less than a week after the deaths and exploded a bombshell. To the sergeant at the desk he stated that he had been passing the Elosser home during the excitement, and had gone up to the front stoop, leaned over and peered through the parlor windows. He had seen the bodies, and he had seen, too, two empty wine glasses and a small green bottle on the floor near the sofa. Then he had seen Mrs. Elosser snatch up the bottle and glasses and hurry out of the room.

Mrs. Elosser vehemently denied Harlan's story, and her husband backed her up. Yet that story succeeded in making the Elossers social outcasts in Cumberland. And the only fact on which everyone agreed was that two persons in the Elosser home had come to unexplained and unnatural ends.

DURING January of 1911, the members of the Elosser household lived in a perpetual nightmare. Then Doctors Harvey T. Nolan and Watson Grady, two prominent Cumberland physicians, entered the scene. Fascinated by the mysterious aspects of the case, they called at the Elosser home and made a thorough examination of the death room, and asked permission to conduct an experiment.

On the morning of February 1, they entered the parlor, carrying a small clothes basket. The day was cold and windy and the little stove glowed red. With no explanation to the members of the household, the doctors left the basket in the parlor, then came into the dining room, carefully closing the sliding doors behind them. In 45 minutes they opened the doors again, but waited a full minute before entering the parlor, while May Elosser and her parents stood in the dining room, staring curiously into the room.

They watched fascinated as the two physicians leaned over the basket which they had placed on the sofa. Then Doctor Nolan glanced up and smiled, saying, "Come in here. We are going to show you evidence that will remove suspicion from everybody for all time."

In the basket were two black kittens still in death. "They were alive and healthy when we brought them in less than an hour ago," Doctor Grady explained. Then he nodded toward the red-hot stove. "That's what killed Grace and young Twigg. The flue leading from that stove is probably defective, and carbon monoxide gas, which is odorless, backed up into the room, killing them just as it did these cats."

An examination of the flue proved the doctors' diagnosis to be correct. The defective flue combined with the high wind, which blew the gas back into the room, the tightly closed doors and windows, had made the little parlor a lethal chamber. Whenever

the doors were opened, fresh oxygen rushed in from the dining room and the deadly gas escaped. That was why Mr. and Mrs. Elosser had not been affected. May, however, according to the physicians' analyses, was probably more susceptible to the fumes, and got a large enough dose of the gas to make her lose consciousness.

The authorities were impressed but not convinced by the physicians' report. Why hadn't the pair been killed earlier, when they had been in the parlor 45 minutes before the first telephone call for Grace, they wanted to know. The doctors explained that a combination of factors, including the amount of gas given off by the stove and the changing velocity of the wind currents answered that question. As to the hydrocyanic acid found in the stomachs of the victims, the doctors

pointed out that such poison was often found, in diluted form, in the stomachs of many persons who had *not* been poisoned.

The coroner, stubbornly reluctant to admit a mistake, wanted to know why the throats of the victims had clearly indicated death by cyanide.

"That's simply because," Dr. Nolan explained, "carbon monoxide gas often produces exactly the same effect."

So far, so good. And May, the girl who had been so wrongly implicated by rumor mongers, was cleared once and for all.

But none of these deductions had explained the story told by the boy Harlan. That was cleared when Harlan admitted to the police that he was exactly what Mrs. Elosser had branded him—a vicious little liar who had craved his hour in the limelight.

### ***Last Straws***

■ IT WAS A MISERABLE NIGHT, and the doctor had driven several miles in answer to an urgent summons from a patient who had recently installed a telephone. Arriving at her home, he discovered precious little the matter, and what there was could easily have waited for attention until morning.

As if this were not enough, the lady's parting remark added insult to injury. "What a blessing these telephones are, Doctor. I could never have sent a servant out in such weather." —KRISHNA SHRINIVASA

■ LITTLE SUSIE HAD SWORN like a top sergeant ever since she could talk. Nothing her parents could do seemed to break her of the habit. Then grandfather died, and Susie's mother, fearing the child might let loose at the funeral, took her aside for a stern and explicit warning. She must use no bad words because it would hurt grandma who was heartbroken over grandfather's death. Susie promised to refrain.

Came the day of the funeral. An old Army man, grandfather rated a military salute, and as the guns were fired at the grave, grandmother fainted. Pointing in horror, Susie screamed tearfully, "Grandpa's dead, and now the damned fools have shot grandma!" —NAOMI BROWN



*A quick glance at some results of fifteen million annual American sermons would indicate the pulpit, too, is mighty*



## **Sermons That Started Something**

by WILLIAM McDERMOTT

THE REVEREND Frank W. Gunsaulus was the right man in the right place that Sunday morning in Chicago some 50 years ago as he delivered his sermon from the pulpit of the Plymouth Church. The brilliant young preacher was well in advance of the times as a pulpit orator. His sermons were sound in dogma and could soar and throb with spirituality but they were aimed at problems of the day and were as lively and entertaining as a show. He was the voice of practical religion in the most alive and stirring city on earth in his time.

It was a city still close to the hard fighting, hard working and hard praying pioneers. It had a young and lusty full-blooded belief in a working religion. Gunsaulus was a powerful force in the city's life. That was why he had his own Central Church and was able to pack four thousand people inside to listen to his sermons.

Philip D. Armour, giant of the titanic packing industry, was in the audience. Frock-coated and severe, Armour lifted his big, square, iron jawed face to listen to some of the good old rousing religion mingled with tough common sense from his favorite preacher.

"Youth Today" was the sermon subject, and Gunsaulus tore into it. The solid men, still hot-blooded, who had made this pulsating city remembered their own hard youth as the orator pleaded for opportunity for young men to realize their powers. "What is money?" Gunsaulus cried. "We have the money. A million dollars would found an institution here that would train able young men by the hundreds to be the industrial leaders of our mighty future."

Armour's eyes were glowing with interest and enthusiasm as he met Gunsaulus after the church service.

"What would you do if you had a million dollars?"

"I'd establish that institution now."

"The million is yours."

The packer gave the money and added more millions in later years. From Gunsaulus' sermon that morning was born the Armour Institute of Technology, one of the world's great scientific schools, now merged with the Illinois Institute of Technology. Gunsaulus became its president.

He was a man of great vision. Nothing was too big for him to conceive, but he had no idea when he delivered his sermon on that Sunday morning what was going to happen as a result of his words. He spoke the right words—and they were heard by the right man.

Northwestern University was started in the same way. Almost a hundred years ago what today is the beautiful campus of one of the most wealthy universities in the country was nothing but a barren stretch of sand and quack grass with a few big elms here and there. A minister in his peaceful church in a country town north of Chicago made a plea for a worthy institution of learning that could grow with the community. His words sent Orrington Lunt out of his pew determined to form a committee of laymen to do that job. Northwestern University was born of a sermon.

It was a sermon that set in motion the succession of great world's fairs of the last decade. The Reverend Myron E. Adams, veteran of the first World War, preaching in the First Baptist Church in Chicago in the

middle twenties, called for a gigantic industrial exposition to celebrate the city's centennial in 1933. Church members urged him to take the idea to the City Council. He did. It was the start of a snowball that rolled up to be the huge Century of Progress Exposition that in two years was visited by 40 million people and was followed by other giant expositions in Cleveland, Dallas, San Francisco and finally by the super-colossal World's Fair in New York.

MAN TO MAN is the most direct way for a sermon to be a "starter." William Booth heard a sermon in a chapel at Gatehead-on-Tyne in England and walked out of that little Methodist chapel to found the Salvation Army. Dr. Wilfred Grenfell was a skeptic in matters of religion and went merely out of curiosity with a group of young medics to hear the famous American evangelist Dwight L. Moody preaching in London. That one sermon by Moody sent out Grenfell as the God-given medical missionary to Labrador. Jacob Riis was a young Danish immigrant just starting newspaper work in New York when he chanced to hear a sermon by Ichabod Simmons. Riis was inspired to enter the ministry, but the pastor advised him to work as a layman and writer. From that start Riis became the most effective social worker and reformer of his generation, doing more than any one man in history had ever done to clean up New York's worst slums and enlisting the fiery cooperation of Theodore Roosevelt.

A young Canadian accountant, William H. P. Anderson, heard in Guelph, Ontario, a sermon on hospital work. He went to India as a missionary to lepers, organized good care and decent living and became the general director of nearly a hundred leper communities in 15 countries. A sermon by Willard Parsons in a Sherman, Pennsylvania, church started the "friendly towns" movement for country outings and a chain of free camps for underprivileged city children throughout America.

THE LIST OF individuals is endless but sermons have done more than start one man to work. The blow that outlawed dueling in America was struck by the Reverend Eliphalet Nott in a hard-hitting sermon in Albany, New York, after Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton. Nott's fiery sermon denouncing dueling was printed and repeated all over the country and crystallized the national conscience.

Strongest ambassador to the plain people of England during the Civil War was Henry Ward Beecher. His speeches and sermons to the Lancashire cotton workers, starving because of the embargo on southern ports, held them firm to suffer anything rather than to rely on human slavery for their cotton.

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, in his church on Madison Square, New York, stepped right out of his province as a quiet, scholarly pastor of a somnolent flock, and ripped the neighboring "Tenderloin" vice area wide open. He poured out a series of the

most daring sermons ever given by a fashionable New York clergyman up to that time and personally led raids. He gave the police the rudest shaking they had ever had, and the sense of decency that he awakened has not gone to sleep since.

The Reverend John Paul Stafford of Chicago was preaching one Sunday in an Indiana town. His subject was, "Every Man Should Bear His Own Burden." A member of the state tax commission was in the audience and found in the sermon a guiding thought for tax equalization. A revision of the state's tax laws followed.

Yes, sermons are great "starters," sometimes unexpected ones.

"Billy" Sunday, the revivalist, got his start by stopping to listen to a mission preacher on a street corner. Billy went on to tour the largest cities and hold meetings in vast tabernacles. Grace Moore, Marion Talley and Gladys Swarthout, before dazzling the world as opera singers, got their starts singing at Billy's meetings, according to Homer Rodeheaver, the revivalist song leader. Ted Weems, on the same authority, before he became one of the nation's favorite orchestra leaders, got his start in one of the baseball exhorter's musical backgrounds.

Between 25 and 30 million people in this country are regular church attendants. They listen to at least 15 million sermons every year. The authority of religion and the receptive audience are there. Every conscientious minister as he faces his audience must have this thought—will his sermon click? Yet despite all the

competing interests of entertainment and instruction, this immense potentiality of starting something still is there; individual or social, recognized or unrecognized, great or small.

Can he start a great spiritual awakening—like Jonathan Edwards? Can

he arouse the mind of a great man who can do something—like Gungaulus? Can he stir up the conscience of the nation—like Nott? Can he pull a king off his throne—like the British bishop?

The power of the sermon still is there.

## Musical Notes

■ THE NOTED PIANIST, Moriz Rosenthal, attended one of Paderewski's farewell performances with another pianist, Abram Chasins. It was a lamentable exhibition, and Chasins murmured sadly, "The things that man has forgotten!"

"What he has forgotten isn't so bad," returned Rosenthal unhappily. "It's what he remembers!"

■ DRAGGED RELUCTANTLY to hear a third-rate string quartet go through its paces, Rosenthal was accosted by the second violinist after the performance. "Did you like it, maestro?" he asked.

"Excellent, excellent," lied Rosenthal.

"And our tempi, did they suit you?" persisted the violinist.

"Ah," said Rosenthal, "they were marvelous—particularly yours."

■ WHENEVER POSSIBLE, a certain British airplane carrier has a daily musical concert on board. The band sits on the principal plane elevator, which is depressed about two feet so that the musicians may see the conductor standing at the edge of the deck.

One afternoon, while the concert was in full cry, a mechanic in the control room noticed the elevator indicator registered not quite flush with the deck. Afraid the mechanism was out of kilter, he pressed a button hard. In the middle

of the overture from Carmen, the band suddenly disappeared from the view of the entranced audience and plunged into the bowels of the ship. Horrified when he realized what he had done, the mechanic hastily pushed another button. The elevator shot skyward and came to the surface with a jolt.

But the imperturbable British had played on during the entire round trip without losing a note.

■ AFTER HEARING a recital by the famed Budapest Quartet, a rich dowager was introduced to the first violinist. "It's a shame," she gushed, "that your little orchestra hasn't money enough to expand. I'm going to write you out a check for five thousand dollars. We'll make that band of yours as big as Tommy Dorsey's!"

■ THE GREAT CONDUCTOR, Arturo Toscanini, had a painful experience one evening with a soloist who began his cadenza bravely enough but soon got into difficulty. Obviously flustered, he wandered further and further off key. The maestro and the entire orchestra held their breaths. Just before their cue to resume playing, the soloist managed to recover the original key. Sighing with relief, Toscanini bowed and said, "Welcome home, Mr. Ginsberg."

—BENNETT CERF in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

*Florabel's nose for news has pried into the West Coast's hottest stories—like the Mary Astor diary case and the sizzling Chaplin-Berry court bout*



## **Hot Copy Girl**

by WOODROW WIRSIG AND RODNEY DALE VOIGT

A RED-HAIRED woman sits in on the civic center reporters' perpetual poker game in Los Angeles. She hunches over her cards, concentrates, shoves 50 cents into the pot, raises 50. A telephone rings. Then it rings again, and again. Finally:

"Hey, Florabel—telephone!"

"In a minute," the red-head mutters, folding up her cards in disgust. Then she plays for the tipsy reporter beside her. He wins.

Only then does Florabel Muir, reporter, get up from the poker table and begin operating.

Newspapermen in Los Angeles say she's the only woman who plays their brand of poker. To eyebrow raisers she explains that for her the game is business. She sets aside losing-money "to keep the boys happy." Veterans, however, say she loves the game. Although she wins often enough, the sharks love her because she's one

of their most regular contributors.

Florabel Muir's firsts are legion. Now, for instance, she's the first and only woman in this country to own and operate a wire news syndicate—the Los Angeles City News service. In addition she's west coast correspondent for the New York *Daily News*, manages on the side to knock out articles for national magazines, and finds time to plan such beats as the breaking of the Mary Astor Diary story. She was the first woman to see an execution in Utah.

Taking on tough assignments has been easy for Florabel (even the copy boy calls her Florabel) ever since a bleak December morning in 1919. She was waiting in the warden's office at the Utah State Penitentiary. A phone call was being put through to Dan Shields, the state Attorney General. A man had been offered the choice of being shot or hanged, and

Florabel had been assigned to cover either eventuality for the Salt Lake *Tribune*.

Utah law rules that there shall be a limited number of male witnesses. To the warden "male witnesses" meant no women. So Florabel was phoning the Attorney General.

"She's a reporter, not a woman," judged the Attorney General.

WHEN Florabel left the University of Washington's School of Journalism and tried to get a newspaper job in Salt Lake City, there were no newspaper jobs. So Florabel became a night clerk in a hotel. By the time a reporting spot on the *Herald* came along, Florabel was down to two dollars, and she lived on it for two weeks by drinking buttermilk.

On going to work her city editor assigned Florabel to the courthouse, the toughest beat in town. When Tom Higgs, well known opposition reporter, heard of it, he raged "My God! They not only send a cub—it's a dame!" Until that day, Florabel says, she did not swear. Higgs worked twice as hard; Florabel beat it out both day and night, refueling on coffee and aspirin. At the end of the month she was able to beat Higgs on small stuff and hold her own on the big stuff. The war lasted as long as Florabel was on the *Herald*. It never ceased (even when she and Higgs became good friends) unless Higgs celebrated too heavily, at which times Florabel covered for him.

Most stories about Florabel's fiery temper are mere rumor, though some

of the most vivid are not. Her repertoire of profanity is a legend, a legend also based on fact. Both temper and vocabulary are usually expended not on the people who have it coming, but those who haven't.

Not long ago local Los Angeles reporters, many of whom had worked for City News, thought City News was a threat to individual beat coverage of the civic center and decided not to cooperate with Florabel's reporters. Florabel waged war. Her reporters covered their civic center beats like bloodhounds. She began using contacts that reached into the innermost of sanctums. Any expansion of her service, she assured everyone, would not eliminate jobs. She pointed out that in Chicago and New York the city news services had not wiped out individual beat coverage by newspapers. She successfully proved that no combination of reporters could give her an ultimatum and make that ultimatum stick.

If Florabel has proved anything in her career, it's that women reporters could cover battle, murder or sudden death and not be "sob-sisterish" about it. Most of her sensational scoops were made against the best male competition. Take the Mary Astor Diary case, for instance:

Mary Astor was suing her former husband for custody of their child. It was relatively small stuff. There were rumors of a diary, but no one knew much about it. Florabel's editor on the New York *News* said bluntly: "Get a copy."

Florabel learned that Mary Astor's



husband had taken her diary and made about 20 photostatic copies. Because a prominent Los Angeles politician was mentioned in it, innumerable agents were out beating the bush for those copies which had been scattered anywhere from San Francisco to San Diego for safekeeping. It has been said that Florabel spent about 500 dollars battering through a lot of closed mouths. But she got a copy.

Doing her job well, which at one time consisted of writing a Hollywood gossip column, once caused the influential Louella Parsons to say: "Florabel Muir was the only Hollywood columnist whose work worried me."

Not long ago columnist Hedda Hopper called Florabel on the phone. A girl, she said, was sitting in the county jail. She was pregnant. Her sentence was 180 days. Since then, of course, this girl's story has been fully brought out in the criminal proceedings instituted against Charlie Chaplin in Los Angeles, in which it was charged that Joan Berry had been kicked out by the actor after several years' association; that he had given her 100 dollars, a chair-car ticket home, and had her escorted to the train by police; that when she became angry and returned to his house, the actor had her arrested and jailed as a vagrant.

This was her story. Newspapers shied from it, and some papers played the girl up as a crank extortionist.

Florabel interviewed the girl in jail, believed her story, suggested she sign a complaint against Chaplin, and persuaded the girl to hire an attorney.

She brought on the newspapers, and social pressure on the movie actor mounted. Judge Harlan G. Palmer, publisher of the *Hollywood Citizen-News*, wrote a long editorial praising Florabel and Hedda Hopper for their social service.

CHILDHOOD experiences probably laid the groundwork for Florabel's ability to tackle the harsher things of life. Her clan came from Scotland and settled in Rock Springs, Wyoming. She was born there, the youngest of 11 children. She grew up through mining strikes and range wars.

"I can remember clinging to my mother's skirts while a couple of bad men from the Tetons shot it out across the street," Florabel says. "My mother, a gentle soul, said, 'They must be only fooling.'"

Six older sisters in the family decided Florabel was going to be a proper lassie and teach school. So at 16, she was teaching school in a Wyoming town during the summer.

Later Florabel taught school in Oatman, Arizona. Five thousand people crowded the town overnight—some to work the mines, others to work the miners. Sanitary and moral conditions were appalling. She rented the space under the schoolhouse, raised on rain-stilts, to men who wanted a place to sleep. With the money she built up a sizeable library for the Oatman school. Dirt and filth were so overwhelming in the town that Florabel began giving her younger pupils baths every day before sending them home after school. Once she

helped a doctor do a Caesarian operation, and another time she helped him sew up a slit jugular vein. She always slept with the legs of her bed in pails of water to keep centipedes from sleeping with her.

Florabel apparently went into newspaper work just for relief.

Since then she's worked the country, moving from Los Angeles to New York and back uncounted times, and doing stints in Chicago and San Francisco. She once covered Southern California beach towns and gave her pay to the family of the dead reporter who had covered the beat before she took it.

While holding down a job in San Francisco, Florabel met ace rewrite man Denis A. Morrison. "Denny's idea of wooing," Florabel says, "was to assign me a headline to write and then write it for me." They were married in 1925 and have been telling stories on each other ever since.

Florabel prefers stories about Denny's run-ins with gangsters. Some of the better armed gentry regarded her as a trustworthy friend, but Denny had never met the boys. When he did, he addressed them in his ripest Class C gangster movie vocabulary. The "boys" were injured and later complained to Florabel about her husband's manners. Denny prefers to tell about the time Florabel, wearing an old pair of pants and shirt and without her purse, was stranded in the middle of the state of Texas. She got out of it. Though the townspeople called her an "oil field hobo," she persuaded the marshal to send out a

general alarm. Denny—who had done the ditching, but by mistake—was picked up by police at a gas station, while trying to cash one of Florabel's traveler's checks to buy some gas.

Now Florabel is in her forties, and has 25 years of newspapering behind her. She and Denny have no children. Whenever she starts to write a book or run a ranch, the old firehorse instinct pulls her back into the reporting game.

In all her reporting, Florabel has used every streamlined device known to speed communications. When Western Air Express set up its first three passenger routes in this country, Florabel took the first southern trip on assignment. With her went her dog and cat. She was the only reporter on the plane, and later wrote enthusiastic articles about the future of plane travel. Although riding in airplanes has always made her sick, and prevented her learning to fly, Florabel has made 35 transcontinental flights and still prefers plane to anything else.

For several years before Pearl Harbor, Florabel sent to New York occasional articles on what she considered the Jap menace on the Pacific coast. She discussed the implications of the powerful two-way radios for communication between shore and ship which many Japanese families owned. In other articles she pointed out that the gigantic level wheat fields the Japs were planting in Mexico under government lease made excellent landing fields for planes.

These articles never appeared in

print, for they were generally disbelieved in the editorial rooms. "Stick to Hollywood, Florabel," one desk man advised.

Having preserved her femininity, and at the same time become one of the finest straight reporters in the business, Florabel is entitled to crow a bit, if she likes, about prime accomplishments like these.

It was Arch Reeves, former head of

Paramount movie publicity, who once pegged Florabel. Reeves, rather mellow, was talking to Denny one night. He was trying to explain to Denny just how good Florabel was. He'd try some adjectives. No good. He stumbled over grandiloquent phrases. Finally he got it:

"Y'know what about Florabel, Denny?" he said triumphantly. "She's dynamite—but regular!"

### ***Drama in Names***

❖ PERFECT DRIVING RECORDS are the proud boast of a man and wife in Oklahoma City—their name, Mr. and Mrs. Safety First.

❖ RAY STOLTZ' car accidentally struck a pedestrian in Dubuque, Iowa; the pedestrian gave his name as Frank Stoltz; police were notified and Captain George Stoltz responded—all brothers.

❖ A MAN IN Wakonda, South Dakota, received two induction notices and two preliminary examinations, unaware that it was at all out of the ordinary. Another Wakonda man was inducted without notice. Their names were Dale Robert Peterson and Robert Dale Peterson—no relation.

❖ POLICE RECORDS of West Palm Beach, Florida, list the inappropriate locale of a fight as in the subdivision of Pleasant City at the corner of Cheerful and Contentment Streets. —CHARLES H. CARSON

❖ SHOULD LITTLE Lin Montmorency, if such a name were to be found in China, prefer a more manly title, he could do something about it. Lin he couldn't change, for that is his family name, which in Chinese order comes first. But Montmorency could be discarded in favor of John or Jake. At one time, he might have been re-dubbed by his school teacher, who often named a pupil according to his character and potential career. But this too could have been changed if the boy revised his vocational plans and wished a name in accordance. In fact, he could assume another name merely by signing the new cognomen on documents or letters. Eventually, however, this random name-changing created such legal confusion that a movement has been started to prevent a Chinese from having more than two names. Now, once he chooses his adopted title, he is supposed to keep it.

—ELINOR RICE

## Gold for the Grinding

by W. HAROLD O'CONNOR



JOE DODDS LOOKED at the clock on the shop wall and saw that only 10 minutes remained of his work day. So he gathered his scraps into a neat little pile, placed his tools carefully on the bench and, nodding pleasantly to the little group gathered round the barrels, made his way to the door. The next day he was called into the personnel office and summarily fired. "You didn't wash your hands," the boss explained. "We can't afford to have you around."

Strangely enough, that employer liked dust so much he fired the worker who wouldn't wash his hands before he left the shop. With every metal from lowly lead to that metal featherweight, aluminum, important enough to warrant collection drives the country over, the manufacturing jeweler also surveyed his trade extra carefully and discovered, among other things, that he was in a business whose employees walked home at the end of the day with pockets lined with gold, seams threaded with it, handkerchiefs coated with it. He found that the four walls of his workshop were filmed with gold, the floor was sprinkled with gold and the ceiling gilded with the same precious metal.

When a jeweler makes a golden brooch or a delicate filigreed earring, he starts with a sheet of metal. With

infinite care he hammers it, carves it, drills tiny holes in it and files away its rough edges. Probably he engraves it and then completes his work by polishing it. During these operations the piece grows smaller and smaller until he ends with a bit of jewelry that weighs not more than half and often not more than one-tenth the original sheet.

The rest has been scattered about in the form of scrap, clippings, filings and tiny bits of gold mixed with jeweler's rouge and dirt. Minute particles of gold dust are blown about by the winds and come to rest finally upon the walls, the ceiling, and the workshop floor. Some stick to the tradesman's hands, cling to his sweaty face and neck, settle behind his ears, even gather in his hair. No indeed, it is not pure love of cleanliness that prompts the employer to demand that his workers wash up before leaving the job.

For years a certain jewelry factory estimated its activity by the number of barrels in which its workmen's "wash water" was settling. Today many small shops have installed one or two small wash barrels plus a filter press. The gold which settles, or is filtered out, is enough to pay today's rent or tomorrow's income tax.

There is gold in the air in any

jewelry factory. Take the experience of one large eastern firm. An exhaust system section was left uncleaned for about four years. The section measured 60 feet by 24 inches and consisted of galvanized pipe. The company, after paying about 33 dollars to have the pipe cleaned and its contents refined, received more than 900 dollars for the gold in that section of the pipe alone.

Another company realized a tidy sum by collecting the paper towels used by its employes, burning them and recovering the dust. Gasoline was poured on the towels and ignited. The residue was ground in a hand mortar and sieved by hand.

A third small firm burned the old aprons worn by its employes. The reward was so substantial that the concern thereafter required workers to wear cover-alls supplied by the company, and to leave them at the work bench.

But all workers don't use the trick employed by Joe Dodds, who attempt-

ed to carry home enough of the precious metal to make up a good day's pay. Unexpected contamination in refining is often discovered to be cheaper metal filings substituted for the more valuable waste. Since the worker must account for the precious metal that he is given, he inserts a small amount of the cheaper waste and pockets the valuable scrap.

Not all losses are necessarily due to the theft of scrap. One gold supply house noted that general losses were slightly larger than usual on visitors' day. After careful checking, the owners concluded that the cause lay in less scrupulous accounting made by distracted employes. When the company began to exclude visitors, the percentage of loss became normal once more.

Today, with every firm, large or small, bent upon conservation of even the most common metals, the jeweler has learned a lesson too. He has learned that gold is not only where you find it but also where you grind it.

### ***Age of Consistency***

■ IN SANTA FE, New Mexico, a woman witness in a court trial stated that she was 43 years old. Checking against the records, the judge asked, "Isn't that the same age you gave in testimony three years ago?"

She drew herself up proudly, "Señor Judge, I am not a woman who says one theeng today and another theeng tomorrow."—MILTON BACON

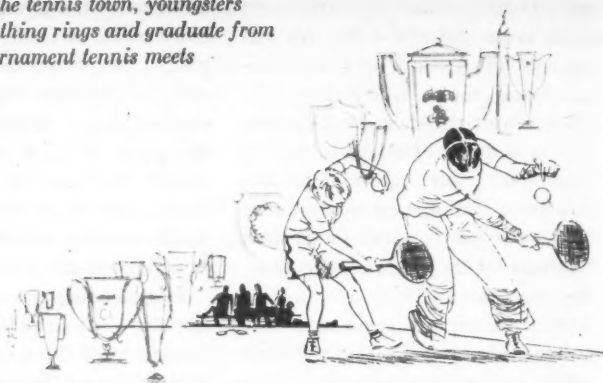
■ W. C. FIELDS TELLS the story of a quack who was peddling an elixir of life. "Look at me," he spied, "I'm 300 years old and still hale and hearty—all from taking this miraculous potion!"

"Is he really that old?" asked a somewhat skeptical lady of the faker's youthful assistant.

"Search me," shrugged the lad, "I've only worked for him one hundred years."

—LOUIS HIRSCH

*In Santa Monica, the tennis town, youngsters prefer racquets to leething rings and graduate from the nursery into tournament tennis meets*



## **Tennis Town**

by KEITH MONROE

LET US ASSUME that you like tennis, and that you are 10 years old. At 10, whatever tennis talents you may possess aren't likely to attract much attention. So if you make progress in the game, you'll make it strictly on your own.

Unless you happen to live in Santa Monica!

If you're a 10-year-old tennis player in Santa Monica, you'll get free coaching from professionals. You'll be watched, encouraged and advised by a whole committee of adult tennis enthusiasts. You'll have 16 good courts to play on—and at those public courts you'll often see tennis that's as fast as any in America, because nationally-ranked players work out on them daily. At Santa Monica's immense tournaments you'll be a ball boy or a program vendor or a linesman, watching all the matches and soaking up tournament lore. The year round you'll

play tennis in the California sunshine. All over town you'll hear tennis gossip. Santa Monica is the hottest tennis town in the world, and as a promising 10-year-old you're an important part of its tennis machine.

The first thing the Tennis Club does is to suggest that you enter the Novice Tournament sponsored by the Santa Monica *Evening Outlook*. The newspaper stages this informal tournament annually, and limits it to players who have never competed in any other tourney. You'll be up against kids of your own age and experience, and you'll play without a gallery except in the finals.

By the time you're 12, you're ready for your first full-fledged tournament. Your coaches, Frank Baker and Florence Sutton, have been keeping their eyes on you for the past two years; believing you to be good tournament material, they sign you up for the big



Dudley Cup Tournament—the city's blue ribbon Easter Week competition for players of high school and junior high age, which annually draws more than 400 boy and girl racqueteers from all over Southern California. Maybe you haven't money for the tournament's entry fee. If so, your fee is paid by the Junior Development Committee of the Tennis Club.

Win or lose, you're encouraged to keep improving your game. There is continuous "ladder" competition in junior high school, and when you enter Santa Monica High School you're already an experienced competitor.

In high school you go out for the tennis team. Assuming that you make the first or second team, you play weekly matches against other Southern California schools. The varsity matches provide the fiercest junior competition in America—every U. S. Junior Singles Champion for the last 10 years has been a Southern Californian. In addition to the team matches, you go on free junkets to big interscholastic meets such as the Ojai Valley Tournament.

You are kept supplied with new tennis balls, shoes, sweaters and expensive racquets—all free. Each summer (assuming that it's not a war year) you are sent on a tour of one of the minor-league tournament circuits—perhaps through the Rockies or the Northwest.

Each fall you enter the great Santa Monica Open Tournament. In 1941, the last season before the war, there were 535 entries in this tournament—which made it the largest in the

United States. A few weeks later, you go to Los Angeles for a fling at the Pacific Southwest Tournament, whose entry list contains almost all the national and international aces playing in the Nationals earlier in the month. You're really in the big time when you get into this tournament—and if you do well in its senior division, you can feel confident of a transcontinental trip the next summer.

Perry T. Jones, secretary of the Southern California Tennis Association and widely known as Mr. Tennis, is the man who can arrange a free trip east for you. Once Santa Monica's fanatic Tennis Club officers have convinced him you're ready, he'll find the money to send you to Forest Hills.

When he does, you're on your way. There's the round of famous eastern preliminary tournaments first, then the National Championships, and perhaps a tennis tour of Australia or Latin America afterward. You're entertained, applauded, and photographed wherever you go. You move in top-hat social circles, and well-paid jobs are yours for the asking. You're the end-product, at 20 or 21, of the Santa Monica machine which sucked you into its conveyor belt at 10.

This machine has been producing champions steadily since 1926, when it sent young John Doeg east for the first time. Doeg won the U. S. Junior Singles that year, defeated Bill Tilden for the national championship in 1930, and held half of the national doubles title for two years.

Since then the parade of Santa Monica stars has been continuous—

not earth-shaking all-time luminaries, but good smart players capable of knocking off a national title when they were hot. There was Midge Gladman for nine years, from her victory in the girls' tournament in 1927 to her doubles co-championship in 1936. Violet Doeg and Doris Doeg were national hard-court doubles winners in 1928. Then came Gracyn Wheeler, Bonnie Miller and May Doeg in 1932—Gracyn as girls' doubles co-champion and hard-court singles winner, while the other two teamed up to win the hard-court girls' doubles. May Doeg again in 1934, as co-champion in girls' doubles. Gracyn Wheeler once more in 1935 with a flock of European and African titles, while Dorothy Bundy was cleaning up in South America and Australia. In 1941 the beautiful and fiery Gertrude Moran became national co-champion in girls' doubles; Santa Monicans think she might be the women's champion this year had she not deserted tennis for a movie career.

So IT GOES. For the last 15 years, there has never been a season when Santa Monica failed to push at least one player into the first 10 rankings!

How did it all start?

The answer goes back to 1890. In that year the millionaire Senator John P. Jones of Nevada retired, moved to Santa Monica, and built the immense mansion overlooking the ocean which later became the town's well-known Miramar Hotel. He encouraged his daughter Marion to take up the new game called tennis which was then

growing fashionable; even built a tennis court for her on the estate.

The Jones home became one of the gathering-places for the young society set, and much tennis was played there. Marion Jones soon proved much better at the game than her friends. In 1894 a Southern California tournament was held, and she won the women's competition. She won it every succeeding year until 1899, when her proud father sent her east to the national tournament—which she also won. The tiny town of Santa Monica almost exploded from civic pride.

In the meantime a retired British naval captain named Sutton had moved from Pasadena to Santa Monica so his four young daughters, who were keen tennis enthusiasts, could live nearer their friend Marion Jones. From that day on, Santa Monica was the world's number one tennis town.

The four Sutton sisters entered the Southern California championships in 1899—and for the next 17 years no one could beat them. One or another invariably won—Florence twice, Violet three times, Ethel four, and the youngest, May, eight times.

May Sutton was probably the most powerful woman player of all time. She weighed 170 pounds, and packed a forehand wallop harder than most men's. She won the American and British championships with absolutely no backhand. She was so fast on her feet that she could run all the way across the court—in her voluminous ankle-length skirts—in time to reach a return in the opposite corner.

She married Tom Bundy early in

the century. It was a tennis romance; Bundy was a Davis Cup star. They raised several sons, who were powerful athletes but preferred football to tennis, and one daughter, who followed the long tournament road to Forest Hills, but attained only No. 3 national ranking.

The other Sutton sisters are still coaching tennis to this day, in or around Santa Monica.

With the Suttons, the Bundys and the Doeys playing in Santa Monica for two generations, it's no wonder that the town has been tennis-minded. Today its tennis activities are somewhat curtailed because of the war, but still full of enthusiasm. The Junior Development Committee not only continues all its time-honored activi-

ties, but is planning a potent new one: a weekly Tennis Clinic. Every Saturday morning the tennis-playing children of Santa Monica will gather for a lecture and demonstration by a different professional of top-flight calibre: Tilden one week, Vines another, Stocfen another. After the demonstration the kids will swarm onto the courts and start playing, while the visiting pro and the corps of local coaches move among them, commenting.

With this system, it will be surprising if Santa Monica does not continue to produce national winners. Several more are already on the way. The brightest of them all are the two pretty daughters of coach Frank Baker, Sylvia and Beverly. Watch out for them about four years from now.

### **Pills—And Pills**

■ IT HAD BEEN A WONDERFUL party, but morning found the naval lieutenant's brain quite foggy. He was preparing to sew a pair of little white buttons on his shirt, when he concluded that a couple of aspirin might help to clarify the situation. One small white disk, then water—then repeat the same. Almost immediately he began to feel better—so much better, in fact, that he was soon able to discern two aspirin lying on the shirt. Uh-huh; he had swallowed the buttons.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

■ THE NURSE RUSTLED into the tiny hospital room and glanced briefly at the still figure on the bed. Her attention then focused on the little bedside table with its odd bottles, boxes, powders and salves. Suddenly she made an angry face and shook her head indignantly.

"Mr. Braverson!" she called.

There was no answer from the bed.

"Mr. Braverson!" Her voice was louder. But still no answer.

"Mr. Braverson! Mr. Braverson!" She was shouting now and the patient groaned as she shook his shoulder. "You have forgotten to take your sleeping powder!"

—MAX OSBORN

## Carroll's Corner



**Coronets:** To Jean Arthur, Hollywood's smoothest comedienne. Of all the laugh-makers, she is the one who knows best how to make sappiness both subtle and sexy . . . To Dorothy Maynor, of the voice of angels . . . To *The Silence of the Sea*, a long short story about Occupied France that mirrors the mood of Flaubert, Maupassant, Daudet . . . To Alec Wilder, who composes popular music that sounds like Mozart gone jive-happy . . . To *Voice in the Wind*, a completely enchanting movie.

**File and Forget:** Add names of American corporations: The Poopie-Snoopee Manufacturing Company . . . There are 53 octillion possible combinations of card hands in a bridge foursome . . . Cannibals of the Marquesas Islands do not like to eat white men because they taste too salty . . . In 1933 the Nazis stopped nudism in Germany because it was depriving women of their "natural sense of shame" . . . George Washington's false teeth were made of hippopotamus tusks . . . Abraham Lincoln wore size 14-B shoes . . . Music lovers who were a little astonished at the peculiarities of George Antheil's 4th Symphony, recently played over the radio, should consider that in recent years modernist Antheil has become very

conservative. When his *Ballet Mécanique* was played in Paris years ago, his orchestra included 10 pianos, six xylophones, a player piano, a fire alarm, an airplane propeller and auto horns.

**Strictly Personal:** Hollywood director John Ford, inveterate pipe smoker, read up on tobacco for two years to learn just what kind of tobacco was fit to smoke . . . Carol of Rumania, when he fills out applications, lists his first occupation as "King," his second as "Farmer" . . . John Nance Garner, the largest landowner in Uvalde County, Texas, spends 50 cents apiece for his neckties, never more than 25 dollars for a suit.

**The Men Behind the Men:** Next time you read about a mass air raid over Germany, keep this fact in mind: To conduct a one-thousand bomber raid, it has been computed that 125 thousand people have been directly or indirectly involved in the operation.

**I Wouldn't Say That:** ELY CULBERTSON: "Architecturally speaking, there is as much beauty in the structure of the perfectly conceived and executed grand slam at no trump as there is in a soaring Gothic cathedral."

ADOLF HITLER: "In a certain sense, indeed, I am an artist."

Pict

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## Picture Story:



*Yank* is written by and for America's fighting men. Only a serviceman may buy it. Civilians must be content with hearing about it or seeing an occasional copy. To satisfy the curiosity of those who wonder how *Yank* is put together and by whom, and as a tribute to the men who edit the weekly, *Coronet* takes you behind the publication scenes of this war-born journal.



1. *Yank* is edited in New York City, but most of its staff of 100 is overseas. Former newspapermen for the most part, its staffers must complete basic Army training before joining. All are enlisted men and most of them have turned down commissions to stay with the paper.



2. *High-speed rotogravure presses in New York print the domestic, Alaskan, and one overseas edition. Other overseas editions are printed on the spot. Here, for example, two native printers in Jaffa, Palestine, prepare the Middle East edition.*



*3. Since the overseas editions must incorporate material issued from Yank's New York offices, Army planes fly positives, negatives and mats to Yank printing operations in England, Australia, Puerto Rico, Panama, Trinidad, India, Italy, Palestine, Iran and Hawaii.*



*4. The weekly comes out in London, and Britishers and American GI's alike leaf through it as they engage in their not-too-favorite pastime, standing in line. Yank, which is free from any officer supervision of editorial policy, gives them a good idea of what their buddies are doing everywhere.*



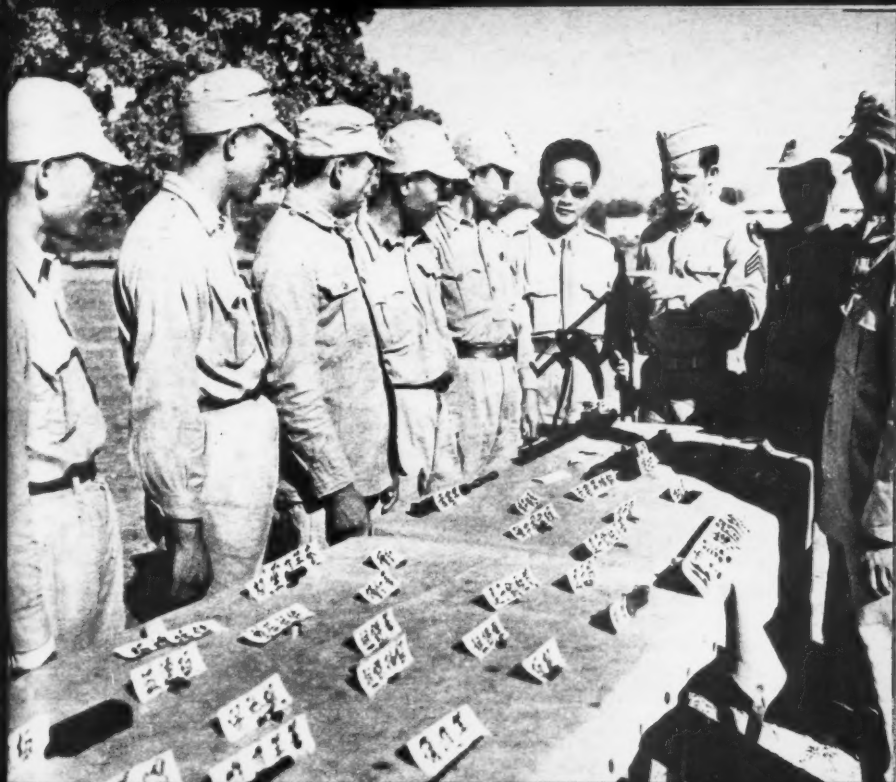
5. "These Japs gave up without a fight" was a typical staff correspondent's eyewitness story from Sgt. Georg N. Meyers datelined Kiska, which gave readers the sound, sight and flavor of this crucial landing.

With fog and sweat begriming our faces, we followed the path to the summit of Magic Mountain. And while we paused, panting, for a break, the haze blew out to sea for an instant. Below us, gray and ashen and still, lay Kiska Harbor, the main camp area of the Japs. We knew for certain they were gone. At first disappointment ripped hotly over us. 'Dirty bastards,' we muttered. And then we remembered the first day at Attu and the way litter bearers had shuffled past with their limp loads. And our disappointment passed, even if we had waited 14 months.

"Veterans of Attu among the American invasion forces found it hard to believe that the Japs had chickened out. Though we had been repelled by their methods, we had respected the singleness of purpose of an army whose men committed suicide by grenade rather than surrender, who shot or bayoneted their own seriously wounded fellow soldiers before relinquishing the ground where they fell. That respect was gone now.

"Japs we learned at Kiska, are only human after all."

In the picture, an advance reconnaissance patrol cautiously approaches the mouth of a 200-foot tunnel dug by the Japs on Lazy Creek near Gertrude Cove, Kiska.



6. From somewhere in India, correspondent Sgt. Ed Cunningham reported on "China's New Fighting Man."

"An entire company of Chinese soldiers, all veterans of the Burma campaign, are in prone position on the firing line with slings adjusted and rifle sights leveled on the bulls-eye 200 yards away. At the command 'Tzahn tsu day!' they load and lock; then comes the command of 'Kai szzz hsieh chil' and a volley of hot lead whistles toward the target. But it isn't the concussion that rocks and startles your eardrums. It's the distinct southern accent wrapped around those firing commands, barked out in a near-perfect Chinese sing-song by Sgt. Johnnie R. Barnes. Late of Powellville, N.C., Barnes is now one of a cadre of strictly GI Americans who are serving as instructors at this Chinese-American training center where Uncle Joe Stilwell is grooming a Chinese force to go back in Burma and kick hell out of the Japs."

Yank, you can see, isn't only a picture and cartoon magazine, or just the voice of the enlisted man, but a record of what the American Services are doing everywhere on the war fronts and of the personal exploits and experiences of their personnel. In the illustrating photo, Sgt. Matt Nowack directs a class in the nomenclature of the Bren gun.





7. When the first American troops rolled into Maknassy, Tunisia, Sgt. Pete Paris was right there with them and his excellent shots of the entrance were reprinted widely in civilian papers back home.



8. Yank has also scored some honest-to-goodness international news scoops. Photographer Sgt. George Aarons traveled 1800 miles by jeep to record the execution of two Nazi spies in Syria.





**9.** *Of the top-grade pictures that have livened the pages of the Army weekly, the staff deems these their best . . . Here, the firing of a 155mm howitzer in Sicily . . .*



**10.** *Yank called this one "Italian kibitzer."*



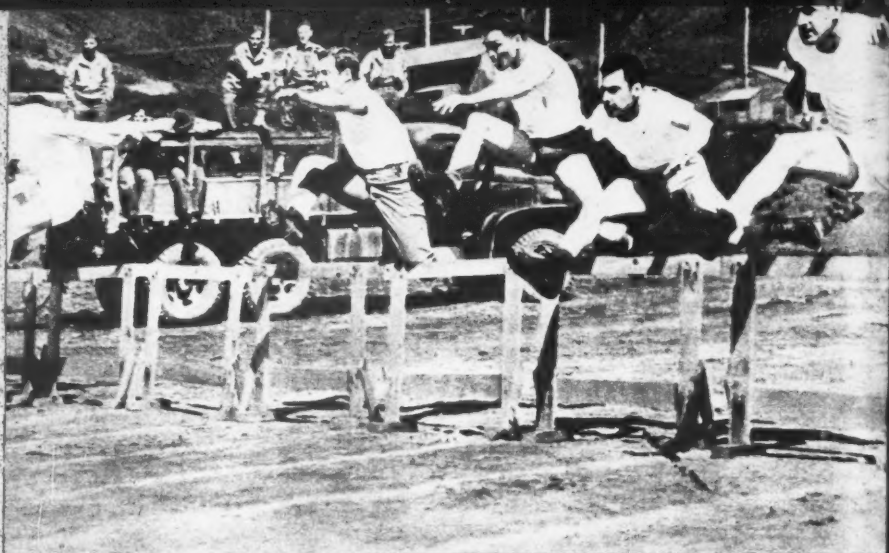
**II.** Up front in New Guinea—a shot by Sgt. Dave Richardson. The enemy is less than 50 yards away.



12. "Saturday night—and on the town" in Alexandria, La., by Sgt. Bob Ohio.



13. Just what is meant by "close quarters"—a Pacific transport, taken by Sgt. Dick Hanley.



**14.** Along with regular sports coverage, *Yank's* Sports Editor Sgt. Dan Polier reports events conducted by GI amateurs, such as the local Olympiad held by soldiers in Alaska. The boots are GI issue.



**15.** Especially popular with readers is the *Service Record*, which reports the military life and progress of stellar sports personalities. Hank Greenberg, pre-war mainstay of the Detroit Tigers (now a captain), lends an ear to Hank Gowdy, former manager of the Cincinnati Reds (now a major).



**16.** Sgt. Joe Louis chats with Pvt. Sabu (the Elephant Boy) at Fort George Meade, Md. during Joe's 100 day tour of Army camps. As against favorites like Joe, Yank has pet gripes—second looeys, PFC's who wear whistles, soldiers who sport overseas ribbons they're not entitled to.





**17.** Master Sgt. Joe McCarthy, Yank's 29-year-old managing editor, is a former sports writer. Fed up with pocket guides on how to survive in the jungle, he advised: "Find some young monkey your own age who knows the neighborhood. Watch what he eats, then follow his example."

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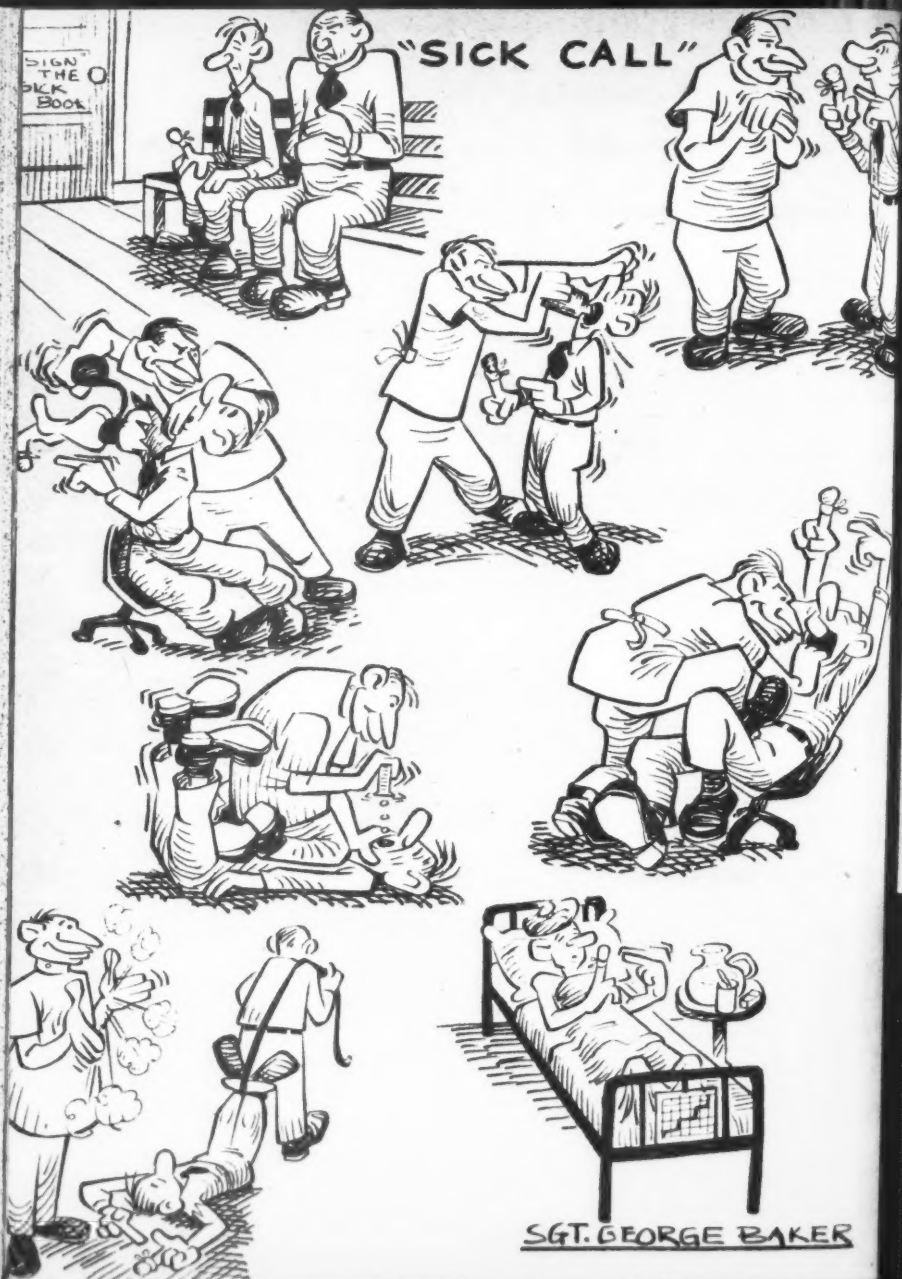
18. Sgt. David Richardson was awarded the Legion of Merit by General MacArthur for his coverage of the New Guinea campaign.



19. Sgt. Marion Hargrove, or "See Here," used to represent Yank in the China-Burma-India sector, write back funny pieces about his adventures there.



20. Sgt. George Baker, former Disney animator, is the papa of that military Milquetoast, Sad Sack; whose post-war future is already assured. Baker hasn't yet accepted any offers for syndicating his cartoon, but there have been plenty of them.



21. His is by all odds Yank's most popular feature. For there's a real Sad Sack in every battery. He's the poor dogface everything snafu happens to. His woes, futile attemptings, and rookings endear him to the hearts of every GI who has ever given vent to a gripe and felt sorry for himself.



**22.** Soldiers always want to know "How are things at home?" So Yank sent Sergeants Bill Davidson and Robert Greenhalgh, former Coronet staff artist, to find out how home towns all over the United States were taking the war. By day-coach they traveled to all points of the country, absorbing the intimate, back-home detail soldiers want to hear about. They visited Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, and together reported its wartime history in article and drawing. They found women bored with bridge and knitting face masks for the Coast Guard. Emil Drews, town constable and taxi driver, had been elected dog catcher. Horicon Marsh was crowded with pheasant and duck, but there was hardly anyone left in town to hunt them.

Sgt. Greenhalgh, who did the above sketch of a Beaver Dam tavern, is now drawing battle scenes in the Pacific, while Davidson has gone on to Yank's London bureau. Before they went overseas they covered Bucyrus, Ohio, Cheyenne, Wyo., Spokane, Wash., and Arkadelphia, Ark. So warm was reader response that Yank editors plan to have other writers and artists continue the series indefinitely.



Betty Grable

**YANK**

*Pin-up*



**23.** And of course there's a pin-up girl in every issue. Thanks to Yank, many a staff member may find post-war fame, as did the alumni of the last war's Stars and Stripes, who number among them Harold Ross, the late Alexander Woolcott, Steve Early, Grantland Rice and Franklin P. Adams.

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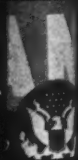
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## On the V-Shift



**Panoramica:** In Denver, liquor store operator Jerry Bakke loses an expensive wrist watch, puts an ad in the paper offering "Reward: one case good whiskey." Twenty minutes after the paper hits the street, Bakke has his watch back... In Cleveland, haberdasher Milford Glick finally satisfies a customer by selling him the shirt off his own back... All over the country the alarm clock shortage continues to tax ingenuity as more people are at work on unusual shifts. Telephone wake-up services flourish. People who own clocks stop by to wake up those without clocks. "Share-the-clock" clubs are on the upswing, with departing workers leaving theirs with those about to retire. Towns are using fire sirens to rouse sleepers. And one man has run wires from his oven timer to his radio so he's wakened by music.

**Cornyard Genius:** They're probably the only two automobiles that ever successfully took to the air. You can see them on an Oklahoma farm. The twin frames were welded together to form a tower; on top went a rear axle, shaft pointing upward. Four halves of oil drums became wind cups. Result: a windmill which pumps the farm's water supply.

Another Oklahoma farmer needed a tractor, which he couldn't get. He

turned two old trucks into a tractor with 48 speed combinations. In Story, Iowa, the wartime power plant for a grain elevator is the motor of an old auto, mounted on a stationary platform. Another grain elevator uses lumber and some old bed frames mounted on the rear axle assembly of a junked car. Power comes from a small gasoline engine mounted behind the car wheels. In California, a jalopy has become a power-driven shovel.

If you're passing out credits for wartime valor, don't forget to make a deep bow to the American farmer.

**Fighting Figures:** This year, American home owners are expected to trim mortgages by four billion dollars, 10 per cent more than last year, saving money, avoiding inflation and cutting deeply into private debt loads. . . . In 1918, a government survey among war workers in Detroit and Cleveland showed a quit rate running about 25 per cent. Today, the rate is 5.3 and 6.1 per cent respectively.

**The Story Behind "X":** At first she was known only as "X"—until three Jap cruisers steamed around Savo Island to spring a trap. They never knew what hit them: they were sunk before their own guns were in range. Jap fliers spotted her at Santa

Cruz Islands, gloated over what they thought would be another *Repulse* or *Prince of Wales* affair, and dived. Of the 20 slant-eyed pilots who made that dive, not one came back alive. After that, it was told that "X" was the USS *South Dakota*, first of a new class of battleships with new armament and greatly increased firepower.

The thousands of workers who built the ship in a Camden, N. J. yard turned her out 13 months ahead of an already fast schedule. Her secret was kept, despite every temptation to blabber. She was even protected from the draft boards. Not being shipbuilders, draft boards can make honest mistakes like putting a tack welder, who can be trained in a few months, into the same class as a hull welder, who is a rare jewel. Two workers met with two management representatives and a selective service man and set up a system that has become a model. They went over every man's record. The essential ones were kept on the job. The system worked so well that the selective service man could withdraw and let the other four run it.

"A lad gets to yearning to serve on the ship he's built," the old-timers tell you down at Camden. "Some young lads barely finish a ship before they hustle down to the recruiting office to get the Navy to let 'em serve on it." Which is what happened with the "X" workers. The yard lost 25 per cent more workers this way than through selective service.

Not long ago Admiral Gatch, who commanded the *South Dakota*, went to the yard to tell the battle story of the

ship. The workers wouldn't even attend the planned giant rally. "Let Gatch tell the story to the labor management committee," they said. "Let them tell it to us—on the job. That way we'll lose no time making ships."

Down at Camden, the saying is: "The morale in this yard is higher than an eagle's dandruff."

**Victory Treasure Trove:** Projected post-war Nylon products: quick-drying bathing suits; crush-resistant Nylon velvet; pleated skirts launderable without repleating; moth-resistant, non-shrinkable Nylon sweaters.

V-day mouth waterer: boneless beef cuts. (Swift and Co.)

Self-heating soup cans. Light a fuse running through their center, and in four minutes the soup is piping hot. Now being used by the Army, they'll be great for picnics. (British Ministry of Food.)

A sterilizing rinse for dishes and utensils that prevents spread of infection. It will keep other members hearty when one family member is down with a cold. (Army Quartermaster Corps.) —LAWRENCE GALTON

### **Shining Hour**

Blossom time rolled 'round again, enticing photographer John Kabel into a summer stroll. Along a quiet street in California's Carmel-by-the-Sea, he spotted this galaxy of flowers crowding a picket fence to find their place in the sun. Like a busman on a holiday, he set up camera and tripod to capture the glowing colors. For here was the stuff of which poems are made—an inspiration for that classic query, "And what is so rare as a day in June?"

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*Shining Hour* ■ JOHN KAREL

**Swing Shift** ■ **CONSTANCE BARNISTER FROM RADIO-GUILLOTETTE**







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Meet Hollywood's Venus de Milo from St. Louis, and No. 1 pin-up girl of the armed forces from Podunk to Bizerte—Betty Grable



## Betty, the Body Beautiful

by DAVID MARCH

BETTY GRABLE on the screen and off is the same person. In fact, Betty's unbelievably *real*. She doesn't pose as something she isn't, nor make any pretenses. Blonde and beautiful, Betty is as shapely as the famous Venus de Milo, and her own personality is just as solid. What's more, her name is actually her own. She was christened Elizabeth Ruth Grable at her birth on December 18, 1916.

In Hollywood, where few stars use

the names and faces they grew up with, that makes Betty unique.

Nor was Betty's rise to stardom a rags-to-riches tale. Her father, Conn Grable, worked in a St. Louis brokerage and provided a comfortable living for his family. Before she was two, Betty's mother took her to her first movie. Fascinated by the moving figures on the silver screen, Betty sat motionless and stared. Then, because she was too young to express her thoughts in words, she clapped her hands and laughed. And if one epic on Star Grable can be believed, Betty decided at that moment to be a movie actress.

Even the most modern of psychologists might say that was pretty farsighted planning for a child under two—but one thing is certain. La Grable at an early age proved herself a realist and knew what she wanted to do. She danced almost as

### Swing Shift

What Hurrell and other lensmen do for older glamor girls in the way of knock-out photographs, Connie Bannister does for the younger set—like this sleepy time picture of a sub, sub debutante named Joan Allen Johnston, aged two and a half. "You have to keep a baby softly and continuously amused," she advises picture takers. "Mothers always want to make noises or tease them. Babies don't like that." That's expert counsel, worth its weight in salon prizes.

soon as she walked, and her ambitious mother saw she was given ballet, tap and singing lessons even before she began three-R lessons. By the time Betty was eight and was placed in Mary Institute, an exclusive school for girls in St. Louis, she was a "dancing whirlwind."

At holiday season, the little blonde Grable always had a part in the school's Christmas revue. Radio bits occupied her spare time, along with stage show appearances at the Ambassador theatre. And once she danced in a chorus during an appearance of Ed Lowry and a Charleston dancer named Ginger Rogers.

Vacation time was funtime for the Grable family, for they all piled into their car and made a business of seeing America first. In 1927, they headed for Hollywood, where Mrs. Grable reasoned Betty might learn more about dancing than local St. Louis instructors could teach her.

NEAR THE END OF 1929, Betty, now a well-developed 13, landed her first movie job, dancing in the chorus line at the old Fox Studios for 60 dollars a week. She had to say she was 15, but that didn't satisfy the authorities. After working in a few pictures, Betty was ordered to return to school, and she enrolled in junior high. But class work didn't leave enough time for dancing and singing rehearsals, so she shifted to the school for professional children, where she met two other budding movie celebrities—Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney.

With her school schedule straight-

ened out, Betty went back to work for Fox. There she first met and fell under the spell of slick-haired George Raft. Despite her youth, Raft asked Betty to go to the 6-day bike races with him. Betty got her mother's permission to go on condition that her sister go too, and that they both be home by 11:30. That jaunt was a thrill for the Grable girls and a novelty for the sophisticated Raft, who managed to get the girls home on time. When his pals teased him about cradle-snatching, he blew smoke rings and muttered, "Don't be funny. Betty's a swell kid."

If hard work and dogged perseverance have anything to do with Hollywood success, Betty Grable surely deserves her present place at the top of the movie ladder. For years she went from studio to studio doing bits. In 1932, after a stint with Ted Fio Rito's orchestra as a singer, Betty returned to Hollywood and made some shorts for Warner Brothers, hoping to land a term feature contract. She didn't, and went back to singing with a band, this time Jay Whidden's. Then, just when her movie future looked bleakest, RKO reclaimed her for the Fred Astaire picture, *Gay Divorcee*. Betty did a comedy dance number called "Let's K-nock K-nees" with Edward Everett Horton. This reestablished Grable.

Under contract to Paramount, Betty was beginning to get featured billing by 1937, but her roles were always the same. She played Betty Co-Ed in a tight sweater and swung a big megaphone until, as La Grable

herself put it, "I used to wake up yelling rah, rah for oatmeal!"

It wasn't until Betty met the irrepressible "Kid," Jackie Coogan, that romance really zoomed into her life. That was in 1936, shortly after Jackie's father had been killed. Betty helped pull him out of the doldrums. They went dancing together, and for the first time in Jackie's hectic life he had found someone to whom he could give presents. Soon their dancing feet were keeping time to the rhythm of love in their hearts; and the fact that Mrs. Grable approved added to the tempo.

The news of their romance brought Jackie out of a career eclipse, and he and Betty toured the nation eight months on personal appearance trips. They danced and sang through five shows a day. With them on this junket went Mrs. Grable and Betty's dog.

ON NOVEMBER 21, 1937, Betty became Mrs. Jackie Coogan. She and Jackie had fun at first. They had a house in Westwood near UCLA and the college crowd there helped them make whoopee. But the pace soon began to wear on Betty. Playing the role of Betty Co-Ed at the studio all day and doubling as the real thing at home was too much of a strain. And the fact that Jackie became embroiled in a legal battle with his mother over his estate didn't help matters. It was then gossips began to whisper that Betty was sticking to Jackie just for his money.

Betty has always denied this, and there is nothing to doubt her sin-

cerity on that score. The Coogans separated in January, 1939, and were reconciled when Betty fainted on the set and was rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. But that reconciliation didn't last long, and by October they were divorced.

It was about this time that Paramount discovered that college pictures were out as box-office attractions. So Betty was without a husband and a job. Again, she left Hollywood, this time to dance in an act at the San Francisco Fair. That proved the best break she ever had.

Buddy De Sylva was casting for a big New York musical, *Du Barry Was a Lady*. He needed a girl with Betty's talents and figure; so when he heard about her, he flew to San Francisco to see her act and signed her. The show proved a smash hit, and so did Betty. Not long after Darryl Zanuck saw La Grable in the Broadway production, Betty was on her way back to Hollywood with a 20th Century-Fox contract in her pocket. And the breaks have been coming her way ever since. Her dancing ability and her beautiful figure have been highlighted to the nth degree, and to the vast satisfaction of the male section in movie audiences.

A year ago last February, her famous dancing extremities were perpetuated in cement at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, along with such other outstanding trademarks as Bob Hope's famous ski-jump nose and John Barrymore's profile.

But don't think that all this has changed the Grable personality. It

hasn't. Her pretty head is still a level one. At ohs and ahs about her beautiful legs, she replies nonchalantly, "They are fine for pushing the pedals of my car, and they seem to get me around the lot all right."

Nevertheless, Betty is the No. 1 pin-up girl in the armed forces, and last year she averaged 15 thousand letters a month, more than any other star in Hollywood. Undoubtedly, Betty's 5 ft. 3½ in., her 34-in. bust, 23-in. waist, 35-in. hips and mere 114 lbs. helped to keep her at the top of the pin-up list; but the fact that she doesn't have to lose her sunny disposition by dieting in order to keep those measurements may have something to do with her popularity. Which is fortunate, for the Grable has a healthy appetite and a slight madness for hot peppers and garlic.

IN MEN, Betty's preference always has been the tall, dark and handsome type; but, above all, they must have a deep sense of rhythm and be smooth dancers. After her divorce from Coogan, George Raft came back into her life, but he was married. Then there was Artie Shaw, the band-leader. He and Betty made beautiful music for a while, but Artie married Lana Turner. After Shaw came Count Oleg Cassini, now Gene Tierney's husband, then Bob Stack, Ken Murray and Vic (Hunk o' Man) Mature.

Vic and Betty looked like real romance, without benefit of boosting by publicity, to the gossip columnists when she brought him East with her on a vacation in 1940. But Betty

complained to reporters, "Every time I even smile at a man now, the papers have me practically married to him. Just because Victor Mature came East with me, everybody says we're engaged. I think going with one person is a lot better than playing the field, so to speak, but I'm not getting married for a while."

Betty admitted that she liked Vic "because he's so sweet," and elaborated somewhat on that by adding, "I think kindness is the most important thing in a person, don't you? Gee, when anybody does something nice for me, I just fall on my face."

It wasn't until they played together in *Song of the Island* that Vic and Betty agreed to disagree—and violently. After Mature, there was another warm-up of the Raft-Grable romance that also ended in hostilities. Then came Harry James and love!

For years Betty had been collecting his records, dancing to his music, listening longingly to the thrilling notes of his trumpet. But when James arrived in Hollywood, it seemed to Betty's friends that this idol of jitterbugs would bring her more unhappiness. *He* had a wife and two children.

As Betty herself said "You never know who you are going to fall in love with." And in the vernacular of Tin Pan Alley, "That was it!" Harry had everything Betty always had admired in a man. His personality clicked with hers, and he fell for Betty as hard as any high school kid on his first "smooth" date. Neither wife nor children, even a possible draft re-classification by his Uncle



Sam could dampen this grand passion.

Harry's wife went to Mexico and obtained a quick divorce. On July 4, 1943, Trumpeter James arrived in Las Vegas to meet Hollywood's Venus de Milo. At 4:15 the following morning they were married.

The country's movie-gossip columnists got punch drunk writing up the event, but sixteen 20th Century-Fox publicists swooned when Betty announced to the press, around the first of September, that she was retiring from the screen for a time because she expected to have a baby in the spring. Betty was unmoved. There would be no strange silences for Grable, no hiding away. "I'll never

be the Garbo type," she said. "There's nothing mysterious about me."

On March 3, La Grable's great expectations were realized when she and her bandleader husband, Harry James, became the parents of a blue-eyed blonde daughter, who has been named Victoria Elizabeth. V.E. weighed seven pounds, 12 ounces on arrival. So far she hasn't done any bragging about her beautiful mother; but it doesn't take much of an effort to imagine that soon enthusiastic publicists will be reporting that at the early age of half past one, Victoria Elizabeth reached for her dad's trumpet, and lisped in excitement when she saw her first television-movie.

### ***Only a Slight Mistake***

■ FROM THESE DAYS of hectic traveling comes the story of the Pullman passenger who complained to his porter that, after leaving his shoes out to be shined, one black and one tan one were returned.

"Well, if that don't beat all!" exclaimed the porter. "This is the second time that's happened this mawnin'!" —IRVING HOFFMAN

■ WHILE IN AMERICA, Wung Fu had been royally entertained by Mr. Smith, and on leaving for China he announced that he would send his host a package of choice Chinese tea. Sure enough, one day the American received a large carton containing easily a 10-years' supply of tea. He tried some and found it delicious.

Months afterwards, on another trip to the United States, Wung Fu stopped at the Smith home and was served a cup of his own tea. But choking on the first mouthful, he spluttered, "This cannot be the tea I sent. There must be some mistake."

Mr. Smith promptly brought out the tea, still in its original carton. Wung Fu grabbed the package, brushed aside the top layers and brought out a tiny box. "Trying to fool me, eh!" he said triumphantly. "Here's what I sent you and you haven't even touched it."

"But what about all the other tea?" asked the puzzled Mr. Smith.

Wung Fu laughed. "That's the excelsior we use for packing."

—CPL. ALBERT B. GERBER

## Post Exchange



A private went home on furlough, and as it neared the end, he wired his commanding officer, "Whosoever findeth a wife, findeth a good thing. Proverbs 18:22. Therefore request five-day extension. My confidence in you tells me you'll agree."

And his commanding officer replied, "Ye shall rise up early and go on your way. Gen. 19:2. Extension denied."

—*Fort Custer News*

A Negro boy, going through a cemetery, read this inscription on a tombstone: "Not dead but sleeping." The boy scratched his head for a while and then said, "He sure ain't fooling nobody but himself."

—*Camp Chaffee Armadier*

Private Jones was late for parade. "Well," said the top kick with a snarl, "we are happy to see you. We thought you might have signed a separate peace."—*Pocatello Bombardier*

Just as the train started to pull out, the door burst open and a furloughing private stumbled into the coach and seated himself, panting and puffing, opposite an old gentleman.

"You must be very unfit, young man," said the old gentleman. "When I was your age and in the Army during the last war, I never panted

like that after a little bit of exercise."

The GI, with a look of scorn, shot back, "Listen, Pop, I'll have you know I missed this train at the last station."

—*Camp Gordon Amphibian*

A Naval lieutenant wrote the following letter aboard a ship in the South Pacific:

"My dear wife: I haven't much time, but I want you to know I love you and the children very much. Everything I have I want you to administer as you see fit. Hastily—because we are nearing the enemy and they outnumber us."

The letter concluded with this scribbled postscript, "Forget all the mournful stuff above. We just whipped the hell out of those Japs."

—*Camp Livingston Communique*

Small Phil had a chest cold and was being very properly doctored before going to bed. His mother put her ear to his chest and listened for a minute. After being very quiet he asked, "Am I running?"

—*Whidbey Island Prop-Wash*

### Changing Your Address?

Subscribers changing addresses should notify the Coronet Subscription Department one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

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## ***Sirens in the Night***

by CURT RIESS

AS GERMANY shudders from the explosions of Allied bombs, there comes a new twist to the Nazi story. Here is a tale of escape—not escape from a concentration camp, but a strange and premeditated flight by men who have glimpsed the handwriting on the wall . . . by Curt Riess.

THE SOUND of shuffling footsteps in the corridor grew louder. There was the rattle of a key in the lock. Then the door to the cell opened.

A searchlight played around the tiny room until it fell on an old man stretched out on the bunk. "Just as well you didn't go to sleep yet, Herr Professor," the guard said. "You had better pack. You are leaving."

He put a suitcase down on the floor.

"Leaving?" asked the man on the bunk. "Where are they taking me?"

The guard shrugged, backed out and closed the door. A few minutes later the light in the cell went on.

Professor Wilhelm Steiner got to his feet slowly. With two deliberate steps he reached the wall, took his few belongings from the hooks and from the wooden shelf and threw them into the suitcase. His eyes fell on the small mirror they had left him. He smiled grimly. Which of his old friends and pupils would have recognized the once famous historian? He had always been lean. Now, after these years of Nazi prison food, he was little more than a skeleton. His long white hair hung wildly around his head. His mouth sagged. But there was still the old sparkle in his dark, burning eyes.

The guard returned. This time he left the door open and relaxed on the bunk. He was an old man, around 60. Peering up at the professor with near-sighted eyes, he said, "Well, now you are going. It won't be the same here without you."

He waited a moment. "I hoped they'd forgotten all about you—outside. But they never forget anybody."

"Do you know where they are sending me?"

The guard nodded. "Where they send all the Jews these days. To Poland. They just put them into cattle trucks. Some of the trains never get there either. Poison gas, you know. But maybe I shouldn't tell you."

"What's the difference?"

"Well, they don't give those poor devils anything to eat. They just let them starve if the trip takes too long. That's why I thought—here, take it." He took a package out of his pocket. "It's only bread and cheese, but—"

"Thanks. You are very kind." The professor put the package into the suitcase. "You have always been kind."

The old guard got up. "I have to make my rounds now." At the door he turned around as though to add something, but he only shook his head and went shuffling off.

Professor Wilhelm Steiner sat motionless on the single low stool. So this was the end. At least he would not be alone when it came. Anything was better than this loneliness.

This loneliness. He had been here—let's see—almost six years. He asked himself now, as he had done many times before, had there been any sense in taking this martyrdom upon himself? It was fortunate that he had neither wife nor children. Thus the punishment had fallen on him alone. Still, he could have gone abroad long ago—long ago when he had realized that the Nazis were there to stay. Or, having decided to remain, he could at least have stopped writing for those newspapers abroad.



But he had stayed on, and he had continued to write what he thought. He, the renowned German historian, had demonstrated that he was not taken in by those wonderful slogans of the Fuehrer. He had made it clear that the Nazi regime was nothing but an illness—an illness into which the German people had fallen all too often during their history; an illness of which, sooner or later, they would have to be cured, once and for all.

Had he gone abroad, perhaps he could have made this clearer. He could have written a book. He had been composing that book for the last six years. It was all ready—in his head. But there had been no sense in writing. They would have taken it from him. Now nobody would ever know what he had wanted to say.

It was past midnight when he again heard footsteps. Two men in civilian dress appeared at the door. "Professor Steiner?" The speaker was small and blond. His face was pockmarked. "Come with us."

The old man took up his suitcase. The blond man grinned. "Never mind. You won't need it."

The professor put the bag down carefully and walked out of the cell. The two men followed.

At the side entrance, Steiner was asked to step into a waiting black limousine. The man with the pitted face sat next to him. The other, a haggard, unshaven man, took the wheel. The car moved forward into the night.

So this is the end, was all Wilhelm Steiner could think. His only regret was leaving behind the packet of

bread and cheese that the guard had slipped him.

It was around 10 in the morning when the car rolled into the city. The old man had dozed intermittently throughout the silent ride, but he was wide awake now.

They crossed through the city and what the professor saw took his breath away. House after house was in ruins. Pavements were gutted, and sometimes the car had to detour to avoid whole streets that were impassable.

The professor turned to the man beside him. "When did all this happen?"

There was no answer. The professor peered out of the car in amazement. True enough, in the prison they had occasionally heard planes overhead or the distant rumble of gunfire. Prisoners had whispered to each other that the Allies were bombing Germany. But never had he supposed that so much damage had been done.

At last the car stopped in front of a villa in the suburbs. The men left the professor in a small entrance foyer.

As he leaned wearily against the wall, a young woman entered. "How do you do, Herr Professor," she said crisply. "My name is Else Brunner. I am the secretary."

The professor brushed his hand across his forehead. "Secretary to whom? What does all this mean? Where am I?"

The girl knitted her brows. "They didn't tell you?" She thought this over for a moment. "But you must be tired and hungry. I'll show you to your room."

She led him upstairs to a clean

chamber that connected with a bath. Almost at the same time the pock-marked man appeared with a tray of food.

Professor Steiner waited till he was alone. Then slowly he approached the window. It was not barred. He tiptoed to the door and tried the knob. It turned. He looked outside, but there was no one in the corridor. Shaking his head, he sat down and began to eat.

Then he looked around. Evidently he had been expected. There was fresh underwear, a white shirt and even a suit spread out on the couch. I'll take a bath first, he thought. But suddenly he realized how tired he was. His head sank to the table, and he fell asleep.

THE SHADOWS in the garden had grown long by the time he awakened. He judged that it must be four or five o'clock. He took a bath and dressed. The new garments did not fit so badly, though they hung loosely on his spare frame.

The door was still unlocked and no one was in the corridor. There seemed to be no one in the whole house—at least nobody tried to stop him when he went out on the street.

Of course they'll follow me, he thought. Several times he turned around quickly, but he could not discover anyone. He walked aimlessly, but soon arrived at a business center. Many people were in the streets.

Moving as though in a dream, he looked about him curiously. Something was missing, something he had

seen again and again during the years before his arrest. Now he knew. There were no storm troopers and only a few flags in the windows.

But there was something else, something he had not seen for a quarter of a century. Around him were many women in black, their faces pale and full of sorrow. He looked at many faces as he drifted along. All of them showed fear, helplessness and strain.

Suddenly he saw someone discard a newspaper. He picked it up quickly and glanced over the front page. At the bottom he discovered a short dispatch saying that Mussolini had resigned as chief of the Italian government because of failing health.

He read it three times. He did not trust his own eyes. The blood rushed to his head. He felt as though an enormous machine were pounding in his temples.

Suddenly he heard a voice. "Good day, Herr Professor Steiner."

The man standing beside him was short and fat. He had a scrubby little mustache and wore a derby.

"There must be some mistake," the professor stammered.

The man cackled. "No, there is no mistake. But don't you worry, Herr Professor!"

So they did have somebody following me, Steiner thought.

The man in the derby pointed to the paper. "I see you have already studied the latest developments. So much the better." He came a step nearer and lowered his voice. "And how long do you think all this will last?" He made a sweeping movement

with his hand. But he did not wait for an answer. He wheeled around—the next minute he had disappeared.

The professor looked about in a daze. What did they want of him? Where could he go? Who would help him? Abruptly he moved away and began to walk faster.

He was just turning the corner when he heard the squeal of brakes. It was the black car of the night before. He stood rooted to the spot and watched Else Brunner slip out and hurry toward him. The pock-marked man followed her.

"We were looking for you," she said breathlessly.

"I went for a walk."

The girl pulled him toward the car. "I hope you weren't seen. It may prove to be dangerous."

"Dangerous?" the old professor asked. "For whom? Why? What can they do to me that they have not already done?"

Instead of answering, the girl said, "I'll take you to the Herr Gauleiter."

GAULEITER ERNST WAGNER, a swarthy, stocky man, got up from behind his desk and thrust out his hand in the direction of the professor. "Heil Hitler. Good day, I mean. I wasn't here, unfortunately, when you arrived this morning, and—and—" Nervously, he patted his belt.

The professor eyed him with astonishment and scorn. He should have been frightened by this man. But strangely, he felt no fear. On the contrary, the man seemed to be afraid of him. At length the professor said,

"Why was I brought here? This whole business—I do not understand."

The Gauleiter raised his fat hands in protest. "But my dear Herr Professor. You must not be so suspicious!"

"Well, why am I here?"

Wagner took out a cigar and lighted it slowly. Then he relaxed in his chair and waved the professor to a seat. "You act as though you would prefer to be in prison."

Steiner leaned back wearily in his chair and said nothing.

"I give you your freedom, and this is all the thanks I get?" The speaker's small eyes glittered.

"Freedom." The professor's voice sounded empty. "And when will you send me to Poland?"

The Gauleiter cleared his throat. "It would not have to be Poland. What would you say to Switzerland?"

"Switzerland? Why should you send me there?"

"We'll start this very evening," said Wagner smoothly. "Tomorrow by noon we'll have crossed the border."

The professor's eyes opened wide. "There is something wrong here, something that does not make sense. You are not doing all this merely to be nice to me, Herr Wagner."

The Gauleiter smiled. "Perhaps one day you'll do me a favor, too."

"What could I possibly do for you?"

After a moment's hesitation, the man behind the desk went on. "Maybe you'd like to take somebody, say one of your friends, across the frontier with you?"

"So that's what you want," Steiner said. "Let's put our cards on the

table, Herr Gauleiter. If you have staged this whole comedy in the hope of getting your hands on men who think about Germany as I do, you have made a mistake. I belong to no organization or party. But even if I did know any of the men who work against you, believe me, nothing would induce me to reveal their names."

With these words, he got to his feet, walked out of the room and made his way upstairs. Tonight I shall be on my way to Poland, he thought.

SHORTLY AFTER DUSK, it must have been about nine o'clock, Else Brunner knocked at his door. "The car is ready," she said.

It was the same black car. The haggard, unshaven man was again at the wheel. Next to him was the man with the pitted face. The professor and Else Brunner climbed into the back where the Gauleiter was already seated. As far as the professor could make out, Wagner was not wearing his uniform.

When they had left the dimmed-out city and were traveling through the night, the professor asked, "And where do we go?"

"I told you — we are going to Switzerland."

"What do you mean—*we*?"

Wagner laughed softly. "You don't believe that I could stay here after having kidnapped you from prison?"

Steiner was struck silent. The other men said nothing, but from time to time the girl whispered something to the Gauleiter.

Around 11:30, the thin, shrill wail

of a siren could be heard to the rear.

Wagner leaned forward. "Faster, faster!" he shouted, and the car spurted forward.

But the siren grew louder—came nearer. The Gauleiter twisted around to look through the rear window. "Motorcycles. They'll get us!"

Else Brunner looked back. "Ges-tapo," she whispered.

Wagner's hand moved to his hip. The girl touched his arm. "We mustn't lose our nerve, Ernst. Perhaps they are not coming after us."

Minutes later four motorcycles came roaring alongside and forced the car to stop. The men, two on each motorcycle, wore black uniforms. They carried submachine guns.

Wagner got out. "What is the meaning of this outrage?" he blustered. "Why do you stop my car? Don't you know who I am?"

The men on the motorcycles said nothing. Just then another car drew up, and a tall, gaunt man climbed out. Wagner saw him and took a step backward. In the dim light, he seemed to have turned pale.

Behind the tall man appeared the little fat man with the scrubby mustache and the derby whom the professor had met a few hours earlier.

The tall man said brightly, "My dear Herr Gauleiter, you really make it difficult for your friends to see you. You have put us to no end of difficulties to arrange this meeting."

Wagner was silent. The tall man walked over to the black car. "Yes, I thought so. Fräulein Brunner came along, too." He made disapproving

noises with his tongue. "If Frau Wagner knew—"

"What do you want?" Wagner asked bleakly.

The tall man did not answer. He looked at the Gauleiter with amused eyes and then he turned around and disappeared into the dark. Wagner followed, and after him went two of the uniformed men, their submachine guns still in their hands.

Else Brunner whimpered softly into a handkerchief. Except for that sound Professor Steiner heard nothing for some time. Then suddenly, he heard Wagner cry out in terror. The cry was cut off by a series of shots.

Five minutes later the girl and the two men in front had been forced from the car. Another man had taken the wheel and the black limousine was being driven back over the same road. The other car followed.

After a while the professor said tentatively, "I suppose we are not going to Switzerland now."

The man at the wheel did not turn around. "We are going to Berlin."

THEY REACHED the suburbs around 10 the next night. The car avoided the main traffic lanes and stayed outside of the city limits till it had reached the West End. It finally stopped in front of a handsome chateau.

A uniformed guard opened the door. "The colonel will see you at once," he said.

The professor was led into an enormous room which contained only a few chairs and an impressive desk. Behind the desk, in a severe black

uniform, was seated the colonel of the S.S. in arms, Walter Kiel.

"We know each other, Herr Professor," began the colonel.

Steiner nodded. He would never forget this fat young man with the blond, almost white hair and the skin of a baby—the man who had brought misery to so many. Still, as with the Gauleiter Wagner, he felt strangely free of fear. "You have made a career. Now you are a colonel, though not exactly of the army."

The other frowned. The professor continued. "Last time we met, you were still the right hand man of Herr Himmler, weren't you? I can't remember the title though. My memory is failing. I am an old man."

"You haven't changed much, Herr Professor," the other said dryly.

"Haven't I? But you Nazis certainly have. A Gauleiter feels a sudden urge to take me to Switzerland. Then we are stopped by a gentleman who, I presume, is in your employ, and the Gauleiter is murdered. Or perhaps he wasn't a Gauleiter at all. But then, if he only played that role in order to save me, why am I still alive?"

Walter Kiel rose and went over to the professor. "I'll tell you. I could have had you shot. You are alive because I decided not to have you shot."

The professor looked at him. It was not true that his memory was failing. He was thinking of a thousand things which he had kept in the back of his mind during all the years in prison, a thousand things which he had promised himself to tell this young man one day. Oh, no. He had not for-

gotten. He could have recited, word for word and gesture for gesture, the scene when Walter Kiel had arrested him. He would never forget this baby face full of cruelty and scorn and lust for power. But what was the use? This man would never understand. Wearily, the professor closed his eyes.

At that moment the sirens began to howl.

"CURSE THOSE ENGLISH," the colonel muttered. "They don't give you a breathing spell." He thrust a cigarette into a long holder and puffed at it nervously. His pink baby face suddenly had gone white. He paced up and down, then stopped at an ash tray to deposit his cigarette, but his hand was trembling so that he broke the holder. The front of self-assuredness was gone. The man was afraid.

"We'd better go down to the cellar," he said. Even his voice had a tremor in it.

The air raid shelter underneath S.S. Colonel Walter Kiel's house was large. There were overstuffed chairs and couches. The officer went to a cabinet and took out a bottle.

"Thank God for French cognac, anyhow." He filled a glass for himself. "Would you like one?"

The professor shook his head.

"Well," said the colonel, "the English bombs will not disturb us here!" He smiled thinly but his voice lacked conviction.

"Are you very much afraid, Colonel?" Wilhelm Steiner asked quietly.

Kiel did not answer. He seemed to be listening. Then he laughed.

"Afraid? Why should I be afraid? I am through with all this dirty business. We leave tonight—as soon as the raid is over. My private plane is waiting. Tomorrow morning we'll be in Sweden."

"Very interesting. And why do you tell me this?"

"Why do I tell you all this? Man, don't you understand? I am getting you out of here. I am saving you!"

"You want to save me—you, too?"

At that moment they heard the clatter of flak. It sounded far away.

"Why go to all this trouble?" the professor asked mildly. "Wagner, too, wanted to save me."

Kiel jumped up. His face was distorted with fury. "That Wagner! That swine! Yes, he wanted to save you all right. A man who gets Professor Steiner out—after all, you have friends abroad—can expect some kind of recognition. At least they wouldn't arrest him, even if he once had been a member of the Party. But Wagner wasn't sly enough. He forgot about the Gestapo."

"I begin to understand," the professor said.

The bombers were nearer now. There was the rumble of explosions, so loud that Steiner's last words were lost. Now the whole room trembled as though something had been hit in the immediate neighborhood.

The colonel went back to the closet, poured himself more cognac and gulped it hastily. "Tomorrow morning we will be in Sweden. You have friends there—I know. You will give a statement to the press. Everybody will



print it. You can say whatever you please. You can tell them whatever you like about the Nazis. Of course, you may add that Walter Kiel, an old friend of yours—" He drank again.

The old man felt a surge of fury rise in him. Then it receded. Perhaps it wasn't so bad after all. Once outside Germany, he could write his book. Perhaps that was most important.

The door opened and a uniformed man entered.

"It is about those people from the next house. It's burning. Some of them got out. Will it be all right if they stay here in the shelter?"

Walter Kiel faced the man, his face red with anger. "Didn't I tell you that I didn't want to be disturbed?"

"But they are women and children—they have no place to go."

"Get out!" Kiel screamed.

The professor waited till the door had closed. "And if I say no?"

The colonel did not even look at him. "You are hardly in a position to say no."

"That's where you are wrong. I am in just that position."

"You are mad. I can have you executed. Tomorrow—tonight."

"Why don't you do so?"

The colonel was silent, listening to the hell outside. When it was quiet for a moment, Professor Steiner said, "The answer is no."

At first Kiel did not understand. Then he cried, "You can't do that. You must realize." He spoke hurriedly. "This is terribly important. I—today, tomorrow or in a few weeks

or months all this will be over. They will kill us like mad dogs."

"They should have long ago."

The colonel was unable to listen. His whole body trembled. Sweat poured down his face. His blond hair was ruffled. "I am not to blame. I only did what I was told. Ask Himmler—no, ask Goering. He is the guilty one. Where is his damned Luftwaffe anyhow? But he'll get out in time."

"The answer is no."

"You don't understand, Herr Professor. You—you have a name. People know you all over the world. If you say that I got you out, they won't kill me. I won't be any trouble. I have money abroad. If you want, I can let you have some. Half of all I've got. More. I'll give it all to you."

"The answer is still no."

The man shook from head to foot. His face fell and he started to cry. Then he was on his knees trying to grab the hands of the old man. "You must understand. I have a wife. I have children."

"Outside there are women and children, and you won't even let them into your shelter."

The colonel was sobbing, but the old man looked at him impersonally. This was it, then—the thing which had made the whole world tremble. He tried to feel the old fury, but he could not. He tried to remember the scene between him and Kiel six years ago. He could not recall it any longer. He tried to feel some satisfaction because the man who had done so many wrongs was lying at his feet and cry-

ing. He could not. All he could feel was disgust and a great tiredness.

He got up and went to the door.

"Stop or I'll shoot you!"

The professor slowly turned around. Kiel had a gun in his hand. "Why don't you shoot?" the professor asked.

He waited a few seconds. "You will not shoot. And I will tell you why. You are a coward. Yes, when you had all the power, when there was nobody to stand up against you, when there were no enemy bombers, then you were full of courage—against those who could not shoot back!"

Slowly the colonel got to his feet. The revolver was still in his hand.

"And I'll tell you something else."

The professor had opened the door. "I have asked myself for six years whether there was any sense in mak-

ing a martyr of myself. Tonight I know. It was more important to talk to you than to write a book. It will never be written now."

He had spoken the last words more to himself than to Kiel. Now he went upstairs and out of the house.

The colonel raced after him. He gesticulated with his revolver, shouting something which the professor could not hear because all hell was loose outside. It was then that Kiel heard the swishing noise of the falling bomb. He howled like an animal and flung himself to the ground.

Professor Wilhelm Steiner had no knowledge of how a falling bomb sounded. He never knew what happened to him. The last he saw was the sky, very light and very red as though the whole of Germany were burning.

### ***Sentence Fulfilled***

■ JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and a clergyman friend were comparing the merits of their professions. "I still maintain," averred the churchman, "that a bishop, for example, is greater than a judge. He can openly damn every criminal alive without a jury's permission."

"True," conceded Holmes. "But when your bishop says to a criminal, 'You be damned,' the culprit usually takes his own time about heeding the advice. Whereas when a judge tells the criminal, 'You be hanged,' there is no dallying."

—LOUIS HIRSCH

■ THE GERMAN ACTOR, Beckmann, once gave an impersonation of the Berlin newspaper editor, Frankel, which became the talk of the town.

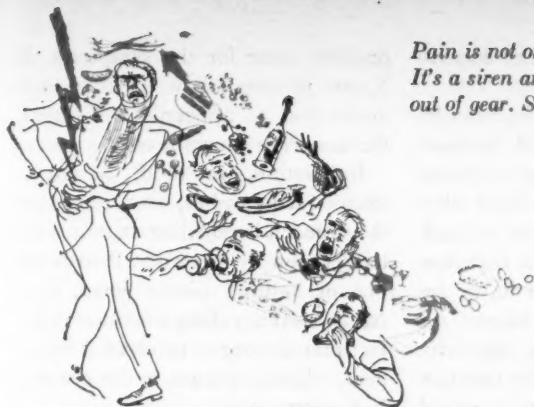
Frankel sought legal redress, and the court decided that Beckmann should beg the insulted editor's pardon. On the appointed day Frankel gathered a host of friends about him and awaited the actor's coming.

Beckmann was nearly an hour late. When he did arrive, he stuck his head in the door and inquired, "Does Mr. Meir live here?"

"No," replied Frankel, "next door."

"Ah," said Beckmann withdrawing quickly, "then I beg your pardon."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON



*Pain is not one of Nature's poorer jokes.  
It's a siren announcing that an organ is  
out of gear. Sometimes it's the appendix*

## ***Your Infernal Organ, the Appendix***

by JOHN BARCLAY, M.D.

NO ONE SHOULD suffer from ordinary indigestion if he obeys a few simple rules. That may sound like a tall statement, but I confidently believe that it is true. However, there is one form of so-called indigestion which you cannot guard against, no matter how careful you may be. It is the result of a chronic or relapsing appendicitis.

If this sounds surprising, it's probably because you have been led to believe that appendicitis is an acute disorder that attacks with extreme suddenness by a pain in the right side of the abdomen, and that you are whisked off to a hospital and operated on immediately.

That is true in the case of an acute attack, but it is only one of the ways in which appendicitis may impair your health. There are other, and less violent symptoms which are apparently unconnected with the appendix

itself. They may be referred through the internal nerves to other organs, particularly the stomach. In such cases, the indigestion symptoms are misleading because they do not conform to type and their connection with the appendix may be overlooked. In general it may be said that the patient complains of abdominal discomfort attacks lasting days or even weeks. They come on without apparent cause at more or less regular intervals. At the end of each attack the *symptoms disappear completely*.

I have often said to a patient who has given me such an account, "I suppose that when an attack comes to an end, you feel as well as ever and believe that you have come to the end of your indigestion problems—until the next attack." If he replies, as he often does, "I don't know how you knew that, but it is exactly correct," I suspect him almost at once

of suffering from what I call appendix dyspepsia.

"Why," you may well ask, "should we have such an infernal internal organ which may kick up so much trouble?" Well, it's like a blind alley attached to the intestine. Its original function was to help in the digestion of vegetable foods when man, in the primordial state, lived largely on fruit and the calibre of the appendix was as large as that of the intestine itself. When man took to a mixed diet, its functions became less important and it began to shrivel. And it has gone on shrivelling through the ages until now it is not much larger than a worm and the flow of material in it is easily obstructed.

Normally the appendix contains, among other things, bacteria that are essential in the processes of digestion. These minute particles are friendly just so long as they are free to move; if they become imprisoned they turn into enemies, like an amiable dog if he is chained in a kennel.

From time to time, owing to the twisting or congestion of the appendix, the micro-organisms get imprisoned. Then they get angry and cause symptoms that resemble indigestion. But as soon as the congestion rights itself, the micro-organisms regain their freedom and the symptoms disappear completely. This is particularly true in the case of children. If a mother tells me a child has "bilious attacks" and refuses to eat, I at once suspect chronic appendicitis, because he hasn't yet had time to abuse his stomach and it is the only

possible cause for the symptoms. If X-ray pictures show positive evidence that an appendix is diseased, the answer is—have it out.

Indigestion, in itself, is not a disease. It is, rather, a warning that the stomach is rebelling against some indiscretion by its owner. Pain is not one of nature's poorer jokes; it is nature's siren, calling attention to the fact that the organ involved is out of gear, whether it's grit in the eye or a bothersome corn.

Now you can insult your stomach in a number of ways that will set the gastric sirens to screaming. The commonest, perhaps, is eating too much at one sitting. I am bound to admit that an occasional bust of this sort is exceedingly pleasant, but there is a Victorian saying that one should always rise from the table still feeling hungry. That sounds pompous, yet there is a great deal of truth in it. And it is a fact today, when the diet of the British public is restricted, especially in the matter of fats, they are, generally speaking, in better health from the digestion viewpoint than they were before the war.

SECOND TO too much food is the *wrong* food for your stomach. For example, I think it likely that if anyone ate an entire cucumber at one go, he would have a slight case of indigestion. The majority of us have an undue susceptibility to some food or another. Shellfish, for instance, upsets some people. Such an idiosyncrasy is an example of the condition which we call "allergy." Every intelli-

gent person discovers on the road of life those things which give him pain—and avoids them. Hence the saying, "amaniseitherfoolorphysicianat40."

Probably the most serious of all sins against the stomach is bolting food in a hurry. Without sufficient mastication before swallowing, food comes to the stomach in large chunks which it finds difficult to deal with in its chemically unprepared state. For the normal process of digestion is essentially one of chemical interchange.

The stomach produces acid that is an important constituent of gastric juice; but it does so in response to the introduction into it of food which is sufficiently alkaline. And proper mastication of food means that it is rendered alkaline by the saliva. If the alkali is lacking, the stomach sulks, refuses to secrete enough acid and an attack of indigestion follows. It is said that William Ewart Gladstone, the great English statesman, was in the habit of chewing each mouthful of food 40 times before swallowing it. If that is true, it may account for his good health and vitality to an advanced age.

Oversmoking, too, can upset the stomach, particularly during a fasting period. Why? Because one immediate effect of tobacco is to cause the

stomach to pour out its acid. If the stomach is full of food, this is all to the good—in moderation—and accounts for the desire to smoke a cigarette after meals. But if the stomach is empty, it is all to the bad because the acid, finding no food on which to work, is passed on into the duodenum (the first portion of the small intestine) and irritates it. There is nothing good to be said for the modern habit of drinking cocktails and smoking before meals, much as the practice may be conducive to the conviviality of the moment. The vicious habit of smoking cigarettes before breakfast has even less to recommend it.

The stomach is a long-suffering organ, probably the most tolerant in the body, and it will put up with any—or all—of these insults *for a time*. But if they are persisted in, it will finally give up the unequal battle and gastritis or ulcers will eventually supervene. Sufferers from these ailments then have to undergo a tiresome course of dieting and treatment, or even at times an operation.

For all those who come to me suffering from attacks of indigestion, I have a card which I instruct them to tack in a prominent place in their homes. It reads: DON'T HURRY, DON'T WORRY, DON'T SMOKE!

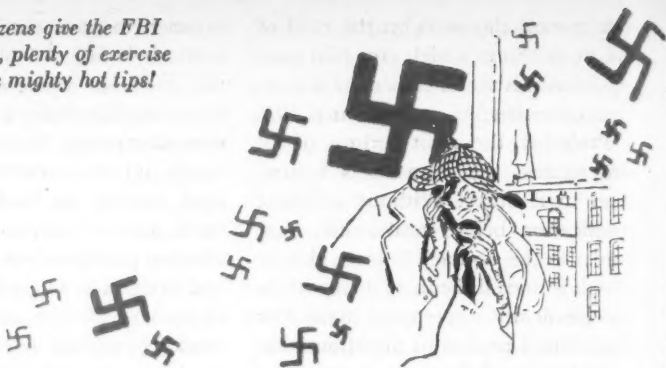
### ***Ruffled Dignity***

**H.** M. S. *Skate*, Britain's oldest destroyer, is the only three-funneled destroyer in the Royal Navy. Recently she was challenged by another warship and asked: "Who are you?"

This was too much for the *Skate's* dignity. She flagged the brief reply, "Churchill's secret weapon."

—BIRT DARLING

*Imaginative citizens give the FBI  
plenty of laughs, plenty of exercise  
—and also some mighty hot tips!*



## **The Odds on Spyhunting**

by PAUL KEARNEY

**EDITORS' NOTE:** *If you are one of the 390,805 citizens who last year gave security tips to the FBI, don't be discouraged if the persons you believed guilty weren't in jail within the week. Even if your lead wasn't as peculiar as some of those recounted here, there is one thing to bear in mind: in good counter-espionage work, an arrest is the last resort—not the prime objective. It is important, particularly, to "tail" people month after month, rather than to make a quick arrest. You meet such interesting people! Incidentally, another tip from the FBI is: always report all suspicious circumstances immediately to the FBI without any amateur investigation or vigilante activity first.*

**M**Y WIFE AND I operate a small resort in the Catskills called Watson Hollow Inn (adv.). As a writer, I have had contacts with the FBI for years, periodically visiting them to get material for articles.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, at learning that I had been turned in to the FBI as a suspected Nazi spy by a Swedish cook who had departed from our midst in a blaze of profanity if not

glory. The report stated "that we had swastikas all over the place; that the proprietor would go away for hours at a time with a movie camera; that he had a strange telegraphic machine in his room."

Since I'm an amateur movie fan, her second charge was correct. The "strange telegraphic machine" was my film splicer on which she had seen me working late at night. And the swastikas? Well, 20 years ago a previous operator of the inn had several thousand postcards printed by a concern whose trademark was the then perfectly respectable Indian symbol. We had found two boxes of the cards in the attic and were using them, being careful to clip the swastikas off the corners. And that was the low-down on a spyhunt!

As you may surmise, a staggering proportion of other espionage tips from the public have just as flimsy a



foundation in fact. In the past fiscal year alone a total of 390,805 security matters were reported to the FBI for investigation—on top of 218,734 for the previous year. Despite the discouraging preponderance of chaff in this yield, the bureau checks on every reasonable one, with its own field men or through local peace officers.

The G-Men are gluttons for punishment. Yet every so often that vigilance pays off handsomely. One night, for example, a New York hotel manager reported that an agitated stranger had instructed the room clerk to keep close watch upon one of the occupied rooms. The watch was to continue until further notice.

The manager had nothing tangible to go on, but the thing made him suspicious and he called the G-Men over. Working back from the guest's name, they found that he had been hit by a taxi two nights before and had died. With him at the time had been a man who had grabbed his injured companion's brief case and fled.

That seemed odd. So also did the fact that the unclaimed body was finally buried by the Spanish Consulate. And, to make a long story short, this was the first break in the Kurt Frederick Ludwig case which culminated in the sentencing of that Nazi and eight of his fellow spies to a total of 132 years in prison.

At the same time, there was the case of the citizen who picked up a small notebook in a New York telephone booth. He couldn't make much out of it, but turned it over to the G-Men. Thanks to his hunch, that note-

book proved to be the missing link in the identification of one "Robert," of the aforementioned Ludwig ring, as Paul Borchardt, Nazi agent. Herr Borchardt is now in jail.

Sadly enough, however, few hunches are as productive as that one proved to be. Recently, a correspondent, identifying herself only as "Secret Operator K," wrote the Boston Field Office this description of a man who had aroused her suspicions on Harvard Square:

"He was wearing a black toupee but I could see white hair underneath. He also wore a small goatee. He had on a khaki jacket with reddish brown buttons and a lot of overcasting on the upper part of the cuffs and pockets. He had three rings on one hand. I had some hard work to get the details as he seemed very keen. He wore a light blue shirt and a tie with red and light gray diagonal stripes. Perhaps he was just an innocent professor, but I suspected him on account of the goatee and the haircut."

Obviously, the tip-off on that gal was the mystery thriller signature, "Secret Operator K." Many others who like to play G-Man reveal their psychopathic bent simply by their own outlandish statements.

WHEN THE *S. S. Siboney* docked here in the spring of 1941, one of the passengers was a crack Nazi spy coming in from Germany. An alert citizen on board had become suspicious of this very individual and took pains to convey his suspicions to the FBI. As a consequence, an investigation was

launched which continued for several months, resulting in the arrest and conviction of Ernst Fritz Lehmitz who is today serving 30 years in prison.

No matter how small the ratio may be, it is the presence of leads like these among the potpourri of honest mistakes, false conclusions and lurid imaginings which compels the harried FBI men to weigh and evaluate every tip they get.

In Salt Lake City a young man reported that when he investigated a strange noise in the kitchen one night, he had been knocked out before he could turn on the light. Coming to shortly, he found a man kneeling over him, branding his chest with a knife. He lost consciousness again. When he revived he discovered that a swastika had been burned on his chest. A card had been left on the floor on which was scrawled in red crayon, "This is just a sample of what all Americans will get."

He actually did have a crude swastika on his chest and a slight burn on his cheek. But under skillful questioning, the lad finally broke down and confessed that he had staged the show himself for dramatic effect!

Likewise around New England a number of letters were picked up, addressed to various members of the German nobility, containing information on the P-38 pursuit ship and concluding with the hope that "I shall see you after the war." Diligent sleuthing finally revealed the letter-writer to be a 13-year-old kid with an over-sized theatrical sense, amusing himself by writing to people whose

names he had gleaned from Count Luckner's book, *The Sea Devil*.

Rumors, of course, are always with us. Last summer there were widespread reports through Maryland that parachutists had been seen landing on various farms. All the stories stemmed from a farmer's seeing a man walking across his land with a flour sack over his back. The farmer told his landlord, adding that the sack looked like a parachute. The landlord notified the authorities that a man carrying a parachute had been seen on the place—and the tale went on from there, losing nothing in the process. Thus do folks with loose tongues and looser minds make a lot of needless trouble for our over-worked authorities.

Others who add to the burden—but in a much more legitimate way—are people who stumble across "clues" which seem suspicious to them. In Seattle, a traveler stopping at a tourist cabin found a strange map in the bed, full of mysterious green dots and lines. Concluding that it had been lost by a foreign agent, he turned it in to the FBI. Actually, it was a gauging station map used by a geologist.

Chief among those who bring gray hair to the FBI men are citizens who are forever stumbling into mysterious "code messages." In Iowa a woman reported that from her bathroom window she could hear a voice which was obviously transmitting some kind of code. She jotted down what she could hear: "O-61, B-58, N-34, G-31," and so on. The voice would then say, "That's all." Presently it would start off again on another cipher message.

Did you guess it? Yes, it was a Bingo game several doors away!

In Michigan the "flashing of Morse Code messages" from a neighboring house turned out to be merely the movements of various members of a family passing back and forth in front of some Christmas decorations. In Washington an urgent report of a "telegraph key" in the apartment below proved to be an ambitious girl studying typing at home.

But the alpha and omega of all code leads was the following one from a Gulf Coast town. A resident of an outlying district reported to the police that a foreign radio operator was constantly tapping out a cipher—possibly data to enemy subs off the coast.

Carefully circling the area and listening at several points, the police finally determined that the clicking noise came from a garage-apartment into which a young couple with a strange car and out-of-state license plates had recently moved.

Through all this stealthy gum-shoeing around in the dark, the mysterious operator continued to work his key—which was fine; they'd nail him in the act. Surrounding the house completely, a squad of men slipped into the high grass of a large field in the rear, creeping forward quietly. As they neared the house, the noise drew them away from the garage toward the center of the field. Circling it, they closed in toward a small clearing until finally the leader could part the grasses and actually see their "enemy agent" at work.

It was a huge frog sitting on a clump

of moist earth, doubtless talking wolf talk to the ladies.

Surely, it sounds ludicrous in the cold light of day, but just give the human mind a false premise and a little imagination, and anything at all can happen.

IT'S EASY to laugh off one like that. In fact, it would be easy to laugh off most of them when they're pouring in at the rate of better than a thousand a day. But the FBI men don't work that way. They can regale you with hundreds upon hundreds of fruitless tips, but a lead is a lead to them and they listen patiently to all and sundry. Often the screwballs and the cranks are self-evident—but you can't always tell. If you were an FBI agent, for example, what would you think of a German-born, naturalized American who quit a job in the Consolidated Aircraft plant in 1939 to return to Germany on a visit and suddenly came to you with this tale:

On his very first morning in Germany a Gestapo man visited him at his hotel, proposed that he enroll in the famous espionage school in Hamburg and, after a suitable course, that he return to the United States, amply provided with funds, to set up a short-wave radio station which would serve as a communications post for numerous Nazi agents in the Americas. The Gestapo man had casually mentioned certain unpleasant things which might happen to his relatives in Germany if he didn't comply. He was in a tough spot—what should he do?

Frankly, if the man had come to me

with that childish story, I would have suggested that he commit himself to a nice, quiet asylum somewhere. But that isn't what the FBI did. Instead, they investigated him and his story, as only they can, and found it to be strictly on the level. They told him to go through with the deal, which he did. A "secret" Nazi short-wave station was set up on Long Island, operated by alternating shifts of FBI agents who, in 11 months, transmitted about 461 cipher messages to station AOR in Bremen—all cleared through the Army, the Navy and other inter-

ested agencies first. And, to summarize in a few words a case report which runs to 300 volumes, each two inches thick, not only were 33 Nazi agents imprisoned here as a result of this one highly implausible looking lead—but several of the 8,200 enemy aliens picked up soon after the war broke can credit their confinement to this aircraft worker who went back to Germany on a visit in 1939.

No wonder the FBI harps on "the importance of the intelligent citizen's reporting all logical information and letting *us* be the judge of its value!"

### ***Education for Life***

■ POST-WAR PLANNING has been reduced to this silly, "I hear you've been doing very well at school, Bobby," a fond grandparent remarked. "What is your best subject—reading, writing or arithmetic?"

A look of quiet contempt crossed the lad's face. "Don't be absurd, Grandpa. I produced the best plan for post-war reconstruction!"

■ KING GEORGE VI took a trip with the queen and their two daughters some time ago. They were due to board a boat, but the children were dawdling. The officer in charge of the trip approached one of the young girls and said, "Come along, little lady."

"I am not a little lady," returned the girl quickly. "I am the Princess Margaret."

Overhearing her daughter, the queen turned to the officer. "She's quite right. She is not a 'little lady'—but we hope to make her one."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

■ A LITTLE GIRL was sitting at her desk in the classroom, busily engaged with a crayon and a sheet of paper. Curious to know what absorbed the youngster, her teacher asked, "What are you doing, my dear?"

"I'm drawing a picture of God," was the little artist's reply.

"But how do you know what God looks like?" the teacher inquired in surprise.

"Oh, that's why I'm drawing," returned the child quickly. "I want to find out."

—HERMAN STYLER

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*Carnet Presents:*



NET

# OKLAHOMA!

## Oklahoma!

With a commentary by GOVERNOR ROBERT S. KERR

IT WAS LIKE a miracle of the Old Testament, said Edna Ferber about the one-day settling of Oklahoma. At noon on April 22, 1889, 50 thousand land-hungry folk lined up along the border. At the crack of a pistol shot, they raced for two million of America's richest, red-loamed acres—free for the grabbing, a gift of Uncle Sam. It was the last of the great free land rushes; the final breaking of the promise to the Indians that the land was to be theirs—"as long as grass grows and water runs." Oklahoma didn't even take time off to grow up. Just 37 years ago she became a state, and the old-timers who helped frame her Constitution even now have a

hand in her politics. We have not yet finished the Capitol dome.

The Indian people who preceded the white man in Oklahoma were partly native, partly from every section of America. Our pioneers came from the North, East, South and West. They mingled their old customs, faiths and identities and together built a new and stronger personality—fresh, breezy, a little raucous maybe, but used to saying what they pleased and being on their own.

You find that spirit in *Oklahoma!* the musical that's packing Chicago and New York playhouses in the most walloping theatrical gold rush since "Show Boat."



1. Cowboy and homesteader—these are the kind of people who built the state. In the play, *Curly* the cowhand gets along fine with *Laurey* and her aunt, but rivalry still existed between cattlemen and homesteader at the turn of the century . . .

2.

3.



2. So Aunt Eller has to warn "The Cowboy and the Farmer Should Be Friends" in breaking up a near-brawl at a social. The unglamorized cowboy was pithy of speech, reserved, yet a cavalier with the swagger it takes to fight Indians and break broncos.



3. Frontier life took a special kind of woman who could last the bitter winters, not mind the loneliness and build her own comforts. To her the visit of a peddler marketing pretties and love potions was a state occasion . . .



4. Calico and sunbonnet were her wardrobe; redbud, dogwood and prairie flowers, her bouquets. And in the blunt way of the West, a little shotgun byplay was not unknown to father when a daughter took a fancy to a too gay, passing Lothario.

5.



5. *Vice to the left, virtue to the right. In country where there were four men to each woman, all was fair in love and land-getting, so Curly suggests to his rival that he'd be better off dead, in the song "Pore Jud."*



- 6.** *The same sprightly spunk demonstrated by this pioneering young lady has carried us through a lot of changes in fortune. Since the land rush, we've weathered a war, many oil booms, droughts, floods, now production for war again. We have fabulous natural resources—the independence of our people, our wheatland, oil, cattle . . .*





- 7.** *And our pretty girls, too. When the drought threatened the land, off which two-thirds of our people still make their living, Oklahoma A & M College, along with others, went to work rebuilding and reclaiming it.*



- 8.** *Now most of the Okies are home again, building and improving the land. The old cattle-raisers used to say it took only five acres of grass to plump a steer in Oklahoma—compared to 30 acres elsewhere.*



**9.** *Lynn Riggs, who wrote the play on which "Oklahoma!" is based, is part Cherokee Indian. He visited all corners of the state to get the authentic frontier spirit. Mrs. Lawrence Langer, wife of one of the producers, was born in the Cherokee strip.*



- 10.** *The friendly, plain America is what the musical celebrates, in cheerful tunes, elegant ballets by Agnes de Mille, and general high wide and handsome air. It's the same entertainmen' Will Rogers used to afford us—of the earth, yet vibrant with hope.*



**11.** "I Cain't Say No," as sung in authentic Oklahoma dialect, is a show stopper. Music by Rodgers and lyrics by Hammerstein have been sung, whistled, hit paraded and pressed into best-selling record albums . . . and still the songs remain fresh.



**12.** *One whiff of the peddler's magic potion, and Laurey is transported into a nightmare of reality and fancy, in which she sees herself as a bride intended for Jud, rather than for the wholesome, fresh-faced Curly.*



**13.** *Her friends disapprove . . .*





**14.** *And when three dance hall queens can-can their way into Jud's favor, winning that Casanova away from her and leaving her stranded and forlorn, Laurey sees the light and sends Jud packing, for real.*



**15.** *The plot's as simple as that, and the songs are as pretty as "People Will Say We're in Love."*



- 16.** *For blood and thunder there's an interlude in which Jud returns to the ranch, on Curly and Laurey's wedding night, and attacks Curly with a knife. Jud is killed in the fracas; the hero lives heroically, the villain dies villainously.*



- 17.** We like "Oklahoma!" We're even considering adopting the finale as our state song:  
"Oklahoma, where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain,  
And the wavin' wheat can sure smell sweet,  
When the wind comes right behind the rain . . .  
. . . We know we belong to the land  
And the land we belong to is grand."

*How many years does it take to break a people's spirit? For 50 years the Japs have tyrannized Formosa and still the underground fights back*



## **No Order in Formosa**

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

LATE IN THE AFTERNOON of last Thanksgiving Day, American B-25 bombers and fast P-38 Lightnings of Major General Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force swooped down through the darkening skies high above the South China Sea. The timing of their attack was perfect. Flying directly out of the setting sun at low, almost suicidal level, the planes were over Shinchiku airdrome, on the island of Formosa, before a single Zero could take off. At least 31 Jap bombers and fighters were destroyed on the ground, hangars and ground installations went up in flames, flak batteries were strafed, bombs fell down on the runways. Not a single American plane was lost in the surprise assault.

That night strange things happened in the seaports and mountain fastnesses of Formosa. In the harbor of Takao, a mysterious fire destroyed a

warehouse which contained supplies for a Jap convoy to the Southwest Pacific; in the heavily fortified naval base of Keelung, the large drydock was damaged by an explosion; in Taichu, fuel tanks went up in smoke and flame; and in the remote mountain fastness of Central Formosa, a gang of *Hakka* tribesmen attacked a Japanese military post and left the Emperor's faithful warriors in their barracks, minus their heads.

The Japanese press dismissed as "preposterous" any connection between the American air attack and the various acts of sabotage. In Mako, the chief naval base, on the nearby Pescadores, seven Formosans were executed for spreading "dangerous thoughts." Moreover, the fact remained that Admiral Hasegawa, the island's Governor General, left for Tokyo, and all Jap steamers leaving Formosa were crowded with Jap evacuees.

Next year it will be 50 years since the Japs invaded and occupied the former Chinese island and province of Formosa (Taiwan). Fifty years of endless brutality, persecution, treachery and all the atrocities that became so well known later in Singapore, Manila, Hong Kong and Bataan, have ended with complete failure for the Jap colonizers on Formosa. Today the Jap "conquerors" of Formosa are exactly where they were five decades ago: in trouble, terrible trouble.

THE FORMOSANS haven't become Japanized but they have learned Jap language and mentality and today are among the most dangerous saboteurs in Asia. The headhunting tribesmen do most of the dirty work; the Taiwanese Chinese specialize in subtle sabotage and invisible warfare.

Nothing has changed since 1895, when the Japs invaded the country after the formal acquisition by the Treaty of Shimonoseki. The secret report of a Jap field officer, intercepted by the Chinese intelligence, then said, "Whenever our troops were defeated, the inhabitants of the surrounding territory instantly became our enemies, everyone, even the young women, arming themselves and joining the ranks with shouts of defiance. Our opponents were very stubborn and not in the least afraid of death."

Those words were written almost 50 years before we heard of Greek guerrillas, Yugoslav partisans, Czech patriots, Filipino jungle fighters,

Russian snipers, Chinese guerrillas.

There have been many Lidices in Formosa since 1895.

Of the Indonesian aborigines, only nine tribes—150 thousand people—are left, thanks to Japan's sweetness and light colonization methods; 94 per cent of the population are Chinese who have proved as tough and extinguishable as elsewhere. From 2,600,000 at the time of the Jap invasion, the Chinese population has increased to 5,500,000. They have not become assimilated. Most of the Chinese settlers have come from Fukien province. They keep close contact with Fukien, speak the Fukien dialect and form a terrific fifth column.

A Japanese journalist, back from Formosa, wrote last December in *Tokyo Nichi Nichi*, "Our patrols go out into the country and don't return. Later they are found dead near the 'guardline' separating the headhunters' wild villages from the western plains, with their heads cut off. . . Unrest and rebellion continue throughout the island. Electric wires are cut mysteriously and I have proof that in two towns Formosan school children, carrying knives and spears, seriously wounded their Japanese teachers. There is a silent feeling of fear around the isolated military posts and police stations. . ."

A surprising statement, after almost five decades of Jap military, quasi-divine rule.

But you can't say the Japs haven't tried. Formosa is the ideal *Polizeistaat*. There is one policeman for every 580 inhabitants (compared to Japan



proper, where they have one copper for every 1,052 persons). There are seven thousand teachers in Formosa, and more than 50 thousand police, "thought police," secret agents. Recent reports mention a ratio of one policeman for every 200 people. Even Himmler never dreamed of anything like that. The Japs have perfected the old Chinese police system of *pao-chia*, mutual spying. The country is divided in tribes. Ten families form a *pao*; ten *pao* form one *ko*. The chief of every *pao* and *ko* acts as official stool-pigeon. Every "suspicious" movement within *pao* and *ko* must be reported, or the whole clan will be punished collectively. The system would be foolproof—if it were not for one little thing: the Formosans hate the Japs and stick together.

Meetings of more than three persons are *verboden*. Civil liberties are practically non-existent. No business enterprise can be started without official permission, which is never given. Taiwanese religious practice is abolished. The last Formosan newspaper was suppressed in 1937. Chinese immigration has been stopped. Until the outbreak of the war, foreigners were "welcome" in Formosa, but if they wanted to make some money they found themselves running into strange troubles: they couldn't get any office help, the Jap post offices refused to accept their mails, their communications were intercepted by Jap competitors, they paid five times higher taxes than the Jap businessmen. In 1900, 37.4 per cent of all Formosan imports came from China.

In 1938 China's share was *zero*.

Education? A Formosan, now living in this country, who went to school in Taihoku, capital of Formosa, says: "There were school facilities only for a third of our children. Tuition fees were high and your family had to be well-to-do if they wanted to send you to school. The instruction consisted of four hours a day in Japanese language, and two hours in military athletics. On the roof of the school-house there was a Shinto shrine. Every day at noon we had to march up. The principal, a small, wiry man in a blue, high-collared coat, would hold up the picture of *Showa Tenno*, and we had to sing *Kimi-ga-ya*, the Jap national anthem. Call that school, if you will."

The leaf-shaped island of Formosa, strategically located near the southeastern coast of China, between Japan, the Philippines and the South Pacific islands, is one of the world's few regions unexplored by Thomas Cook and Son or the American Express. On an area twice as large as the Hawaiian islands, there lived 5.2 million people in 1935, 95 per cent of whom are dangerous, implacable foes of their Jap overlords.

Life is not cheerful these days for the 300 thousand Japs on the island, who keep all government posts, administer the forests, monopolize the camphor production (75 per cent of the world's camphor comes from Formosa), head the agencies which sell cast-off Jap garments to the aborigines at scandalous prices, and generally bleed the Taiwanese. The Formosans had to pay for the conver-

sion of their island into a "stationary aircraft carrier," the construction of prisons (for Taiwanese) and of luxury hotels and golf courses (for Japanese only), the building of the important naval base of Mako and 39 other bases. The Japs are afraid to put the Formosans into uniform; according to the Formosan Revolutionary League in Chungking, which works to restore Formosa's former status as a Chinese province—an aim which has been recognized by the Cairo conference—all Taiwanese youths 20 to 24 years of age recently were conscripted in labor battalions for four years' service on the roads and railroads. Many of the rail lines are being double-tracked, in anticipation of an Allied invasion.

Since the new Japanese reverses in the Pacific, unrest has grown on Formosa. After almost 50 years of

suppression, the Formosans feel that their liberation is near. When that day comes, they will cheer the Allied sailors and soldiers, landing on Formosa's beaches. They will lead them to a prison camp, surrounded by barbed wire fences, somewhere in the mountain fastness of the interior. There a group of haggard, sick, suffering Americans are waiting, among them a tall, thin man whom his soldiers affectionately called "Skinny"—Lieutenant General Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, hero of Bataan and Corregidor, "Wainwright's Rock." "Skinny" Wainwright and his men are one of the reasons why our men will land in Formosa one day. And there are other reasons too, plenty of them. Formosa, Japan's foremost failure as a colonizing project, will become a stepping stone to victory.

### ***Life and Taxes***

👑 FRESH AIR and sunlight were taxed in England in 1691 when a duty was levied on houses with six or more windows.

👑 FOUR YEARS LATER coal was taxed to raise money for rebuilding churches destroyed in the Great Fire of London.

👑 UNTIL 1789, every man, woman and child in France was required by law to purchase seven pounds of salt a year, whether he needed it or not.

👑 WATCHES WERE once taxed in England at ten shillings for a gold watch and two and sixpence for a silver one.

👑 THE PURITANS paid a weekly "meal tax," giving up the price of one meal

every seven days to Oliver Cromwell.

👑 ALL beards in Russia were taxed by Peter the Great. —WILLIAM E. MILES

👑 THREE SALESMEN were eating dinner in a Washington hotel. The bill was 30 dollars, and all reached for the check. The first fellow said his firm was in the 50 per cent bracket, doing war work, and that the bill would actually cost him only 15 dollars. The second man said, "Let me pay it. We're in the 80 per cent bracket and it will cost me only six dollars." The third one said, "I'll pay. We work on a cost plus basis—we'll make three dollars on the meal." —ARCH WARD in *The Chicago Tribune*

# Surgical Magic

As told by BENNETT CERF



ONE SUMMER EVENING, just before dark, a man was driving his wife along a lonely country road when she suddenly complained of a violent headache. One look at her agonized expression convinced him that something was radically wrong. He remembered that about 10 miles back he had passed a little cottage with a doctor's shingle on the gate. He turned the car about in a pasture, and drove back to the doctor's house as quickly as he dared.

A gray-haired, white-jacketed little man with sharp, twinkling eyes answered his summons. He took one look at the ailing wife, and said simply: "Carry her into my office at once."

The man waited impatiently while the doctor made a cursory examination, then followed him into his ante-room when bidden. "Something is pressing on your wife's brain," said the doctor. "I'm afraid she must be operated upon immediately. If you wait even until you get her back to town it probably will be too late." The man gasped. "I'm willing to perform the operation," continued the doctor, "but I'm all alone in this house and you will have to help me. I'll do my best but won't be able to answer for the consequences."

There was something in the doctor's manner that inspired confidence. Be-

sides, his wife's condition was obviously desperate. "Go ahead," said the man grimly.

The operation had reached its most delicate stage when the man became aware of an insistent banging on the front door. As soon as he could, he went to throw it open and found two uniformed men waiting to enter. One of them had a gun under his arm.

"The little doctor slipped away from us again," he said. "We usually find him puttering around here." "Who are you?" asked the man. "Guards at the asylum over the hill," was the answer. "Where's the doctor? Got to get him back before he gets violent!"

"Good God!" said the man. "He's in the middle of an operation on my wife's brain. You'll have to let him finish. But get me an ambulance—and get it quick!"

Fifteen minutes later, the doctor came out of the parlor and declared the operation completed. The ambulance from the asylum was already at the door. One attendant helped the man lift his wife gently into the back, while the other led the unprotesting doctor away.

The ride back to New York was a nightmare for the distracted man. His wife had not regained consciousness when he arrived at the home of his own private physician on Park

Avenue. "Be quick" he begged. "Something terrible has happened to her. Tell me if anything can be done before it is too late."

It was a sorely puzzled man who came to him a short while later. "This case baffles me completely," he said. "Your wife will live. She

has been saved by an almost miraculous operation. But this is the factor that stops me cold. I know of only one man in this world who has the skill and the knowledge to perform an operation of this character. And that man has been in an insane asylum for the past six years!"

### ***They Slip through the Air***

■ BEFORE GOING ON THE AIR, the minister of a New York church had been warned that he must finish on the dot. With one eye on the clock, he read his sermon, raced through the last paragraph and finished triumphantly with "Glory to God in the highest. Amen!" But unknown to him, he was a moment ahead of time, and listeners heard his cocky comment to the engineers, "Well, boys, we hit it right on the nose."

■ FOR 13 MINUTES, Private Lloyd Shearer sat tensely at the controls, regulating the power as H. V. Kaltenborn beat out his words with characteristic emphasis in a special broadcast from Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Nervous and inexperienced, Private Shearer leaned back in relief when Kaltenborn finished and murmured into a live mike, "Thank the Lord. H. V. Kaltenborn is off the air!"

■ THE MAYOR OF A small western town had died, and the station was broadcasting his funeral. The minister asked for three minutes of silence in honor of the deceased, but the engineer, who hadn't been listening, suddenly realized the air was dead, decided there must have been wire trouble and turned on the phonograph. The record —*Flat Foot Floogie!*

■ AN ABSENT-MINDED sound effects man muffed a dramatic incident on a program starring Don Ameche. Don had just said to the villain, "By Heavens, I'll shoot you," but the sound man forgot to fire the shot. When the pause became uncomfortably long, Ameche ad libbed, "I said I'll shoot you and I meant it." Still no shot. Ameche went on, "You deserve it for all you've done, you know. I must shoot you." The sound effects man slumbered on. In desperation Ameche shouted, "Shooting's too good for rats like you. I'll stab you!" There was a high scream, a dull thud and Ameche sighed in relief. Then came the sound of the shot!

—MURRAY MORGAN

*"Uncle Sam" makes the transfers, fights wartime labor shortages and prepares for retransfers of manpower to peacetime jobs*



## ***Super Market for Your Skills***

*by* LUCIEN AIGNER

POP JONES' spirits wilted when he drove car 7689 into the barns for the last time. Economy, convenience and vision had introduced streamlined gasoline-driven buses, jockeyed by young blood in streamlined suits. Pop and his two hundred fellow motormen had lost their jobs.

Most of these men, like Pop, had been on their jobs from 15 to 20 years. Driving an electric trolley car meant their livelihood. A chance to give their sons the opportunity to be something more than motormen. With no other experience, what else could they do but operate trolley cars?

Pop and his two hundred were bewildered. The local U. S. Employment Service apparently was too. None of the local staff knew what to do with one motorman out of a job, not to mention two hundred. So the director of the employment office wired Washington headquarters for advice.

Back, pronto, came the answer in the form of a mimeographed list of occupations titled, "Job Family Table." Page three was headed "Trolley Car Motorman."

The director called a meeting of his entire staff. Everyone looked glum until the director, reading aloud, came to the title, "Electric Furnace Operator," and one member interrupted jubilantly, "That's it! I'm sure our motormen are as good as placed. Just a minute . . ."

Rushing to the telephone, he talked with the personnel directors of several local foundries. That night Pop Jones and two hundred former co-workers were no longer jobless. The U.S.E.S. could record them as "Placements." For they were now Electric Furnace Tender Operators.

Pop and his pals were happy again. The experience on the old job had fitted them for a more modern special-

ized type of work. And the transition from old to new job was taken with a minimum of emotional upheaval.

As for the directors of the foundries—ever since their plants had been electrified they had been searching for competent men to handle the furnaces. Workers unfamiliar with electrical equipment had caused delays and accidents. Pop and his two hundred, with little additional training, filled their needs quickly.

"Job Family Tables" were comparatively new when this spectacular transfer was made. The problem confronting the U.S.E.S. in a big Midwestern city, where the major portion of the population depended on the local silk industry for a living, proved a tougher nut to crack when war hit the raw-silk market.

At first the local employment specialists were unworried. The Job Table suggested plenty of closely related industries located right in the vicinity. In fact a mass transfer of skilled hosiery knitters looked like a cinch. Lower pay and bad transportation was the first obstacle they met. Out, too, was a transfer to the rayon and allied products industries. Shortages had struck them also, and curtailed their output.

Transfer to the garment industry, where there was a demand for labor on the local market, was attempted next. Training classes were being organized, and again hope soared among jobless silk workers—only to be killed by employers who preferred inexperienced trainees to workers skilled in other fields, and set in their ways.

Undaunted, interviewers, searching for openings, dug deeper into the Job Family Table of occupations related to silk workers, and hit on the title, "Electrical Equipment Manufacturing." Two such big firms had been combing the market for workers.

When contacted, these manufacturers saw the point suggested by the "Job Family" and the interviewer who explained its workings. Men and women accustomed to handling fine threads in the silk industry could be more easily trained to handle fine copper wires than random job applicants. Almost overnight, hundreds of workers were switched from thread to wire with phenomenal success.

THESE ARE only two instances. Hundreds of successful mass transfers have been made since under the direction of the U. S. Employment Service and the War Manpower Commission during the past few years. And in each transfer from one occupation to another, the Job Family Table has played a major role.

What is a "Job Family Tree" or "Table"? In completed form, they are mimeographed sheets, listing occupations in groups, co-ordinated by code numbers. They are simple and unpretentious in appearance. Yet 10 years of strenuous research—requiring the time and patience of hundreds of interviewers—preceded their appearance on the American economic scene.

It began with the decision of the U.S. Employment Service to prepare a complete list of definitions on occupations that engage men and women



the nation over. From this colossal task of research evolved the *Dictionary of Occupational Titles*, a weighty three-volume work listing approximately 50 thousand jobs and occupations practiced in America.

For a decade, hundreds of interviewers roved the country to gather material that went into the dictionary. They visited thousands of workers on their jobs, listing required aptitudes, work habits, duties and operational skills.

When this gigantic groundwork of assembling "definitions" was completed, the systematic grouping of occupations began. The next step was arranging them as to basic operations. This disclosed similarities in various jobs and materials used, which on the surface would not appear to be related to each other.

In other words, Job Family Trees resemble human family trees. There are jobs as closely related as brother and sister. Others are first and second cousins. And some bear only the slight characteristics handed down to some grandchildren of the same forebears.

To illustrate: Take the airplane woodworker. Even the casual observer could see the relationship between his job and that of the cabinetmaker, or an automobile sample body builder. Few would recognize the relationship between this job and that of a violin-maker or a wooden toymaker.

By this Job Family Tree tracing of ancestors, electrotypers were found to make good "drop hammer" operators. A close relationship was discovered between top-notch hairdress-

ers and candidates for radio assembly jobs. Why? Because both require finger dexterity, ability to work with small objects and tools, infinite patience to keep the final assembly in mind while working at details.

Doing a bit of cross reference work with the "Job Dictionary" also discloses that bowling alley mechanics may qualify easily for the essential wartime job of "stage builder" (a worker who constructs wooden ships and prepares and installs wood framing against which the hulk is supported). It also shows that an efficient traffic clerk can be hidden behind the mask of a "gambling dealer." Astonishing? Not really, when you consider that the basic aptitude of quick thinking and keen attention to detail are essential on both jobs. Under the supervision of Manpower Commission experts, such transfers are a daily occurrence at the present time.

Should you be in a profession which seems to have no "Job Family Tree," don't be discouraged. Thanks to the third device used by the Manpower Commission experts, new tables can be easily worked out to fit your case. This is done through the "Speed Sort Index Cards" that determine possibilities and chances of such transfers.

The Speed index file, so far, contains about 10 thousand cards. Each card represents an occupation. And each card has a frame divided into 82 little squares on which data, referring to tools, machines, materials and nature of the work done on the job is printed.

There are holes punched in these

squares through which a needle can be stuck. The card through which the needle was stuck will rest suspended in the air, hanging on the needle as though on a hinge. That is—unless there is an opening toward the edge of the card in that particular square. Such openings are punched in the card, if the aptitude and skill represented by the square in question are required to perform properly in the occupation named on the card.

If there is an opening at that particular square, the card will fall out of the stack. Those in which there is only the hole and no opening will remain suspended.

Now suppose a Job Family is wanted for an occupation on which no such Table exists. The Washington expert takes out the index card representing the occupation for which the Table is wanted. (If this card does not exist, it has to be made, punching all the holes in it which belong there according to the analysis of the job.) Then he puts this card on top of his stack, and sticks his needle through one of the holes in which an opening has been punched (meaning that the skill represented in the square is needed on the job). All those cards which include this skill as a positive requirement (represented by an opening in the punched hole) will fall out. The negative cards will remain hanging on the needle.

Generally speaking, there are from 12 to 15 elements (represented by as many "open" punches in cards) for which the expert has to try his file, namely, the operations. By the time

he performs the tenth or fifteenth operation, there may remain a stack of 30 or 40 cards out of say five hundred cards on his desk. That means many related occupations which will be included on the Job Family Table for the base occupation in which he is interested.

When the list is completed, it is sent to the local offices of the U.S.E.S. to be adapted for the local labor market. Local officers will probably not be interested in all the titles listed, only in those jobs which are available in their particular territory.

THE PARAMOUNT question to be considered is not: "What industry do you work in now?" Rather it depends on the answers to: "What are your job practices?" "What kind of tools do you use?" "How is your finger dexterity?" "Your eye and hand coordination?" "Whether you can read blueprints."

If aptitude and skill are identical with those which, according to the job analysis, are required for the job to be filled, it's almost certain that you *will* qualify for that job, though it may appear strange and unusual at the outset.

On-the-job training, or a normal adaptation period of a few weeks may be necessary until acquaintance with the new job is established. But it won't be difficult. Primarily, because the thorough analysis of Job Family Tree experts shows the new job to be definitely related to the old. That basic aptitude and skill required for the job spring from much the same roots.

Job Family technique not only opens new avenues for workers to utilize experience in former jobs when transferred to a new field, it also helps employers open new and different systems for promoting workers to jobs that carry more responsibility and higher pay. Jobs that employers did not realize workers were qualified to fill before their abilities were revealed through the Table test.

This method also aids employers to gear their plants to demands for greater production to meet wartime needs. And to keep old employees. Because again the Tables tell them what tasks old workers can do best on a "stepped-up" schedule.

Although this Job Family idea has proved of tremendous value in

present emergencies, it is by no means limited to wartime use. It will be even more vitally important when our economic and industrial system reverts to peacetime activities, facing gigantic problems of new manpower shifts. Washington experts are already working on a plan that will adapt this successful method to the needs of the post-war world.

We have been conditioned—and thoroughly—to think of the political aspects of the future. Little of the economic structure on which a well-fed, self-respecting nation must depend. Yet tiny pin pricks on an index card may do more for post-war adjustment than all the speeches of politicians with an eye on the next election rather than the next generation.

### ***Groomed for the Occasion***

FROM THE POST NEWSPAPER at Camp Grant, Illinois, comes this description of an Army wedding:

The groom, buck private scion of a well-known Egg Harbor, Wisconsin, family, chose the season's popular olive drab blouse and trousers of wool serge, with harmonizing sun-tan shirt, for his wedding.

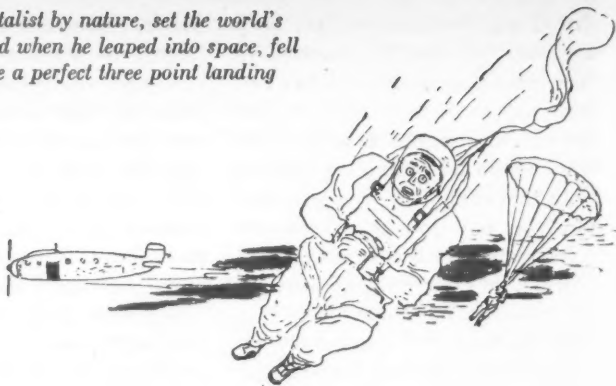
Setting off the straight lines of the blouse was a single row of bright brass buttons down the front, with matching individual buttons.

His trousers were straight-cut without cuffs. Cotton sox of olive drab, with harmonizing brown shoes and a contrasting black woolen serge tie completed his ensemble. In his left hip pocket he carried a white linen handkerchief.

After a luxurious breakfast at a downtown hotel, the bride and groom left on a short honeymoon. For going away, the groom chose a heavy woolen coat of olive drab, with brass buttons on front and shoulders. A dressy traveling hat of garrison design in olive drab with harmonizing brown leather brim and chin strap, and a pair of knit woolen gloves of olive drab were his only accessories.

The bride wore blue.—FRANCES CAVANAH AND RUTH CROMER WEIR  
in *Liberty Laughs* (Dell Publishing Co.)

*The sergeant, a fatalist by nature, set the world's most curious record when he leaped into space, fell 600 feet, and made a perfect three point landing*



## ***The Sergeant's 600-Foot High Jump***

by ANTHONY COTTÉRELL

FOR YOUR FIRST jump they take you up in a balloon. You clutch the sides of the basket, ignore the instructor's attempts to joke and try to resist the temptation to stare mesmerized at the receding earth.

At about 500 feet the basket started rocking in the wind.

"Some sort of freak wind," explained Sergeant Trevelyan. "Hope it doesn't catch us when we are landing. Nasty injuries."

"Complete bleeding optimist as usual, I see," said the instructor.

The balloon came to a halt at the regulation seven hundred feet from the ground. There was a momentary pause while we composed ourselves. Sergeant Trevelyan pulled a letter out of the pocket of his jumping jacket and handed it to the instructor.

"I think I may be killed," he said. "It's a last letter to my mother."

"Action stations, Number One,"

shouted the instructor above the wind.

I swung my legs into the hole.

"Go!" thundered the instructor.

I left the sergeant and all his depressing effects behind. It was the same with every jump we did. He wrote a new letter nightly or perhaps he brought the old one up to date. Nightly he dreamed and daily he asked blood-curdling questions. He was jumping as well as anybody, disappearing through the hole like a ramrod and landing like a feather, but this didn't reassure him at all.

Our fourth jump was on Sunday evening. We dropped in two sticks of five, so having delivered the first five the aircraft had to circle the dropping zone and run up for the second five.

I knew that Trevelyan was jumping fifth. I saw the streak borne from the belly of the aircraft and watched for the parachute to develop. It never did.

Trevelyan dropped like a stone. At

first with deliberation and then dreadfully faster. The flight lieutenant just had time to shout: "Jam your legs together. Jam your legs together!" through his loud amplifier, and then the body hit the ground. The awful thing was that up to that split second of impact you knew that the poor devil had been as well and strong as any of us. And now he was dead; killed right before our eyes. The ambulance shot past me, followed by another car. I suddenly felt too sick to move. I just stared at the little heap on the ground about two hundred yards away.

It seemed to be moving. The head was raised a little. Poor devil, I thought, kicking his last.

The body sat up. Then it stood up.

Then I saw Trevelyan running towards me. The ambulance went past him and Trevelyan waved to it. He was ignored. The ambulance went on, looking for him. Twice again it passed him and took no notice of his signals. The ambulance described another circle and stopped. Trevelyan came on running, weak but determined.

"Lie down, man!" I shouted at him, afraid he'd fall to pieces. I thought he was a human case of delayed action bombing and would disintegrate on some fixed stimulus, perhaps into powder like the people in *Lost Horizon*.

"Where's the instructor? I've not reported yet," panted Trevelyan.

I just looked at him. At that moment the flight lieutenant came running up, shaken by what he had seen.

"Are you the man?" he said.

"He's the one all right," I said.

"Jumped number five, sir," said

the miracle man, reporting in the approved way. "The parachute failed to open, sir," he said, as if mentioning a small technical detail.

"But are you all right?" asked the instructor, as if talking to a ghost.

"I rather expected something of the kind to happen, sir."

"What do you mean, 'expected it to happen'? It's a million to one chance on its happening."

"Premonition, sir," said Trevelyan rather loftily.

"How the devil did you land? What was it like?"

"Side right, sir."

"But are you all right?"

"It made me tingle, sir. Very fast landing, otherwise nothing. Wrenched my toes upwards."

The doctor came to look him over. He hadn't even sprained his ankle.

"You realize this makes you the luckiest man in the world?" he said.

But Trevelyan didn't seem concerned. If I didn't know that he always had the same slightly abstracted look I would have said the experience had mentally unbalanced him. He didn't display any emotion or marked reaction of any kind.

"Take a letter, Sergeant," said the flight lieutenant. "Don't give this man a chute tomorrow. He can jump with just a rubber hat."

"It's certainly given me more confidence, sir," said Trevelyan.

It was difficult to laugh or even cry at a man whose only apparent reaction to surviving a fall of six hundred feet was to feel more confident.

"What time shall we be jumping

tomorrow, sir?" asked Trevelyan.

"Thank God we've got the Navy," said the flight lieutenant.

On the way back to the camp in the RAF bus Trevelyan was even gloomier than usual. In the meantime it had been established that the chute hadn't failed to open because of any fault in packing. Apparently it was Trevelyan's own work. He had distrusted the instructor's statement that his

static line was fastened securely to the aircraft and while the instructor was intent on dispatching the first four men he'd adjusted the catch. But not successfully. So that he might as well have jumped without a chute at all.

Back in the camp we jumped down from the bus. There was a sharply anguished yelp from Trevelyan.

He had sprained his ankle, jumping the three feet from the bus.

### ***Only the Resourceful***

■ SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, creator of that master deductive sleuth, Sherlock Holmes, arrived in Paris from London and took a taxi to his hotel. As he paid his fare, the cabbie bowed courteously and said, "*Merci, merci, Monsieur Conan Doyle.*"

"Why, how do you know my name?" asked the astonished author, who had never before seen the cabbie.

"Your general appearance told me you are from England, *Monsieur*—the cut of your clothes, your accent. And I read by the intelligent look in your eyes that you must be a great man."

"Remarkable!" exclaimed Sir Arthur. "You have no other evidence?"

"Well," said the other, "I also saw your name on your luggage."

—LOUIS HIRSCH

■ ONE AFTERNOON, Albert Bigelow Paine was visiting Oliver Herford when there came a strange knock on the door. "Shhh," admonished Herford, and the two were silent till the caller left.

"He's a frightful bore," explained Oliver.

"But what about that special knock?" asked Paine.

"Oh, that," grinned the famous wit. "I told him that knock was for a few particular friends."

■ AT THE TENDER AGE OF 14, Gelett Burgess addressed a letter to the Notes and Queries department—a sort of literary quiz—of the Boston *Transcript*. "Sir: Will you please give me the name of the author of the poem beginning: 'The dismal day, with dreary pace, hath dragged its tortuous length along.' " He signed it "Maxfield Newman." The letter was duly published, and the following week Burgess again wrote the editor: "Sir: The author of the poem beginning 'The dismal day,' is Gelett Burgess. The whole poem is as follows:—" and then he recounted the entire three stanzas. It was his first appearance in print.

—IRVING HOFFMAN



## Rich Man's Casbah



—Algiers (by cable to Coronet)

IN THE BRIGHT, warm sun of the afternoon, the sleek cocottes sit in careless, interesting postures on the terrace of the Aletti Hotel, watching and being watched by the polyglot society that makes the terrace its club and its showroom.

Some people call the terrace the "Bridge of Thighs." Some call the Aletti the "Rich Man's Casbah." You remember the Casbah. Hollywood made an interesting, inaccurate reproduction of it for Charles Boyer. It is out of bounds to all ranks.

If you are not too shy, you may stop and chat with one of the young women sunning on the terrace, if she is not already engaged. You may even sit with her at the little round table, sharing a bottle of the carbonated white wine that passes for champagne. The standard fee for an afternoon's entertainment, so I am told, is one thousand francs. That does not include the champagne, which is extra.

The Aletti is a billet for the armies and their hangers-on. Not just an ordinary billet, but a billet for "colonels and better." I am not a colonel, but I live at the Aletti. No invidious implications intended.

The habit of the blackout lingers long after its necessity has passed, so until recently the lobby of the Aletti

was a dark, cold cavern where admirals caromed off brigadiers as they groped about in the gloom.

I steered cautiously across the lobby my first day there and found the elevator. It is operated by a red-haired mongrel whose habitual language is French. "*Premier, s'il vous plaît,*" I asked politely. "Pittsburgh stinks," he said without turning his head.

Well, I don't think much of Pittsburgh either, but he wasn't going to get away with that. "Algiers stinks," I retorted with ready wit. You would have thought I had told him the one about the traveling salesman. He was still laughing and slapping his thigh when we reached the *premier étage*. I discovered later that those two words are all the English he knows.

It takes a long time to get to the first floor of the Aletti. There are ports of call at the balcony, the mezzanine, the dining floor (mess for colonels and better) and at last the conveyance wheezes up to the journey's end. From there, the voyager takes it on foot.

The elevator leaves its passengers at the end of a long, shadowy corridor, darkened by one pallid lamp midway along the passage. The wayfarer stumbles through the twilight, one hand touching the wall for guidance, like a blind man exploring with

his cane. The management, anticipating that instinctive gesture of caution, has effectively discounted it by placing along the baseboards, at irregular intervals, ankle-high concrete receptacles filled with sand. I don't know what they're for. You can't see clearly enough to hit one with a cigarette, but having barked his shins over the first one, the canny adventurer leaves the wall, takes to mid-channel and trusts to luck.

I arrived at the Aletti in convoy—but that's getting ahead of the story.

The plane puts travelers down at the American airfield, 15 miles from the city, and there the newcomer begins to fend for himself. No one directs him to the place where the transportation leaves for town. He finds that for himself, piles his gear into a truck and rattles off. The truck goes as far as the post office, and everybody gets out. The stranger, with all his worldly goods, is dumped into the middle of a land which speaks a tongue alien to him and honors only a currency of which he has none.

But yammering about him, a horde of ragged bootblacks confiscates all his gear, fights for its possession and demands directions.

"Onward, men. Follow me," I cried to my native bearers, and the safari got under way. Past the rococo post office, where it takes a week to get off a cablegram; down the sloping street past the rickety Grand Hotel Regina; across the Rue de la Liberté to the terrace, where the cocottes shade their eyes and regard the newcomer with languid speculation. So

I arrived in convoy, borrowed 15 francs from the manager and scattered largess among the baggage train.

Well, why didn't you call a cab? There are no cabs. Life is real here, grim and earnest.

But it has its lighter side. There is the Casino, where for 25 francs—40 cents—anyone may see a French vaudeville show and marvel at the agility of dancing girls old enough to be somebody's mother. Especially the one with the bandaged knee.

There is "Pup Tent Poets," a department of *Stars and Stripes*, in which lyrical troopers express their tender sentiments. As a fair example of the style and content:

*This lovely full moon of Algeria  
Makes me feel that I want to be nearer  
you.*

*When I gaze on this beautiful moon,  
I wonder just what you are doing  
As I trace its bright path on the water,  
I hope it isn't anything you hadn't  
ought to.*

There are things of that sort. But Algiers is a backwater of the war now, and on the frontier of the peace. This is France—all there is, for any practical purpose—and France is bucking and backfiring like a winter motor, warming up for the peace to come.

France is glad Algiers is a backwater of the war and anxious for the war to clear out entirely so that the business of reorganization can get cracking. The political confusion here is a preview of the future.

Step up, friends, and have a look at the world of tomorrow.

—CHESTER MORRISON

A "new magic salve" for burn sufferers turns out to be a simple remedy found in almost every home from coast to coast



## Magic Salve for Burns

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

SHORTLY AFTER the appalling Coconut Grove disaster in Boston, on November 28, 1942, a newspaperman reported the use of a "new magic salve" on many of the badly burned victims which resulted in quicker healing and without scars.

"Magic salve!" Boston physicians at the Massachusetts General Hospital, where over 100 major burn cases from the razed nightclub had been treated, smiled wearily at that report. For the so-called magic salve was nothing more than plain, ordinary Vaseline. Or, if you prefer to be technical, petrolatum.

Yet that simple remedy, used under stress of a terrible emergency that cost 493 lives, is now a standard treatment for burns in our armed forces and the Office of Civilian Defense. It is also being widely adopted by busy industrial physicians in teeming war plants. That is significant of its effec-

tiveness, for it marks the first time in medical history that doctors ever have approached a standard procedure for the treatment of burns.

Prior to the emergency use of the Vaseline treatment, surveys show that over 200 different preparations had been used. These, according to the report by Doctors Roy Donaldson McClure and Conrad Ramsey Lam of the Ford Hospital in Detroit, which was published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, took from 2.3 to 5 days for healing of minor burns to take place. The Vaseline treatment has cut them down to 2.0.

Informed medical men find the treatment a boon to the patient because it materially lessens pain from the initial treatment as well as the burn, and also serious shock which is always vitally important in any accident. But to doctor and layman both, the two vital factors in the

Vaseline treatment are: first, the complete discarding of the practice of scrubbing the fresh wound—which causes the patient agony and shock—and eliminating the old method of puncturing blisters and skinning away burned tissue. Second, immediate application of the soothing Vaseline.

To the old-time doctor who used the tannic acid treatment for burns, which was a big step forward 18 years ago, and required a thorough cleansing, this sounds like rank heresy. Yet results from the new method speak for themselves.

In the Children's Ward at Cook County Hospital in Illinois, Doctors Robert A. Allen and Sumner L. Koch report a decline in mortality from 10 per cent under the tannic acid treatment to 2.7 per cent for this new "non-adherent dressing technique."

In a recent Naval Department release, which gave the first report on the treatment of burns with Vaseline, it is stated that of 75 casualties admitted—some with as much as 60 per cent of the body surface involved in second and third degree burns—there hasn't been a single death, and the majority have returned to active duty. This is phenomenal in view of the fact that a 20 per cent second or third degree burn is considered critical. Certainly it is most promising since, in the armed forces, burns comprise a heavy ratio of all casualties.

Serious objections were raised in medical circles when the forerunner of this method for treating burn wounds was suggested shortly after Pearl Harbor. But on the strength of

the experience in Boston, which included many major cases from the nightclub fire that were described as grossly dirty from soot after being dragged across the floor, Doctor Oliver Cope of the Massachusetts General Hospital reported that "the technique was given an extensive trial and proved eminently satisfactory. Its advantage lies in its simplicity."

Further verification of Doctor Cope's statement appeared in a recent issue of the American Medical Association Journal under *War Surgery in the Middle East*. It reported that the tannic acid treatment was discarded for petrolatum (Vaseline) gauze and sulfanilamide powder simply because adequate facilities for preliminary cleansing were not to be had.

THOSE WHO have been close to the development of this Vaseline treatment of burns, however, have discarded other methods, notwithstanding the availability of equipment and supplies. Physicians on the home front have compared the performance of a variety of substances, as in the survey of Doctors McClure and Lam in Detroit's Henry Ford Hospital, and their ultimate recommendation is either Vaseline or six per cent boric acid ointment. Boston surgeons used either in their 212 cases after the night club fire without any perceptible difference in results. But Doctor Cope expresses a feeling that "it may prove wise after further investigation to omit boric acid and use plain petrolatum (Vaseline) for burns."

For the minor burns incurred in

almost every household, the quickest way to relieve suffering is to smear some Vaseline on a piece of gauze or, if that isn't available, soft white cloth, and fasten it securely (but not tightly) over the wound with a firm bandage. The ointment will quicken healing and, by excluding air, reduce the pain materially and immediately.

In the case of more serious accident that requires medical attention, the emergency treatment recommended in the revised OCD Handbook of First Aid (page 26) conforms to the latest technique:

"If a doctor is not available, carefully cut the clothing away from the burn. Avoid pulling or tearing. Do not try to remove bits of clothing or dirt which may be stuck to the burned area. Spread boric acid ointment or

petrolatum on a gauze compress, cover the burn, bandage lightly, wrap the victim in blankets and transport to a hospital immediately. Tannic acid should not be used in any form in the first aid treatment of burns, nor should other crusting agents such as gentian violet, triple dye or picric acid be used."

Followed by hospital treatment, this procedure should offer great assurance, not of another medical miracle, but of a quicker, less painful recovery from burn wounds than has been found under any other treatment.

The Cocoanut Grove holocaust in Boston proved the efficacy of this method, and in so doing uncovered something of real value for our armed forces and for our civilian fire victims in both war and peace.

### **Telephone Talk**

☛ ONE OF THE HUGE BATTLESHIPS launched by the Navy harbors almost a thousand phones, or enough to serve a city of from five to six thousand inhabitants.

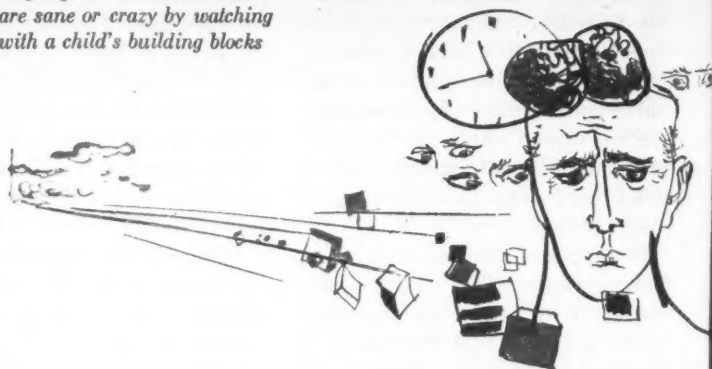
☛ THE RINGING SOUND made by Bell's wonderful invention is just half as long as the pause between rings.

☛ IN CERTAIN SECTIONS of Florida, spiders are a menace to communication, and telephone linesmen frequently have to climb the poles and sweep the webs from the lines. It seems that spiders propagate at a greater rate in the sunshine, resulting in more webs which collect dew at night and interfere with transmission.

☛ AT A SOUTH PACIFIC OUTPOST, members of a Signal Corps unit were baffled by the strange disappearance of sections of telephone wire. After a month of this perplexing situation, two soldiers happened to attend a native affair in a nearby village, where they spotted the local jive band plucking away on homemade banjos—the wire “donated” by the U.S. Signal Corps.

—SGT. BEN SCHNEIDER

*Mind-exploring experts now tell whether we humans are sane or crazy by watching what we do with a child's building blocks*



## ***A Doctor's Method for Madness***

by MAURICE ZOLOTOW

CAN A DOCTOR predict, with reasonable scientific accuracy, that a man or woman will some day commit murder?

Indirectly, the New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Law Enforcement was instrumental in planting that question in the public's mind when it met one October morning in 1937 to discuss the "lunacy commission racket," so-called from the belief that on occasion hardened criminals had feigned insanity to escape the electric chair. In this skulduggery they were allegedly aided by crooked judges and politicians who appointed equally unreliable lunacy commissions that adjudged them mentally unbalanced and legally incapable of making a defense or consulting with counsel.

The knowledge of this situation was a common rumor among New York reporters and psychiatrists; but at that

time Tammany Hall still exercised a powerful influence, and no psychiatrist dared tell the whole story.

When Dr. Frederic Wertham, then a senior psychiatrist in the New York City Department of Hospitals and in charge of the Mental Hygiene Bureau Clinic at Bellevue Hospital, took the stand as a witness, State Senator John J. McNaboe, the commission's chairman, questioned him about his medical background. Then he snapped, "Can you tell the investigation anything about the psychiatric dodges used by criminals to escape the legal penalties for their crimes?"

Dr. Wertham, a giant of a man, with the general proportions of a guard on a football team, nodded quietly, opened a portfolio and selected a case history of typical malingerer among the half dozen he had brought with him. This one concerned a Martin Lavin. In 1933,



Lavin had killed a man in a holdup. His criminal record, which dated back to 1918, also included passing counterfeit money, burglary and felonious assault with a gun.

When arrested on a murder charge, he was sent to Tombs Prison. While there, another inmate introduced him to a crafty lawyer. After that meeting Lavin began to act like a crazy man. As a result he was sent to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue. Dr. Wertham examined him, and found him in full possession of his faculties. But a lunacy commission appointed by the court examined the prisoner, filed a 100-page report, which declared Lavin crazy, and he was sent to New York State's Matteawan Hospital for the criminally insane.

The experts at Matteawan quickly detected Lavin's ruse, and he was sent back to New York to stand trial. But by this time all the witnesses for the prosecution had conveniently disappeared. The murder charge was dismissed and Lavin was freed.

As Dr. Wertham concluded this report he remarked: "This man was sent to Matteawan although he was simulating insanity, and *I tell you he will yet commit another murder!*"

Little was made of this startling statement in the newspapers at the time, but only three months later, Martin Lavin, during a holdup in a pawn shop, shot and killed a policeman and was himself killed. Then the headlines shrieked—"THIS MAN WILL SLAY AGAIN!" BELLEVUE DOCTOR HAD WARNED. And New York's citizenry set up such a hue and cry that the

lawmakers were forced to abolish the lunacy commissions.

In diagnosing a case like Lavin's, Dr. Wertham says, "You do not merely judge by the actions of the prisoner. You look into the ways he has gone about making a living, his background and family relationships. You give him certain tests to determine whether he is a malingerer or really suffering from a psychosis, that is, a serious mental disease.

"There is the ink-blot test invented in 1921 by Herman Rorschach, a Swiss psychiatrist. This is composed of a standard set of 10 images and there are standard rules for interpreting the test. These images are made by placing a blob of ink on the crease of a folded paper, then folding the sheet and getting a meaningless picture. When a prisoner is shown these images and asked what he sees, his answers determine the basic set-up of his mind.

"Another is my own Mosaic Test in which I hand a patient a set of colored blocks that resemble a child's ordinary building set. He is asked to construct any design he wishes. The patient does not know what is expected of him, and he cannot possibly fool me, no matter how shrewd he may be. On the basis of thousands of experiments, I know, for instance in judging insanity, that a schizophrenic will produce certain patterns, and that a paranoic, who has delusions and hallucinations of grandeur and persecution, will make an entirely different mosaic design."

This Mosaic Test, developed by Dr.

Wertham through a generous sum provided by the Child Neurology Research of the Friedsam Foundation, is now being adopted by other investigators who deal with conflicts in human beings' minds. It is found to be especially useful in weeding from society those who are likely to commit crimes and who have suicidal tendencies. Several times these colored blocks have played an important role in homicidal investigations. Probably the most outstanding to date was the case of Elizabeth Wagner, a 22-year-old factory worker in Astoria, New York. According to her confession to the police, she put rat poison in orange juice and milk she gave her two brothers. Both boys died, and previous deaths in the Wagner family, attributed to natural causes, were cited as mysterious, indicating that Elizabeth was another Borgia.

Dr. Wertham scotched that idea by pointing out that the girl already had been the inmate of a mental hospital, and was not too bright. And he backed this up with the results shown when he gave her the Mosaic Test. Normal persons given the blocks will put them together in an orderly design, using many different shapes and colors. If they are imaginative, they will make fruits and flowers, maybe birds and animals. There will be a realistic sprinkling of red through the designs, and they will resemble what they are supposed to. The builder who uses too much red flashes a danger signal that warns of violence on very slight provocation.

When Elizabeth Wagner was given

the test, she made the crudest possible designs, putting squares together, hit or miss, regardless of color. Then she did the same with oblongs and triangles. Many previous clinical tests made by the mentally deficient resembled Elizabeth's. And based on the results of this Mosaic Test, the girl was sent to a mental institution instead of being brought to trial.

ONE OF THE most outstanding examples of violent insanity in Dr. Wertham's files on case histories is that of Robert Irwin, who was dubbed the "mad sculptor" by the New York tabloids. Wertham first met Irwin when he was 24 years old and came to Bellevue under the name of James Adamson, and demanded to have a mutilating operation performed. At the same time he muttered about a "visualizing machine" he was trying to have constructed, which would enable him to see realities hidden from everyone else.

Irwin was assigned to Dr. Wertham for research, and for eight months this blond, nervous young man was psychoanalyzed. Irwin's chief trouble centered around an Oedipus complex, which manifested itself in an abnormal worship of his mother. The family had been poor, and Irwin ran away from home at the age of 15. His most insistent daydream was becoming a wealthy sculptor and showering luxuries upon his mother. He dreamed of surprising her suddenly, and for years had not written to her. He was still unsuccessful when she died. His mother's death, and the

guilty feelings it aroused, pressed a button in his unconscious, inducing a violent complex which is known as Catathenia.

After several months of treatment, Irwin gave up his operation obsession, but he was still not cured of his underlying mental disease which Dr. Wertham was the first to describe and classify as Catathymic Crisis. This is a condition that results when an unconscious complex is sufficiently charged with affects to produce a mental explosion in the conscious mind which leads to violence.

DR. WERTHAM committed Irwin to the Rockland State Hospital for the Insane. On the surface quite intelligent and friendly, he was released shortly, and turned up one evening at Bellevue where Dr. Wertham was lecturing to a group of psychiatrists and New York University students on abnormal psychology. The discussion centered around the Catathymic Crisis, and the doctor exhibited Irwin to the conference with the prophetic remark: "This case is not cured. The original impulse to commit a violent act is still there. *It will break out again, either in some act of violence to others or to himself.* What the nature of it will be we cannot tell."

Eight weeks after that, Irwin fulfilled the grim prediction. On Easter morning, 1937, he strangled Mrs. Mary Gedeon and her daughter, a model named Veronica, completing the orgy by stabbing to death with an ice pick one Frank Byrnes, a man who roomed in the Gedeon home.

After Irwin's arrest, Wertham fought single-handed against 25 other psychiatrists to convince District Attorney Thomas Dewey that the man was hopelessly insane. Dewey finally accepted a plea of second-degree murder, and Irwin received a 137 year sentence. He is now in the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane at Dannemora, New York.

Dr. Wertham, at present head of the Mental Hygiene Clinic at Queens General Hospital in New York, has examined about 25 hundred criminals during his career, of whom several hundred were murderers. Famous among psychiatrists for his discovery of the Catathymic Theory, he is known in the medical profession as perhaps the world's most outstanding histopathologist of the brain. He is in his element when he is in a laboratory dyeing little slices of diseased brain tissue, then putting them on a slide and examining them under the microscope in an effort to discover the sources of disease that afflict mankind. He has worked in clinics in London, Vienna and Munich. At the Munich Psychiatric Clinic he studied under the great Emil Kraepelin who first described the correlation of symptoms which today is known as dementia praecox.

But he is known to a wider public for an absorbing analysis of a matricide whom he gave a series of treatments which extended over two years and included many conversations between doctor and patient. This analysis is titled *Dark Legend* and was published by Duell, Sloane and

Pearce in 1941. It concerns the case history of a boy who stabbed his mother in 1932.

Dr. Wertham first encountered the 17-year-old murderer during his morning rounds in a hospital ward. The boy had a deep cut in his hand which an interne was swabbing out. When the doctor asked the shy, handsome lad how he had cut himself like that, he replied, without a trace of fear or remorse, "Oh, the knife slipped while I was killing my mother."

Ultimately, Gino, a sufferer from Catathymic Crisis, was taken out of the law's hands and placed in Dr. Wertham's. He was cured, and is now holding down a 75-dollar-a-week defense job and leading a completely normal life.

The great advantage of Dr. Wertham's Mosaic Test lies in the fact that it gives the trained psychiatrist

a personality picture of a patient at a sweeping glance. Through the designs he makes, the expert can tell whether he is a likely menace to society, or a harmless lunatic.

Outside of mental hospitals this test has been adopted with considerable success by the Royal Canadian Navy. Applicants for service are rated in intelligence and adaptability for specialized jobs on the basis of their performance with these same colored blocks. Borderline cases of mental illness are also weeded out in the same manner.

Considering this angle, it may not be too far-fetched to visualize the personnel offices of large corporations in post-war days as taking on the aspects of a child's playroom. Applicants may sit in rows moving variously shaped colored blocks, and building designs that will keep them from becoming square pegs in round holes.

### ***Between the Lines of History***

■ WHEN THE FAMED abolitionist, John Brown, was hanged at Charlestown, militia men and cadets from the Virginia Military Institute were sent to preserve order. As the trap was sprung, one of the militia men fainted. He was revived by the cadet commander, a man named Jackson, who was later called "Stonewall." The sickened militia man became a mediocre actor and a famous murderer. His name was John Wilkes Booth.

■ IN MARCH, 1868, five men rode up to the bank of Nimrod Long in Russellville, Kentucky. With drawn guns, they took nine thousand dollars and fled. Later a short-barreled derringer was picked up from the sidewalk with the name of Frank James chiseled in the stock. The bandits were the James boys and their gang. But in less than a month, so the story goes, Mr. Long received the James boys' share of the loot. With it was a letter of apology stating that the brothers had just learned that Banker Long was the man who had loaned their father the money to go to college and study for the ministry.—MILTON BACON

## Game Book Section:



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### ***"I Saw It with My Own Eyes"***

**A**BOVE YOU SEE Tony de Laurentis consuming a gargantuan meal, including dessert and coffee (not pictured), in slightly more than 26 minutes. Study this amazing shot (made Before Rationing) for one full

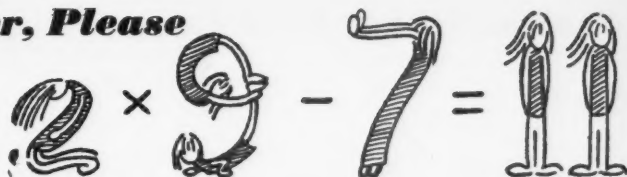
minute, noting every detail. Then turn to page 145 and answer the 10 questions which make up the quiz. Refer back to this page to find what you missed. If you answer seven or more questions correctly, you've done well.



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## Number, Please



IF 2 AND 2 MAKE 4, what does one slogan subtracted from another total? Your arithmetic may be good, but do you know your slogans? Here is a double-barreled quiz in which you must know every slogan given, in order to demonstrate your "numbers ability." The game is to guess the correct number in each slogan and proceed as directed in the mathematical problem. Count five points for each correct answer. A score of 80 makes you a good mathematician and sloganeer; 60 is fair (perhaps it's just poor arithmetic; it can't be the slogan), but below 60 is not so good. Answers are on page 149.

1. Subtract: ..... Avenue from Heinz ..... Varieties.
2. Add: Friday the ..... to The ..... Little Pigs.
3. Divide: the \$ ..... question by ..... Is A Crowd.
4. Multiply: Behind the ..... Ball by ..... Point Landing.
5. Add: "..... Squares A Day" to the ..... H Club.
6. Divide: ..... Mule Team Borax by ..... Leaf Clover.
7. Subtract: ..... Up from V .....
8. Multiply: ..... Timing by ..... Estate.
9. Add: A pack of cigarettes to ..... Nights in a Barroom.
10. Subtract: "..... Weeks" from "..... Little Peppers and How They Grew."
11. Multiply: ..... in One Oil by Ali Baba and the ..... Thieves.
12. Add: *Between* ..... th and ..... th on Chestnut Street to ..... or Fight.
13. Subtract: The total of the Flood, ..... Days and ..... Nights, from the ..... Islands.
14. Add: The figures in *I Found a* ..... Dollar Baby in a ..... and ..... Cent Store and divide by *Goldilocks and the* ..... Bears.
15. Multiply: At ..... 's and ..... 's (a distracted state of being) by ..... Island Dressing.
16. Add: ..... and ..... Blackbirds to a Baker's dozen.
17. Subtract: The ..... Wonders of the World from Number ..... Downing Street.
18. Multiply: A "Good ..... ¢ Cigar" by ..... Roses.
19. Divide: Phillips ..... by The ..... Musketeers.
20. Add: ..... A Day Brand Vitamins to Life Begins At .....

## Command Performance



**O**RDERING PEOPLE AROUND is an old and honorable custom. Some of the most famous orders of this and many another day are incorporated in our literature, our nursery rhymes, our songs and our everyday vernacular. Fifty such examples are given below, but the names of the persons or things addressed are omitted: Your task is to supply the name indicated by the blank. Thus, the answer to "Go West, ..... " would be "Young Man." Count two points for each question you answer correctly. A fair score is 64 or over; 76 or more is good and anything over 88 is exceptional.

Answers will be found on page 149.

1. ...., dear ....., come home with me now.
2. .... be nimble, ..... be quick.
3. Yes, my darling .....; hang your clothes on a hickory limb.
4. Lay that pistol down, .....!
5. Ring out, ..... , to the wild sky.
6. Little ....., come blow your horn.
7. Speak for yourself, .....
8. ...., ..... , ..... , lend me your ears.
9. Shoot the sherbet to me, .....
10. Get thee behind me, .....
11. Quick, ....., the Flit.
12. Blow, blow, thou winter .....
13. ...., can you spare a dime?
14. ...., come back to me.
15. Swing low, sweet .....
16. ...., pin a rose on me.
17. Shine on, shine on, .....  
.....
18. ...., save my child!
19. Tell me, ....., are there any more at home like you?
20. God rest ye merry, .....
21. Lead, kindly .....
22. Rule ....., rule the waves!
23. Waltz me around again, .....
24. Weep no more, my .....
25. Lazy ....., will you get up?
26. ...., spare that tree!
27. Backward, turn backward, O ..... , in your flight.
28. Climb upon my knee, .....  
.....
29. Abandon hope, .... who enter here.
30. Twinkle, twinkle, .....  
.....
31. Laugh, ....., laugh.
32. ...., ..... , go away, come again some other day.
33. Look homeward, .....
34. ...., give me your answer true.
35. Home, .....!
36. Slide, ..... , slide!

37. Giddyap, . . . . ., it looks like rain.
38. Glow, little . . . . .
39. . . . ., put the kettle on.
40. O . . . . ., where is thy sting?
41. Come, . . . . ., in my flying machine.
42. Flow gently, sweet . . . . .
43. Open up that Golden Gate, . . . . ., here I come!
44. Onward, . . . . .!
45. . . . ., you've had a busy day.
46. . . . ., you is my woman now.
47. Git along, little . . . . ., git along.
48. Oh, . . . . ., don't you cry for me.
49. Rock-a-bye, . . . . ., on the tree top.
50. . . . ., stay 'way from my door!

### **Questions for "I Saw It with My Own Eyes"**

*(Do not read these questions until you have finished studying the photograph on page 142.)*

1. *The man is using his:*
  - a. fork
  - b. spoon
  - c. hands
2. *He is eating with his:*
  - a. right hand
  - b. left hand
  - c. both hands
3. *He is eating:*
  - a. shrimps
  - b. oysters
  - c. salad
4. *He has a napkin:*
  - a. tied around his neck
  - b. tucked in his collar
  - c. folded in his lap
5. *In his left lapel is a:*
  - a. flower
  - b. pin
  - c. name card
6. *His beverage is:*
  - a. coffee
  - b. water
  - c. beer
7. *The ears of corn number:*
  - a. five
  - b. four
  - c. six
8. *The salt and peppers number:*
  - a. three
  - b. four
  - c. five
9. *The table is covered with a:*
  - a. plain white cloth
  - b. checkered cloth
  - c. fancy lace cloth
10. *To the lower left is a:*
  - a. butter knife
  - b. napkin ring
  - c. tablespoon

## Everyone Was Doing It

**A**MERICA LOVES FADS. You can count on America to go all-out for anything new and different. Fads are a tease and a challenge. They come and go—like changes in the weather, but they're not forgotten and are fun to remember. Do you remember Clara Bow and It? Do you remember the Charleston? And the windblown bob? Here is a test which will carry you back. Study the following 10 pictures.

Identify the fad represented by each. This done, name the year or years in which each fad reached its height of popularity. Answers are on page 149. Score five points for each fad you named correctly plus five points for its correct date. A score of 60 indicates you haven't missed much; between 40 and 60 labels you conservative and below 40 shows that—well, maybe you just weren't around at the time.



1.



2.



3.



4.





5.



6.



7.



8.



9.



10.

## Consider the Fathers



**I**N JUNE, father finally has his Day. Father's Day was first celebrated on June 19, 1910. The idea originated with a Mrs. John Bruce Dodd, and the holiday was launched by the Ministerial Association and the YMCA of Spokane, Washington.

As a timely observance of this annual event, we've assembled a quiz about 15 fathers of fact and fiction. How many can you name? Eight correct is a passing score, between eight and 12 is good and 13 or more is excellent.

Answers will be found on the opposite page.

- The Canadian father famous for five of his daughters is
  - Dr. Allan Dafoe
  - Oliva Dionne
  - Mackenzie King
- The comedian-father who also has five daughters is
  - Georgie Jessel
  - Bob Hope
  - Eddie Cantor
- "Life With Father" is scoring a great success as a
  - Play
  - Song
  - Movie
- A father who is famous for his crooning is
  - Bing Crosby
  - Rudy Vallee
  - Lawrence Tibbett
- The father of which of the following popularized the saying: "I only know what I read in the newspapers"?
  - Noah Beery, Jr.
  - Jimmie Rogers
  - Lon Chaney, Jr.
- Who, to the American Indians, is the "Great White Father"?
  - Buffalo Bill Cody
  - Stonewall Jackson
  - The President of the U. S.
- The "Father of the Declaration of Independence" was
  - George Washington
  - Thomas Jefferson
  - James Madison
- Mickey Rooney's screen father in the Andy Hardy pictures is
  - Henry Morgan
  - Lewis Stone
  - Lionel Barrymore
- The leading male character in the comic strip, "Bringing Up Father," is
  - Jiggs
  - Moon Mullins
  - Rip Winkle
- What United States President was the father of a President of the United States?
  - Theodore Roosevelt
  - John Adams
  - Grover Cleveland

11. The "Father of His Country" was .  
 (a) Thomas Jefferson  
 (b) George Washington  
 (c) Benjamin Franklin
12. The "Father of the Blues" was  
 (a) W. C. Handy  
 (b) George Gershwin  
 (c) Artie Shaw
13. The "Father of Waters" is the  
 (a) Mississippi River  
 (b) Wabash River  
 (c) Potomac River
14. The "Father of Bacteriology" was  
 (a) Louis Pasteur  
 (b) Walter Reed  
 (c) William Harvey
15. "Father Knickerbocker" applies to  
 (a) Chicago  
 (b) Los Angeles  
 (c) New York City

#### Answers to "Number, Please"

- |                                |                         |  |                       |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------|--|-----------------------|
| 1. 5 from 57 = 52              | 6. $20 \div 4 = 5$      | 12. 18 & 19 + 54, 40 = 131                           | 16. 4 & 20 + 13 = 37  |
| 2. $13 + 3 = 16$               | 7. 7 from 8 = 1         | 13. 40, 40 from 1,000 = 920                          |                       |
| 3. $64 \div 3 = 21\frac{1}{3}$ | 8. $2 \times 4 = 8$     | 14. \$1,000,000, 5, 10 $\div 3 = 333,338\frac{1}{3}$ | 17. 7 from 10 = 3     |
| 4. $8 \times 3 = 24$           | 9. $20 + 10 = 30$       | 15. 6's and 7's $\times 1,000 = 13,000$              | 18. $5 \times 4 = 20$ |
| 5. $3 + 4 = 7$                 | 10. 3 from 5 = 2        |  | 19. $66 \div 3 = 22$  |
|                                | 11. $3 \times 40 = 120$ |  | 20. $1 + 40 = 41$     |

#### Answers to "Command Performance"

- |                                |                   |                 |                        |
|--------------------------------|-------------------|-----------------|------------------------|
| 1. Father                      | 13. Brother       | 26. Woodman     | 39. Polly              |
| 2. Jack                        | 14. Lover         | 27. Time        | 40. Death              |
| 3. Daughter                    | 15. Chariot       | 28. Sonny Boy   | 41. Josephine          |
| 4. Babe                        | 16. Mother        | 29. All Ye      | 42. Afton              |
| 5. Wild Bells                  | 17. Harvest Moon  | 30. Little Star | 43. California         |
| 6. Boy Blue                    | 18. Fireman       | 31. Clown       | 44. Christian Soldiers |
| 7. John                        | 19. Pretty Maiden | 32. Rain, Rain  | 45. Little Man         |
| 8. Friends, Romans, Countrymen | 20. Gentlemen     | 33. Angel       | 46. Bess               |
| 9. Herbert                     | 21. Light         | 34. Daisy       | 47. Dogie              |
| 10. Satan                      | 22. Britannia     | 35. James       | 48. Susanna            |
| 11. Henry                      | 23. Willie        | 36. Kelly       | 49. Baby               |
| 12. Wind                       | 24. Lady          | 37. Napoleon    | 50. River              |
|                                | 25. Mary          | 38. Glowworm    |                        |

#### Answers to "Everyone Was Doing It"

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Miniature Golf, 1929-30               | 8. Being Buried Alive, 1934-35  |
| 2. Flag Pole Sitting, 1926-27            | 9. Marathon Dancing, 1929-31  |
| 3. Empress Eugenie Hat, 1931-32          | 10. Handies, 1935   |
| 4. Jigsaw Puzzles, 1933                  | (upper left, "Stepping Out," lower left, "two against one," upper right, "eliminating the middle man," lower right, "the zipper") |
| 5. The Big Apple, 1937-38                |   |
| 6. Goldfish Swallowing, 1939             |   |
| 7. Raccoon Coats for men, the early 20's |   |

#### Answers to "Consider the Fathers"

- |        |        |        |         |         |
|--------|--------|--------|---------|---------|
| 1. (b) | 4. (a) | 7. (b) | 10. (b) | 13. (a) |
| 2. (c) | 5. (b) | 8. (b) | 11. (b) | 14. (a) |
| 3. (a) | 6. (c) | 9. (a) | 12. (a) | 15. (c) |

## Corralled from Texas



A Texas-born captain of an all-Texas company in North Africa was giving his men a bit of advice on international relations:

"Part of our job here is to promote good neighborliness. We've got to humor the natives. If they say Africa is bigger than Texas, agree with them!"

—Gowen Field Beacon

Co-pilot of a B-26, a Texas major allowed that the war would last another five years: "One to lick the Nazis, another to take the Nips and three more to get the Yankees out of Texas!"

—BENNETT CERF in

*The Saturday Review of Literature*

Some years ago, the attorney for the plaintiff in a Texas lawsuit closed his argument before the rural justice of the peace with these words:

"Your Honor, you should decide this case in favor of the plaintiff. In fact, you should always decide in favor of plaintiffs—because if it were not for them, you would have no lawsuits and thus no fees. Did you ever hear of a defendant filing a lawsuit?"

"No," answered the judge, stroking his whiskers reflectively, "I never did—I find in favor of the plaintiff."

Waking up in a Fort Worth hotel the morning after a big celebration,

a West Texas cattleman drained a pitcher of ice water at one draught. Smacking his lips, he exclaimed, "If I'd a-known water tasted so good, I'd a-dug a well a long time ago."

A bit of hitherto unpublished history reveals that on the way to Texas, the roads divided, one leading to Arkansas, the other to the Lone Star State. The latter route bore a sign: "This road to Texas."

All who could read came to Texas; the others settled in Arkansas.

A new arrival in heaven was looking around the Celestial City when, to his amazement, he noticed two men chained to a post. He turned to the angel who was acting as his guide for an explanation. "Those are a couple of durn fools from Texas," said the angel. "If we don't keep them chained up, they'll go back."

During an extra heavy windstorm, a soldier came floating through the air and landed in an Army camp in West Texas. A captain dashed up shouting, "What do you mean doing parachute practice in this wind?"

"I didn't come down in a parachute, sir," returned the soldier. "I went up in a tent."—BOYCE HOUSE in *I Give You Texas* (The Naylor Co.)

*Coronet Supplement:*

## ***The Bridal Path***

*A Chart for the June Bride with Guideposts by:*

***John Haynes Holmes***

***Margaret Sanger***

***Mary Margaret McBride***

***Judge Isaac Siegel***





## ***The Spiritual Side of Marriage***

by DR. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

"**T**IME," said Plato, "is the true test of (marriage), as it is of most other things."

This is the word that I would set down at the start of any discussion of marriage as a personal problem. Any marriage, to be successful, must be given time, of which the spiritual counterpart is patience.

To expect marriage to be happy all at once is like expecting seed to yield its harvest in a day. Of course, there are some marriages "made in heaven," so to speak, which thus achieve the miracle. But ordinarily the spiritual fruitage of marriage is like the material fruitage of the soil—it needs months of sunshine and rain, of darkness and light, of the weathering of cold and storm as well as fair days and restful nights, to bring it to maturity.

Yet young people are always rushing into marriage in the naïve con-

viction that they are going to find all the happiness there is in their first few months together, and many of them rush out of marriage in the equally naïve conviction that in those few months they have tasted waters that are not sweet but bitter.

The thing to remember is that in this relation, as in all human relations, happiness is not a gift bestowed, but a result achieved. Marriage is an art and, like any other art, requires time and patience and unremitting perseverance for its mastery. What is needed in marriage, as in painting or piano playing, is skill—and skill comes only from continued practice. Of course genius is required for great achievement, but the ordinary talent can succeed, if given time. Hence the hosts of common folk who are ready to testify that being married is like growing old—"the best is yet to be."



THE FIRST PROBLEM of marriage is compatibility, by which I mean the art of getting along together. Love cannot be guaranteed to accomplish this, for love, like fire, may consume as well as fuse. Lovers do not always agree. And love, by its very intensity, may aggravate the differences.

Under the best of circumstances, there exists the problem of adjustment between husband and wife. And this problem is not unique! It is the same as that which exists between fellow-students, between business partners, between the members of a college faculty or officers of a regiment. If it presses with particular urgency upon husbands and wives, it is because the marriage relation is the most intimate and continuous of any which we know.

Compatibility is greatly furthered by community of taste and interest. This is furthered, in turn, by common cultural experience. If a husband and wife have been reared in about the same way, have had the same education, recognize the same standards of personal behavior, like the same books and plays and enjoy the same kind of people, then the chances of compatibility are much better than if tastes and interests are divergent. But there is never any identity in these matters. In every marriage, two distinctive personalities are involved, and this means peculiar characteristics which, incidentally, add to the excitement and richness of life, but complicate the problem of adjustment.

The usual way of seeking compatibility is the wrong way. Marriages are wrecked by the conscientious en-

deavor of the husband (or wife) to secure accord by making over the partner into a likeness of his own image. How easy to establish a thoroughly compatible relationship by persuading my husband (or wife) to do things as *I* do them! But the wife (or husband) has her own ideas, and interprets compatibility in terms of these ideas. Each seeks, in other words, to adjust the other to himself—and that means rebellion and trouble.

The problem of compatibility rightly concerns the adjustment of neither one of the two partners to the other, but of both to their new life together. The husband does not insist upon the wife coming into his world, nor the wife upon the husband coming into her world. On the contrary, they join in creating a world which shall include the interests and recognize the individualities of both. Compatibility is achieved when the two partners are adjusted not to one another, but to their union.

Helpful to this end is an early marriage, when personalities are flexible. Indispensable is a separate home. Let bride and groom try it alone, even if it has to be in a single room. This marriage is *theirs*, and they must achieve their success or failure.

But compatibility in the home is not enough. This must be buttressed and thus supported by common interests outside the home. "I would lay it down as a law without exception," declares a contemporary ethical teacher, "that every husband and wife should, from the beginning of their married life, have outside interests."

Children rescue their parents from complete confinement to one another, and lead in due course to contact with playmates, neighbors, school and college. But beyond the family and the neighborhood lies the waiting world of men. Let the young couple attend church, join a club, take a university extension course, become active in community life. Let them do anything which will broaden their interests, lift their vision, enrich their personalities and give them the opportunity for usefulness. Their lives must flow as a river, and not become stagnant as a pool.

But common interests do not suffice. There must be separate interests as well. For it must never be forgotten that the two parties to a marriage are individuals, and that there can be no happiness, even in love, if individuality is not respected.

It is fortunate that a certain separateness of man and wife is dictated by the routine of daily living. Each morning the husband goes to work and the wife stays at home, or goes off in another direction to her work. Through all the busy hours of the day, the two are apart. Then how delightful indeed is the home-coming at night. "Well, what happened today?" And so begins the exchange of con-

fidences. Here is the ideal united life.

It is on the basis of this principle of separateness that I insist that a husband and wife should have separate beds. In the same way, if circumstances permit, husband and wife should have separate rooms, where they can have their own things, do their own work, think their own thoughts, all without danger of interference or intrusion.

I would even contend that it is a good thing for husbands and wives to separate entirely at intervals. Everybody needs a vacation, even from matrimony, in order to freshen up and begin anew.

Success in marriage is a matter of common sense, of mutual respect, above all of love—the love that is rooted in character and disciplined to beauty. Happiness in marriage is no accident. It comes from labor, sacrifice and inward integrity. It depends, to an amazing degree, on many little things scrupulously attended to—the sacred rites of everyday behavior! But it depends still more upon that inner fiber which is the substance of virtue. The good man and the good woman, who scorn the life of self-indulgence and find their happiness not in their own pleasure but in another's, these are the makers of true marriages.

## ***Sexual Adjustment and Parenthood***

by MARGARET SANGER

TODAY'S BRIDE approaches marriage fortified with a thousand and one suggestions on conducting her wedding and running her home,

but the chances are no one will tell her that most important thing of all—how to plan her family.

The period of shyness and smirking

over this vital concern has passed. We are able to face the fact that the rice thrown after the newlyweds isn't just an empty custom, but a symbol of fertility—a hope that the marriage will be blessed with issue. And it is now possible for the bride who wants to become acquainted with her husband and to grow accustomed to married life with all the complexities mixed with raptures, to plan her babies so they will be a joy rather than a health and economic hazard.

Almost all of you want babies. It's a natural urge and fulfillment. And almost all of you, judging from the various polls, want the right to have your children *when* you want them and can best care for them.

I have discussed the problem with several young girls, all interested in marriage, most of them prospective brides of the near future, to learn their reaction to so intimate a subject. One girl admitted, "All our bull sessions in college end up with sex. Although the kids think they know a lot, they really don't and would give anything for some definite advice and information."

Another said she believed all girls would like to know how to plan their families, but most of them "just don't know where to go to find out."

There are excellent books available which can tell better than this short article the physiological and emotional factors involved in marriage. Among them is that perennial best-seller by Drs. Hannah and Abraham Stone, *Marriage Manual*. There is *The Happy Family* by Dr. John Levy and Ruth

Munroe, Dr. Oliver M. Butterfield's useful pamphlet, *Marriage and Sexual Harmony* and *The Doctor Talks to the Bride* by Dr. Lena Levine.

One thing all the wise men and women stress is that marriage should never be used for therapeutic purposes. Don't try to "cure" yourself or your fiancé of some deep-seated psychic ailment by marriage. In the same manner, a husband and wife should not try to cement an otherwise unhappy marriage by having children. Children don't automatically "bring a couple together." Too often, in a troubled atmosphere, the advent of children has the opposite effect.

So be sure of yourself emotionally as well as physically before entering this serious state, particularly during these troubled war days. The fascination of the uniform, the urgencies of approaching separation and the desire to be patriotic can blind one to the realities of marriage.

Know yourself and know the biology of what takes place when you are united with the man you love. Knowledge dispels the fears and shadows that too often sow the first seeds of disaster in marriage. Schools throughout the country are realizing the importance of teaching boys and girls about the functioning of their bodies. Almost every college and many high schools now include courses in sociology or marriage counselling to help young people make a success of this most important job of their lives.

Army brides are finding aid through USO and YWCA services. Certain progressive ministers have inaugurated

Family Groups, encouraging young people to gather for discussion of mutual problems.

Frequently, troubled young people will ask marriage counsellors questions they wouldn't dream of asking those close to them, and will find relief in frank, impersonal advice. Two of the questions most frequently asked are: "Shall we go ahead and have a baby now or wait until after the war?" and "How can we learn to plan our family?"

My answer to the first is, be a bride for a year, if possible, before having a baby. This will give you time to cement love and marriage, to make adjustments and prepare the atmosphere for the coming child. Of course this is difficult advice for the war bride, who must kiss the groom farewell after a few happy days. If she desires a child and feels herself physically, emotionally, and economically able to undertake the added burden in the face of her husband's uncertain return, let her go ahead. Many women are bearing infants happily and safely.

Should you decide to go ahead and have a baby, go to your doctor for a thorough examination to be sure you are in the best possible physical condition, and continue under doctor's supervision until at least six weeks after the baby's birth.

To the question, "Where shall I go to find out about child-spacing?" I can offer the reassurance that the Planned Parenthood Federation of America in New York City lists more than 786 child-spacing services throughout the country, as well as

sterility services where those who find themselves unable to have children may be given aid. The Federation also has available the names of more than three thousand doctors qualified to give child-spacing information and the numerous methods of birth control. These must be prescribed individually by a physician trained in this branch of preventive medicine.

There are five reasons for controlling parenthood which I feel cannot be stressed too often. First, no couple should have a child or anticipate one when either has a transmittable disease. Second, when a woman has a temporary disease which pregnancy affects, such as tuberculosis or kidney trouble, she should postpone her baby until this condition is either cured or safely arrested. Third, where the parents, although healthy, already have a child who is diseased or mentally deficient, there should be grave hesitation about bringing into the world another who might be so cursed.

Fourth, where the spacing is incorrect, and children born too close together, the mortality statistics for both mother and child are great. You should enjoy your baby for at least a year before thinking of having another child. It's far better for your baby and for you, too.

Fifth, if either you or your husband is extremely young, you should wait to mature both physically and mentally before having a child. This is fair not only to yourself but to your child, who deserves an adult parent in this complex world.

Annually, many thousands of

women die or are maimed from abortion and 90 per cent of them are married women. Birth control information could have saved many of these lives. The number of abortions occurring each year range from 750 thousand to a million, and Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, estimates that there has been a 20 to 40 per cent increase since Pearl Harbor.

It isn't fair to deny to the vast majority of women in this country the

child-spacing knowledge they desire, and which is their democratic right. It isn't fair to force them, often, to the sad alternative of abortion.

This is why I feel that you brides must know of these serious facts so that you can face marriage equipped with understanding and knowledge; that it is more important to tell you about planning your families than merely to give you details for making a wedding dress, or the best method for waxing your floors.

## Homemaking

by MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

THERE'S NO RUNNING water in the kitchenette. You have to bring it from the bathroom. The only plug-in for your husband's electric razor is in the living room. If you jump hard enough on the floor, the window will open, and you have to go outside the front door to turn on the lights.

All this happens in Ruth Gordon's Broadway show, *Over 21*. But there are plenty of off-stage bungalow-courts and furnished apartments where real war brides get just as nightmarish a start. And they're doing fine. They're learning to turn the bureau drawer upside down for an ironing board, produce breakfast—or dinner, in a pinch—on a one-plate electric grill, do the laundry in the bathtub and generally survive all sorts of crises for which their easy-going lives hadn't prepared them.

It's hard to pick the Typical June

Bride of 1944 and say this or that is what she has to have to get by. In probably 90 weddings out of every hundred, she will be a war bride. So what she needs most of all is what American women have been getting by on ever since they climbed aboard the Mayflower beside their men, or drove covered wagons into the unknown West—loyalty, courage, imagination, love.

In the false security before Pearl Harbor, June brides more often than not had their homes ready in advance, equipped down to the latest pressure cooker and electric toothbrush. Many of them could count on married life coming out pretty much as the magazine advertisements pictured it. They *thought* the minimum included comfort, security and all the streamlined trimmings—plus a handy mother to call on in a cooking crisis.

Now, it seems, the minimum can be a couple of well-packed suitcases and enough money for train fare to the town nearest his camp. It can be a little apartment, financed on government allotments and the bride's war job wages, where married life is in terms of weekend leaves and occasional furloughs. Or maybe just staying at home with mother, trying to train for the home-to-be.

As for the suitcase brides, they say you learn by packing. About the third time you move you've left at least half the stuff you thought you couldn't live without. This may result in what T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings, noted designer of furniture and interiors, insists we must do—unclutter the American home. Brides who do not start married life bogged down in wedding presents, gewgaws and gadgets may soon agree with Mr. Gibbings—that any room, apartment or house looks better without them.

So even if the suitcase bride can't be choosy about interior decoration, she is learning how to do a lot with very little. And she, as well as the war-job bride or the one who waits at home with mother, can get a head start on the future by looking over the exciting new ideas and theories about American homes of tomorrow.

Once it was considered rather smart to have people say, "She can't even boil water." Thank heaven that attitude is out of date now, except among a few pseudo-intellectuals. With the urgency of wartime living, brides who can't boil water aren't so likely to brag about it as to try to learn better.

Maybe these 1944 brides are not home economics experts. But I think they're game, and I hope that whatever else they get out of their hectic start, they will emerge with the realization that the making of a home can be a truly great career—a full-time job worthy of every talent a woman has. I get very sick of the way some so-called career women look down their noses at their housewife sisters, who combine the best features of architect, interior decorator, psychologist and public relations expert in producing attractive, livable homes.

I know it isn't fitting to end an article of this kind without some of the expected lists of essentials. Consulting any one of the brides' books, I could get the experts' estimate of the necessary number of linens, what kind of silver to buy, how to choose kitchen equipment and all about selecting glassware and china.

But after all, one of the happiest wives I know is my writer-friend, Daphne McVicker, who started housekeeping with two cheese knives, four sheets, a gorgeous silver vase and one tablespoon. That's all there was, and the most efficient lists on earth of what-you-need-to-start-housekeeping wouldn't have done her a bit of good—any more than they will help a bride who doesn't know from day to day whether she will be leaving for a new camp or saying goodbye to her husband at a port of embarkation.

It's a career all right—getting married in 1944. And it will keep right on being one through the years. Any woman who can get an entire



dinner on the table without a mishap, know when to kiss a little boy's bruises and when to joke about them, learn to keep a house so that it shines without being uncomfortably perfect and suc-

ceed in preserving a husband's faith in himself and life when everything goes wrong, well I say *she* will be as big a success as the president of a corporation or a Nobel Prize winner.

## **To Avoid Those Danger Spots**

by JUDGE ISAAC SIEGEL

THE "SEA OF MATRIMONY" is dotted with danger signals for the discerning eye of a watchful bride. I have been told by a number of people that no one learns except by his or her own experiences. From my vantage point on the Bench of the Domestic Relations Court, I can state unequivocally that you *can* learn by the unfortunate experiences of others.

What most of us are apt to overlook is that the real danger in marriage is the dismissal of the "little things." Yet 95 per cent of married life is made up of little things. Somehow a couple will always manage to settle their big problems.

But let us take a peek at this fellow coming up with his complaint. Looks upset, doesn't he? And he has every right to be. Listen a moment.

"Look Judge—I mean your Honor—I'd like a little advice—unofficially. Is it all right?"

"Go ahead. I'll help if I can."

"Well, Mary and I, we're happy—we've taken all the hurdles pretty well in the six months we've been married—and she's been swell. But of all the damn fool things a woman can do, she did it! I came home dog tired

from work, hungry as a wolf. And then, before I can get my first mouthful of food, she starts telling me about the hard day *she's* had. The maid was sick, the plumber didn't show up, the dentist kept her waiting an hour and so on. Jeepers, with the manpower shortage I have to face in the shop, I soon lose my appetite listening to her nagging. I'd like to eat my supper in peace. Then I'd be glad to take on all the little problems she has. After all I love her very much—only you know how it is when you're hungry. Well, you understand, Judge. Is there anything I can do about it?"

"Take a walk as soon as she starts in," I said to him. "After a few times, she'll get the idea."

Don't smile, you Brides of June. For you may unwittingly find your own husband picking up his hat in the middle of your best "rave" and taking a quiet walk. That is, if you insist on challenging his ancient rights of "breaking bread" and eating it, before you unload your woes.

Another time, it may be a young woman. Her husband, she begins, had said he would turn over 50 dollars a week to her for household expenses.

At that time it seemed more than adequate, but now—"Well, I bought so much stuff on the installment plan, that the 50 dollars just can't cover everything any more."

There is nothing I can do for this young woman, but I can tell you how to avoid her mistake. Don't start your home by buying furniture on the installment plan. If you do, you begin your married life with three counts against you. For nothing irritates a man more than having to pay out 10 to 20 per cent of his income on things he looks upon as already acquired and belonging to his household.

Many men have told me that their marriage was going on the rocks because their wives prefer their careers to their husbands and their homes. A little digging under the surface always reveals that it is not really the careers that these men object to—but the fact that their wives are so busy with their own affairs that they neglect that "sensitive plant," their husbands' ego. He wants *his* achievements recognized just as much as you want his praise and encouragement in your own enterprise—maybe more so!

And by the by, even though you are not a career woman, remember that your husband constantly needs your interest and encouragement. Share in his accomplishments and "shine in his glory," as did Lady Beaconsfield whose only concern was her "Dizzy," and who, I am quite sure, had a great deal to do with Lord Beaconsfield's success as a gentle and understanding diplomat. And not to be overlooked is a striking present-day

example, Mrs. Hull, the wife of the Secretary of State, who stays in the background of her husband's great achievements, but whose knowledge of world affairs is surpassed by few living women!

A worried father came to me for advice not long ago. Should he allow his daughter to marry a soldier? She was so young. Suppose—suppose!

I told the old man by all means to give his daughter a handsome church wedding (his heart was set on it, anyhow). I said that the young people wouldn't take "no" for an answer, regardless of how much the family might protest. And so, after a few blissful weeks—months, if they are lucky—the soldier-husband goes to the wars. Of course he goes. But the young girl knew that when she married him, and so she's prepared.

You Brides of 1944 are also prepared for the parting. But once your husband is gone, you can tie the knot even tighter if you write him all the cheerful little things you are doing for *him* while he is gone. Your Red Cross activities, the new scarf you are knitting, nothing is too small for his consideration, if you do it with him in mind, and tell him so!

For remember one thing, if your husband is a soldier, you are his morale! There is nothing in this world that gives a man so much courage on the battlefield as the knowledge that when it's all over and victory is won, he will have you to come home to, his to hold and to cherish. But remember, too, that you have to keep that love alive by doing your share!

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*Bookette:*

# Der Fuehrer

BY KONRAD HEIDEN

"Konrad Heiden probably knows more about Hitler and the rise of National Socialism than any objective historian alive." So says Dorothy Thompson of the author of this new best seller and Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Not only is *Der Fuehrer* a profound and revealing narrative—it is essential for an understanding of history in the making . . . a condensation.



## ***Der Fuehrer***

ONE DAY in the summer of 1917, a student was reading in his room in Moscow. A stranger entered, laid a book on the table, and silently vanished. The cover of the book bore in Russian the words, from the 24th chapter of Matthew: "He is near, he is hard by the door."

It was a message concerning the Antichrist. The great Russian philosopher Soloviev described him. The Antichrist "does not look like what he is," and therein lies the danger. He is a young man with a strong personality and seductive power of speech and writing. He is an ascetic and a vegetarian. He will win fame first by a book in which "respect of the ancient traditions and symbols stands side by side with a bold and thorough radicalism in social and political problems . . . absolute individualism with an ardent fidelity to the common weal . . ." Then, in Berlin, he will become ruler of the "United States

of Europe"; he will conquer Asia and North Africa; America will submit to him voluntarily. He is an absolute genius, and he may, says Soloviev, wear a small mustache.

To the student it is not absurd. He turns back the pages and discovers that all this accursed wisdom was hatched out by a group of old Jews, who met together in a back room in Basel, Switzerland, in the year 1897. The demon aiming to devour the world is a Jewish club. And thus *The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion*, since become so famous, fell into the hands of Alfred Rosenberg.

Today we know this plan for world domination to be a forgery. It was written by a French lawyer named Maurice Joly as a satire against Napoleon III, and was published in Brussels in 1864. After 30 years of oblivion, it was discovered by a group of Russian conspirators, members of the tsar's secret police, and used by







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**by Konrad Heiden**

them to arouse the tsar against the Jews. In 1917, after the tsar's downfall, a religious writer by the name of Sergei Nilus published a book with the Protocols as an appendix. It is this edition which was placed on Alfred Rosenberg's table.

At the end of 1918, Rosenberg was forced to leave his native Reval with the remnants of the withdrawing, disbanding German army. The Bolsheviks pressed after them, occupied Reval, took Riga and approached the German border. The shadow of Russia fell over Europe. From the Kremlin, Lenin exhorted the world to revolution, holding aloft the Communist Manifesto. Rosenberg comes, a humble fugitive, with the textbook of world domination inside his battered suitcase.

On May 2, 1919, revolutionary Munich fell to the White Army, the so-called government troops.

When the White troops entered the city, they went to the 19th infantry barracks and found a body of soldiers which an eyewitness later called "a wild Red rabble." Every tenth man was stood up against the wall and shot. Only one was set aside to be spared. His position was only too clear. When the high officers of the Munich Reichswehr fled before the radical uprising, they had left this man behind, to observe and report.

When the government troops had stormed Munich, his comrades wanted to help defend the city. He made a speech dissuading them. His comrades had suspected him of being a

spy, and during the Soviet regime he barely escaped arrest. Now he became the executioner. After May 2, an examining commission sent hundreds of men to the slaughterhouse wall. This man soon came to the attention of the commission, which used him as an informer. By rank, this stool-pigeon was a corporal; by nationality, strange to say, an Austrian. His stated profession was painter and architect. His name was Adolf Hitler.

ADOLF HITLER came from the north shore of the Danube, about 50 miles above Vienna, an impoverished out-of-the-way section. His father, Alois, was the illegitimate son of a poor peasant girl, and for years did not legally bear the name of Hitler, but his mother's name, Schicklgruber.

From the age of 18 on, he was a border policeman in the Austrian customs service near Salzburg. Alois Hitler had three wives. The first two died of tuberculosis. Half a year after the death of the second, Alois married his ward and niece, Klara Pölzl, 23 years younger than himself.

On April 20, 1889, at the Hotel zum Pommer in Braunau, a son was born, in the fifth year of his third marriage. Two days later this child was baptized with the name of Adolfus.

The first school reports of his son, Adolfus, have been preserved from these years. On April 2, 1895, the six-year-old entered the public school in the village of Fischlham; two years later he was sent to the cloister school at Lambach; then followed a year at

public school in Leonding. His report cards from these years show only marks of "excellent," with an occasional exception in singing, drawing, and gymnastics.

A six-year-old boy—a 60-year-old father and a 37-year-old mother. Adolfus grew up in a violently, unnaturally divided world. To his mother—this we can feel from his own account—he was deeply devoted, and she in turn was devoted to the point of weakness to the self-reliant, stormy son. Was he self-reliant? Light and shade alternate strangely in this character. Reports of teachers, fellow pupils and neighbors concur in their description: a big "Indian chief," a rough-neck, an eloquent, loud-voiced ringleader in children's games, planning a trip around the world with his comrades, bringing knives and axes to school with him; if he gets a licking from his comrades in school, he may not complain to his father, but must help himself.

His own narrative again shows how he forces his will on his weak mother, lovingly uses and exploits her—and how completely his victorious nature falls apart when he finds himself face to face with his father, whom age has made hard and stern.

This father had been proud to be an Austrian official, and he wanted his son to be an Austrian official, too. But his son wanted to be a painter.

Adolf Hitler inscribed the story of his childhood in pages full of self-praise and self-pity at the beginning of *Mein Kampf*. He decided, so he

tells us, to punish his father by becoming frivolous and lazy. His brilliant beginnings in school were soon reversed. In 1900, he entered a secondary school in Linz, and in the very first year made such a poor showing that he was not promoted.

With the death of his father, Adolf was free from paternal discipline, and his mother offered no resistance. He spent five more years with her in "downy softness" and "in the hollowness of comfortable life"—in his own story there is a note of smugness in his self-reproaches. He changed his school, attended a secondary school in the nearby city of Steyr. His laziness remained unchanged.

For three years Adolf worried his way through school, sullen and unsuccessful. His tuition was paid regularly by relatives. No attempt was made to obtain a scholarship. At the age of 16, the young man fell violently ill with a lung ailment, his schooling was broken off, and the patient sent to Spital, his mother's home village, to recover. There he lived with his aunt, Theresa Schmidt, a peasant woman. He was described at that period as a big, pale, lean youth. A Doctor Karl Keiss treated him and said to his Aunt Theresa, "Adolf will never be healthy after this sickness."

Whether it was his sickness or his constant lack of success in his studies—in any case in September, 1905, Adolf managed to leave school ahead of time without any final examination. In the fall of the same year, he went to Germany for a few months, his

**by Konrad Heiden**

first visit. In Munich he attended a private art school in Blütenstrasse, directed by a Professor Gröber, and studied drawing.

Photographs from this time have been preserved, showing a sickly figure with a soft, round, smallish head; the nose and eyes and even the famous hair lock are unmistakable, however. According to accounts of fellow pupils, he was quiet, reserved, almost shy, but occasionally there were outbreaks in which he made much noise and fuss. He spoke a great deal with his hands, and the short, angular, brusque motions of his head were conspicuous.

After October, 1907, he lived in Vienna, supported by his mother and other relatives, preparing himself to attend the Academy of Fine Arts and enjoying the city in his own boyish way: theatre, museums, parliament.

To gain admission to the Academy's School of Painting, one had to submit several drawings. His were rejected.

For a year he lived on the money sent to him by his mother and relatives, and practiced drawing. Then, in October, 1908, another examination at the Academy's School of Painting; the result was even more crushing. The drawings he had brought were such that the examiners did not regard a test as necessary.

On December 21, 1908, Klara Hitler died, and was buried in Leonдинг beside her husband. In Spital, Adolf took leave of his relatives, declaring to his aunt Theresa that he would not return or even write until

he had made something of himself.

For four years he strove to prove to his relatives at home, to the haughty professors of the Academy of Art, to the heartless city of Vienna and above all to himself, that in spite of everything Heaven had chosen him to be an artist-prince. He drew and painted. For the shopkeeper on the corner he made a poster in oil advertising a talcum powder, a Santa Claus selling bright-colored candles and Saint Stephen's Church over a mountain of soap, carrying on these and similar anonymous art exercises with unchanging meager success.

A YEAR AFTER his mother's death, he sank into the bitterest misery. He had no more money and was obliged, in November, 1909, to give up his last real lodging, a furnished room in the Simon Denk-Gasse. For a few nights he wandered around without shelter, sleeping first in cafés, then on park benches. He learned how it felt to be awakened by policemen and chased away from a bench.

The downward path of the 20-year-old ended in a lodging-house in the suburb of Mejdling. A light blanket on a hard spring, his own clothes for a pillow, his shoes wedged beneath the legs of the bed lest they be stolen, to left and right of him his companions in misery—thus Adolf Hitler passed the next months.

Occasionally he stood outside the West Station, and carried travelers' suitcases for a few pennies. Then he wanted to apply for some digging

work. But a new-found friend told him not to, saying that once he took up manual labor, the upward path would be extremely difficult. Hitler followed his advice.

The man who characterized himself by this shrewd warning was Reinhold Hanisch, later an artist. Hanisch persuaded Adolf to ask his half-sister, Angela, for money and, on the strength of the 50 kronen (about 10 dollars) she sent him for Christmas, Hitler moved into a "Home for Men" in the Meldemann Strasse — also a poor dismal place. "Only tramps, drunkards and such spent any time in the Home for Men," said Hanisch later, and he must have known, having spent a few months there himself. Adolf Hitler stayed on for three years. He painted or rather drew his lifeless, rather dark pen-and-ink copies of the Burgtheater, or the Roman ruins in Schönbrunn Park; and Hanisch peddled them around in the taverns.

Newspaper reading was Adolf's favorite occupation. There he sat in the gloomy reading room of the Home for Men, bending over the page, gripping two other newspapers fast under his arms. And if, for a change, he really did start to work on a drawing, someone only had to leave a fresh newspaper on the table beside him—he snatched at it and his work flew under the table. He didn't even know how to take care of his few pennies, Hanisch reproached him. If he earned a few kronen, he didn't do a stroke of work for days, but sat around a cheap café reading newspapers, eating four

or five cream puffs, one after another. Yet he spent next to no money on alcohol, none at all on tobacco; even his critical friend had to admit that.

Hitler often sat in the reading room of the Home for Men, paying no attention to the unfinished drawing in front of him, wildly brandishing his ruler, and roaring speeches at an astonished audience. Sometimes he made a deep impression, sometimes people simply laughed at him, and then Hanisch would have to console the weeping boy.

Was there no woman during all this time? This is a special chapter. All sorts of abnormalities have been attributed to Hitler, from perversion to indifference. In the purely biological or medical sense, he is as normal as anyone could wish. But here, as in all other human relations, his distorted soul tormented and thwarted him.

Hanisch, in his simple way, has perhaps come closest to the truth when he says that Hitler was basically so shy that he simply didn't dare to approach women.

After three wretched years, Adolf Hitler left Vienna forever. He went to Munich, where he did not fare much better. Here he designed posters for business houses. Outwardly his existence was perhaps even lonelier than in Vienna. For example, it was impossible to go to a Social Democratic meeting with him because he could not restrain himself from shouting interruptions. As soon as the conversation in a circle turned to politics, he began to scream and hold endless lectures.



**by Konrad Heiden**

In the World War, Adolf Hitler at last found a home and a way out of his loneliness. In August, 1914, he volunteered for the Bavarian army.

There is no doubt that Hitler was a brave soldier. He was awarded the Iron Cross first class, one of the highest distinctions to which a common soldier in the German army could aspire. In October, 1918, Hitler was badly gassed and was blind for several days. He was transported to the rear and finally reached a military hospital. Lost in the world, reduced to inactivity, he looked on at the death of the war which had been his fatherland.

AFTER THE WAR, Hitler worked in the political department of the District Army Command. This office called itself press and news bureau, which was tantamount to propaganda and espionage center. For some time he belonged, with Ernst Röhm, to an officers' and soldiers' group which called itself "The Iron Fist," tried to terrorize loyal followers of the republican régime, and very probably had its share in many secret murders.

During this activity, Hitler fell—by accident, he says—among a small grouplet called grandiloquently the "German Workers' Party." It was so much to his liking that he joined it and ultimately became its leader. Soon four men, Röhm, Eckart, Feder and Hitler took the German Workers' Party in hand.

The first public meeting held by the Party took place on February 24, 1920, in the Hofbräuhaus in Munich.

The Party did not yet bear the name National Socialist. The term was still unknown. But the most revealing item in Hitler's report is that he was surrounded by a body of personal supporters, that these supporters "intervened" against interrupters and that they had side-arms. In other words, a troop of armed soldiers founded the National Socialist Party.

In the summer and fall of 1920, an illegal but by no means secret army was established, chiefly by Röhm. On paper this army numbered as many as 200 thousand men, and it may have had more than 100 thousand actual effectives. The name of the army, "Citizens' Defense" (*Einwohnerwehr*), stated clearly that this body was directed only against the "Red" enemy within; against the Communists first, but possibly, also—this was more secretly whispered—against the republican regime of the Reich.

Clubs with harmless names were founded. They were all private armies of varying sizes. Hitler himself was given a private band, Röhm producing the personnel, the arms, the officers. In place of the little group of soldiers from the Hofbräuhaus, Hitler could soon muster companies and even regiments.

For breaking into a hostile meeting with one of his gangs and chasing the speaker off the platform with a club, a court sentenced Hitler to three months' imprisonment. Two of the months were suspended.

It was at this time that he began to believe in his own God-given mission.

His Golgotha, to be sure, was nothing more impressive than the month in prison which he wished so fervently to avoid. But before going in, he took leave of his people with the words, "Two thousand years ago the mob of Jerusalem dragged a man to execution in just this way."

Then the prison gate closed behind him. For a month he sat furious and silent in Stadelheim, near Munich.

On his release, Hitler launched a tremendous propaganda campaign. Within a year it was clear that the Party could seize power only if the government could be driven to revolution. But how?

Two refugees from Russia devised the plan—Alfred Rosenberg and his friend, Max Scheubner-Richter. In the first days of November, a great celebration in memory of the war dead was to be held not far from the Feldherrn Halle. The heads of the state would stand in a short, narrow side street, waiting for the Reichswehr troops to parade past.

Scheubner-Richter's and Rosenberg's plan was this: when all the notables were assembled in their little alley, but before the parading troops arrived, a few hundred storm troopers would suddenly descend in trucks, close off the street, covering the approaches with machine guns. Hitler would then approach Crown Prince Rupprecht and Bavaria's dictator, Herr Von Kahr, and politely inform them that the German revolution was on. But on the day of the celebration, Rosenberg reconnoitered the side

street, and was horrified to find a large and well-armed police guard. The revolution had to be called off.

But the plan was retained and carried out four days later in somewhat modified form.

On the morning of November 8, Hitler made a visit to Ernst Pöhner, the former police commissioner, who had always protected him so well. Hitler told Pöhner he was going to make his *putsch* that night. Pöhner assented. On the night of November 8, Kahr was to address a mass meeting in the Bürgerbräu Keller. The Bürgerbräu, a large building surrounded by a fenced-in garden, hence easy to defend, had an ample police guard. But Frick, chief of Munich police, at the behest of Pöhner, telephoned the commanding officer not to intervene in the event of disorders. As a result, Hitler's armed followers captured three thousand men, representing the entire state power of Bavaria.

The trucks bearing storm troopers and machine guns rushed out of the darkness, the illumined entrances of the building were suddenly black with armed men. Inside, President Kahr stood unsuspecting on the platform. Hitler rushed into the hall. At his left side was Alfred Rosenberg. Behind them came Rudolf Hess.

Hitler mounted the platform where Kahr, pale and confused, had taken a few steps backward. Hitler cried out to the audience: "The national revolution has begun. The building is occupied by six hundred heavily armed men. No one may leave the hall.

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Unless there is immediate quiet, I'll have a machine gun placed in the gallery. The Reichswehr and police barracks have been occupied, Reichswehr and police are marching on the city under the swastika banner."

Of this last, not a word was true.

Hitler then led his prisoners—Kahr, the dictator, Lossow, commandant of the Reichswehr and Seisser, commander of Bavarian Police—into an adjoining room. He brandished his gun in their faces. "I have four shots in my pistol! Three for my collaborators, if they abandon me. The last bullet for myself!" He set the pistol to his temple and said solemnly, "If I am not victorious by tomorrow afternoon, I shall be a dead man."

Then Hitler rushed into the hall and announced that he had just formed a national government with the three men in the next room.

AT THIS MOMENT, General Ludendorff, punctually delivered by Scheubner-Richter, entered the room. He began at once to speak. He said he was just as surprised as the three gentlemen, but that this was a great national event and he could only advise the three to collaborate.

They all returned to the hall. Kahr spoke; then Ludendorff, Lossow and Seisser—the first two with emotion, the others with painful restraint.

The audience stood on tables and chairs and shouted, overpowered by enthusiasm. Hitler, who had threatened to shoot Kahr but a few minutes before, clasped his hand and said,

"Excellency, I shall stand faithfully behind you like a dog!"

Meanwhile, Berlin had learned of the *putsch*. Reichswehr-General Seeckt wired to Munich that he would put down the *putsch* if Munich didn't do so by itself.

Munich did it. A few of Lossow's close associates had no sooner received the first reports from the Bürgerbräu than they placed the troops in readiness.

During the night of November 8, some three thousand storm troopers gathered in Munich. They had machine guns and even cannons. But for many hours Hitler refused to believe that he would really have to fight. In that night two men were active. Röhm hurried with a small band to Lossow's headquarters where he himself had formerly worked, drew barbed wire around the building, set up machine guns in the windows, and prepared for battle. Rudolf Hess sent gangs to the homes of political opponents, rounded them up and herded them to the Bürgerbräu, aiming to intimidate Kahr and Lossow with the threat of murdering the hostages. For weeks Göring had spoken of nothing but the murder of hostages.

The night was spent in deliberation, hope, fear, hesitation.

Finally, Ludendorff took the decision into his own hands. He saw his hour. There was only one way out. This band of three thousand idealists and dubious adventurers, of armed bohemians and plunderers, of believing and avid youth, must face the

carbines of the Reichswehr, and the miracle must happen: the carbines must drop. Ludendorff was confident that they would if he marched in the lead. Hitler had thought so, too. But now his courage left him. He hesitantly approached Ludendorff: "They will fire on us." The Quartermaster General replied only: "We will march!"

At 11 o'clock, the storm columns started toward the center of the city. The hostages, awaiting death, stood in their ranks. Hitler passed and his eyes fell on the unfortunates. He gave orders to leave them behind—"I wanted no martyrs," he said later. The *putsch* was three quarters lost and a massacre of these defenseless men might have cost the leaders their heads. Hitler's courage and spirit of initiative sank from hour to hour. He let himself be driven, and Ludendorff did the driving.

IN THE INNER CITY, somewhat to the north of the Feldherrn Halle, lay Lossow's headquarters, which Röhm had fortified with machine guns. Reichswehr troops had surrounded the building and set cannons in place. Neither of the parties dared to fire.

And now advanced toward them, through the streets of Munich, leading three thousand more or less dubious figures, that extraordinary soldier, the Quartermaster General of the World War. Ludendorff led his troop through the center of the city toward Lossow's headquarters near the Feldherrn Halle, apparently intending to liberate the besieged Röhm.

The column made its way into a narrow, gully-like street, opening out on the broad Odeonsplatz near the Feldherrn Halle. In the first row marched Ludendorff; to his right, his adjutant, a former major by the name of Streck. On Ludendorff's left marched Hitler, holding the pistol with which he had sworn to shoot himself in case of failure. He had slung his left arm through the arm of Scheubner-Richter—an astonishing gesture of uncertainty.

An armed cordon was drawn across the street where it opens into the Odeonsplatz. Perhaps a hundred men—again police and not Reichswehr—against three thousand. If the police wanted to stop the marchers, they had to do it in this narrow pass. Once they reached the open square, the revolutionaries could have brought their numerical superiority to bear.

It is still not entirely clear who fired first. It would seem that Streicher leapt at one of the policemen and tried to snatch his carbine. One heard Hitler crying: "Surrender! Surrender!" This man could bluff from the depths of his soul. At the same moment a Nazi ran forward and cried in terror: "Don't shoot, His Excellency Ludendorff is coming!"

A shot rang out and the man collapsed, wounded. A volley was fired. Göring fell, shot in the thigh. Scheubner-Richter received a fatal wound and fell. So tight was his leader's grip on him that Hitler's arm was dislocated. Hitler lay on the ground. It is not clear whether he was pulled down

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by Scheubner or was instinctively seeking cover. In any case, it is certain that if he wanted to cow the enemy, he had to remain on his feet.

Ludendorff remained standing. He even advanced. With Streck, he passed between the rifle barrels of the police to the open square. If 50 or perhaps even 25 men had followed him, the day would have ended differently.

The whole exchange of fire had lasted less than a minute. The narrow bit of street was covered with fallen bodies. As soon as the shooting stopped, in the first seconds of stunned silence on both sides, a man rose in the front row, the first of them all to rise, the quickest, perhaps the most terrified, obeying only his instinct of self-conservation. All reports indicate that Hitler was the first to flee. A few days later, Hitler was under arrest.

At the end of February, 1924, he faced a special court with Ludendorff, Röhm, Frick and others. The trial gave him immense publicity and was a scandal in every respect. Contrary to the clear wording of the law, Hitler received the mild minimum sentence of five years' imprisonment. Contrary to the clear wording of the law, he was made to serve only eight and a half months of his term. Contrary to the law, he, a foreigner who had filled the German streets with fire and corpses, was not deported.

To unswervingly loyal Rudolf Hess, Hitler said: "I shall need seven years before the movement is on top again."

By 1929, Adolf Hitler had left his worst private worries behind him. In

one of the most attractive and expensive thoroughfares of Munich, the Outer Prinz Regenten Strasse, he rented a nine-room apartment which he shared with his sister and niece. He liked to move in the spots where life was amusing; preferably in places where he could eat a great deal of cake to the tune of waltzes and marches. Men who were present on many of these occasions later spoke of the "impossible women" he usually took with him.

WHEN GOEBBELS administered the German film industry, he forced actresses to sign contracts agreeing to keep Hitler company occasionally, under perfectly respectable circumstances, to be sure, at the big all-night parties which he often gave. Goebbels also did real pandering, if it could procure or reinforce Der Fuehrer's favor. And all the while he informed the world how frugally Der Fuehrer lived—shunning drink, tobacco, meat, pomp and festivities, renouncing the joys of family life.

In his most intimate private life, Hitler is not a sadist, as often pictured. Here it is not intended to describe his various experiences. But there is one case worth reporting because it sheds some light on the human figure behind the gigantic image, and because it plunged Hitler, the man, into a real catastrophe and may perhaps be called *the* tragedy of his private life.

One day his parental relations to his niece Geli ceased to be parental. Geli was a beauty on the majestic side.

She, her mother and a less conspicuous younger sister, Friedli, lived with Hitler in his mountain house at Berchtesgaden, and after 1929 often shared his Munich dwelling.

At the beginning of 1929, Hitler wrote the young girl a letter couched in the most unmistakable terms. It was a letter in which the uncle and lover gave himself completely away. Geli never received it. Hitler left the letter lying around, and it fell into the hands of his landlady's son, a certain Doctor Rudolph. Through a pro-Nazi priest, Father Bernhard Stempfle, and through Party funds, Rudolph was induced to return the letter.

Relations between Hitler and his niece became troubled as time went on. The incident of the lost and recovered letter perhaps contributed to the final catastrophe. She made other friendships, for example with Emil Maurice, the man to whom Hitler had dictated the beginning of *Mein Kampf*. In the end, she made up her mind to end her whole life with Hitler and go to Vienna.

Hitler resisted violently. During one quarrel, Geli, in her despair, seems to have told outsiders about her relations with her uncle and about the dangerous letter. Hitler was beside himself. He felt he had been betrayed as a man. Geli was determined to leave for Vienna where a friend was awaiting her. Her uncle forbade her.

One day he went to Hamburg. As he was setting out, she asked his permission for the last time to leave Munich. She called down to him from a win-

dow in the house on the Prinz Regenten Strasse, "Then you won't let me go to Vienna?" And Hitler, from his car, called up, "No!"

The next morning she was found shot to death. It was September 18, 1931. Geli Raubal was 23 years of age.

After a thorough investigation, the state's attorney declared her a suicide. It was a terrible blow to Hitler. Gregor Strasser later claimed that for two days he didn't let him out of his sight, fearing that he might do himself harm. The Austrian government granted Hitler special permission for a trip to Vienna. A week after Geli's death, he spent an evening at her grave, shedding many tears.

How and why had Geli Raubal died? Was it suicide? Was it murder? In either case, what was the reason? To a close friend, her mother later hinted at murder, or else suicide under compulsion or strong suggestion. She did not accuse Hitler. On the contrary, she said she was sure that Adolf was determined to marry Geli. She mentioned another name: Himmler.

If we are to believe the assertions and hints of her mother, we might piece together a gruesome scene, compatible with the spiritual twilight of this milieu. We can see Himmler, calling at a late hour; explaining to Geli that she had betrayed the man who was her guardian, her lover and her Fuehrer in one. We may ask what Himmler hoped to gain by the inevitable scandal; but a worse scandal was to be feared if Geli went to Vienna and began to talk, ultimately to the



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press. But again, these are pure conjectures, though they do possess a certain inner plausibility.

At all events, Geli Raubal died under strange circumstances. As for Adolf Hitler, life here played a cruel trick on an idol unfit to be a man.

\* HITLER was appointed Chancellor on January 30, 1933. Elections were set for March 5. The National Socialists could not hope to control the elections unless their legality was befogged by chaos. Thus began the quest for a Communist uprising.

The election campaign meant bloody street brawls. From January 30 to March 5, the German papers report 51 murders of anti-Nazis, while the National Socialists set the number of their own victims at 18.

But the revolution still refused to flare up, so Göring's police and auxiliary police set out in search of the flame. On February 24, they invaded the Karl Liebknecht House. The building had been quietly evacuated long before by the Communist Party leadership. But in the cellar lay piles of pamphlets. These were carefully studied. Three days later, Göring made breath-taking disclosures, though he remained vague about the evidence. The Communists, it seemed, were planning to fire government buildings, castles, museums and vital factories all over Germany. A sensational fire was to be the "signal for bloody revolution and civil war."

Today it is as good as proved that the Reichstag fire was not the Com-

munist crime which the National Socialists made of it, but from then on the police were almost uncontested masters of the German people.

Before the ashes of the Reichstag building were cold, the air waves were alive with National Socialist voices blaring forth details about the murderous, incendiary plans of the Communists that had been frustrated just in time. S.A. men rushed about in trucks, drunken with victory and roaring threats at the people. In the cellars of the S.A. barracks, woolen blankets stifled the cries of victims.

Of other parties, the voter saw and heard next to nothing. The Social Democrats made no speeches and issued no literature. In many smaller localities, the polls were manned only by National Socialists. Occasionally the secret ballot was discarded and voting took place publicly. And after the secrecy of the mails and of telephone conversations had been suspended, many people ceased to believe in the secret ballot even where it was still observed.

The majority did not want Hitler, but it wanted nothing else. There was no united will to confront the united will of the National Socialists. Consequently, the S.A. met slight resistance when, on March 6, it began to flood the main streets, to invade public buildings, even to occupy factories and business houses. The "best of the nation" lost all restraint. They broke into private homes, dragged political enemies away, shot them, beat them to death or unconsciousness; occa-

sionally looted Jewish shops. For the most part this was done according to individual whim and no comprehensive plan.

Since the regular authorities had no legal basis for action against the arrested leaders of the Left parties, the S.A. established its own prisons, called "concentration camps."

Many murders could not be kept secret. The official reports of the Brown auxiliary police then stated, with cynical regularity, that the victim had been "shot while trying to escape." It became a favorite practice to hurl the victims from high windows, because this could easily be represented as suicide.

The Reichstag met on March 23. Of the Communists, most of whom Goring's police had imprisoned, none, of course, appeared. More than 20 Social Democrats were absent, most of them under arrest or in flight. From this Reichstag, Hitler's government demanded dictatorial powers.

In the galleries, in the corridors between the deputies' benches, stood S.S. and S.A. men with pistols at their belts. Goring, in his president's chair, looked out over the hall through binoculars as though prepared at any moment to command: "Fire!" Otto Wels, leader of the Social Democrats, explained why his party would vote against the dictatorship law. It was a clear speech of rejection, but between Goring's binoculars and the pistols of the S.A., Wels no longer dared to say what was happening in the country and how the masses really felt.

A few small splinter parties made dejected speeches for the affirmative. And then the mutilated Reichstag submitted, avoiding war. The law was passed. The National Socialist fraction jumped up and sang the Horst Wessel song. From that afternoon, Hitler was dictator.

In 1933, Hitler made one of his gravest decisions: Röhm's terroristic, uncontrollable S.A., which had put him in power, must be destroyed.

Since 1920, when Hess joined Hitler, his job had been to spy on the Party and keep it in order. For the supervision of the S.A., he had a particularly suitable human instrument, a certain Martin Bormann, an "old fighter" who was endowed with all the qualities and experience of the armed bohemians, including a year spent in prison for participation in a political murder.

Bormann had been Captain von Pfeffer's right hand when the latter was the supreme leader of the S.A. When in 1930, Pfeffer was crowded out by Röhm's clique, Bormann left the leadership of the S.A., but remained director of the "Relief Fund," an institution which could also be called the bribe fund. At its headquarters, the lamentations and grievances of the malcontents, which the leadership would not listen to, were loudly reiterated. And Bormann, full of bitter resentment against the "gang of perverts" around Röhm, collected heaps of material. Its content was communicated to Hess; and Hess

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began to din into Hitler's ears that the conditions created by Röhm's male harem within the S.A. were gradually becoming unbearable.

On June 28, Göring and Himmler made preparations for a civil war. They ordered their police commandos and their S.S. special troops to hold themselves in readiness. On June 29, Karl Ernst, the S.A. group leader in Berlin, seems to have got wind of these preparations. From a private report of one of Röhm's followers, it appears that he interpreted them as a sign that the "reactionaries" were making ready for the long-expected decisive blow against National Socialism. Obviously it did not occur to him that Hitler himself desired this blow. On the contrary, he believed that his Fuehrer would be the first victim. For that reason, on the afternoon of June 29, he proclaimed a state of alarm for the Berlin S.A.

On June 29, Hitler stopped at Godesberg on the Rhine. Goebbels had arrived from Berlin bringing disquieting reports about the S.A.'s activities. Hitler finally made up his mind to go personally to Wiessee on the following day and arrest Röhm and his staff, but for the time being not to inflict any punishment upon him.

With this bloody decision in his heart, at two past midnight Hitler flew from the Hangelar airdrome near Bonn to Munich in order personally to direct the decimation.

At four o'clock Hitler landed at the Oberwiesenfeld airdrome near Munich. At seven in the morning, he and

his party sped southward in a long column of automobiles, in the direction of Wiessee. An armored Reichswehr car was in the column; nor had Hitler forgotten to bring his press agent, Dietrich, who was to describe the planned blood-bath.

Against a background of dark green mountains shone the placid surface of the Tegernsee, illumined by a gold-blue morning sky. In the wing of the Hanslbauer, Röhm lay wrapped in deep sleep. Hitler and suite entered, deliberately silent, almost on tiptoes.

Count Spreti was the first prisoner to be brought in. He made a gesture which Hitler interpreted as an attempt to reach for his gun. The Fuehrer hit him on the head with the iron end of his heavy whip, and kept hitting the young man's face and skull until he collapsed. Then he hammered at Röhm's door with his fists, shouting to him to open up. Röhm's sleepy voice was heard: "What, you here already?" According to Dietrich's account, Hitler entered the room alone. Röhm submitted to his arrest and listened to Hitler's furious abuse without uttering a single word.

Hitler hastily went back to Munich, ordering Röhm's staff guard to precede him.

On the morning of the same June 30, Göring and Himmler struck in Berlin. The police commandos for special services, led by Wecke, thundered on motorcycles and trucks—making a detour to mislead the adversary—from Lichterfelde via Tempelhof into Berlin, surrounded the

S.A. headquarters and penetrated inside without encountering resistance.

Within the walls of Lichterfelde and Stadelheim, and to a lesser extent at several other places, there now began a massacre which surpassed in horror the May, 1919, executions in Munich, which Hitler had helped to organize. It was probably the most hideous incident in modern German history. In Munich, Walter Buch directed the executions. He shouted: "The Fuehrer wills it. Heil Hitler! Fire!"

The endless salvos under which his friends fell dead were probably the last thing of which Röhm was conscious in this world. Adolf Hitler, his friend, had given orders to leave a gun on the table of his creator, for him to commit suicide with—he had been given 10 minutes to do this. Röhm declared that "Adolf himself should do the dirty work," and let the 10 minutes pass. Then the door opened, and from outside bullets were pumped into the cell until Röhm was dead. He was buried in the prison yard.

While this went on, about 150 top S.A. leaders awaited their death at Lichterfelde. They had been locked up in a coal cellar of the Cadet School. One of them who escaped by accident has provided us with an account of the events, from which the following details are drawn.

At intervals of about 15 minutes, four names were called out. The victims were stood in a row against the wall. Five to six yards from the wall stood eight S.S. men with rifles. Four of the rifles were allegedly loaded with

blank cartridges so that no one knew whether his bullet was the deadly one.

Then the order to fire rang out. Here, too, it was: "The Fuehrer wills it. Heil Hitler! Fire!"

The nerves of the S.S. firing squads could not stand the strain very long. They had to be frequently changed, and after each change, the shooting was accurate the first time, but at the second or third execution many shots went wide of the mark. The victims lay on the ground, but were still alive. The commanding S.S. officer had to finish them off with a revolver shot in the head.

From time to time, a horse-drawn, tin-lined truck, which obviously belonged to a butcher and served for transporting meat, entered the yard. The corpses were thrown into this truck and carted away.

How many such corpses had been carried away by July 1 was never known. In his Reichstag speech Hitler mentioned a figure which means nothing: he said that there were more than 77. There were certainly many hundreds. Executions like those at Stadelheim and Lichterfelde also took place in Stettin, Dresden, Breslau and other cities.

At any rate, three S.S. men appeared at the Vice-Chancellery where von Bose, von Papen's unsuspecting aide, was engaged in a conversation with two industrialists from the Rhineland. Von Bose was politely asked to step into the adjoining room. The visitors heard shots. The three S.S. men departed. Von Bose was dead.

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Toward noon, two S.S. men broke into the office of Erich Klausener of the Ministry of Communications and declared him under arrest. Klausener, a leader of the "Catholic Action," founded by Pope Pius XI, willingly followed them, certain that the obvious misunderstanding would presently be dispelled. No sooner had he walked two steps than two bullets hit him in the nape of the neck. The heavy-set man fell on his face and lay there until he bled to death.

In Munich, 73-year-old Gustav von Kahr, who 11 years earlier had crushed Hitler's *putsch* and had lived in retirement since then, was dragged out of his home. A few days later, his horribly disfigured corpse was found in a swamp near the Dachau concentration camp. Kahr was not shot. He was hacked to death with pickaxes.

On July 3, when Hitler reported to the cabinet on the blood-bath, Franz Gürtner, his eternal silent guardian angel, stated that there had been no murders at all, and introduced a law,

immediately adopted by the cabinet, which proclaimed that the deeds of June 30 were "justified as a measure of state defense."

The following story was told about one of Gregor Strasser's boys. A Frenchman living in the neighborhood, who was superficially acquainted with the family, met him a few days after the murder of his father and could not resist asking him what he now thought of Hitler—who, by the way, was the boy's godfather. The boy swallowed, and staring ahead of him said: "He is still our Fuehrer!"

*POSTSCRIPT: This book has related from its beginnings a story which has not yet come to an end. The ending I have given it—the days when the blood purge gave Hitler absolute mastery of his party and of Germany—is less arbitrary than may, perhaps, appear. For by that time, the pattern was set and the weapons forged. Having enslaved his own people, Hitler was ready to use the techniques he had learned to enslave the continent. The shots in the Stadelheim Prison were the first shots of the second World War.*

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**March  
Round Table  
Roundup**

Major Alexander de Seversky's suggestion that the "United States dominate post-war aviation" met with the approval of 59 per cent of our round table participants who opined that "we are best endowed with the resources and talent it takes to develop this avenue of commerce . . . and dominance in the air is neces-

sary to our post-war security and national safety."

The 41 per cent who disagreed with the author of *Victory Through Air-power* believed that the dominance he advocates "is nothing more than out and out American imperialism which could only lead to future wars." They urged that instead "the world of the air be jointly developed and controlled by the United Nations."

**WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR MARCH**

For the best letters on "Should the United States Dominate Post-War Aviation," first prize of \$100 has been awarded to B. Ammon Davis of Marion, Iowa; second prize of \$50 to Gordon Bedford of Richmond, Cal.; third prize of \$25 to Corporal Lawrence Milberg of New Brunswick, N.J.; and prizes of \$5 each to the following: Private Jack McDonald, Ft. Warren, Wyo.; Corporal Raymond A. Kaahe of Tampa, Fla.; Elsie Rockenfield of San Francisco, Cal.; Vincent King of Kansas City, Mo.; Betty O. Gardiner of Springfield, Ill.

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## *The Coronet Round Table*

### **Should Medical Care Be Available to All Regardless of Ability To Pay?**

*An opinion by Stanley M. Isaacs, President  
New York State Conference on Social Work*

**Y**es. Emphatically, yes. Full health service should be provided for all, regardless of ability to pay. For the good health of every citizen is the strength of the nation and must be preserved.

If a man sees his family suffering because he can't afford a doctor, while families of ampler means can buy professional care, he rightly feels that something is wrong with the system of government under which he lives.

Hospitalization plans are fine for white collar workers and industrial employes. Clinics do excellent work. But this is not enough. Complete medical care must be available to all



within their means. And federal aid should be given to organize medical services that will fill existing gaps.

Opposition to government-sponsored health plans comes from the medical profession itself. Younger physicians would favor what

has been shrewdly labeled, by its opponents, "socialized medicine." But the elder men fear that their incomes would be menaced. The experience of England, which has long recognized its obligation to its citizens for medical care, shows how unsound such fears are. What England can do for Englishmen, we can do for Americans.

#### **200 Dollars for the Best Answers to this Query!**

Government-sponsored health service will reduce incentive among doctors and bring politics into the medical profession. So run two of the arguments on the other side of the question. Which outlook do you support? For the best letter of 200 words or less on this subject, Coronet will pay 100 dollars; for the second best letter, 50 dollars; for the third best, 25 dollars; and for the five next best letters, five dollars each. Send your letter by June 25th to the Coronet Round Table, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.

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**Robert S. Kerr** (p. 101)



**Dale Nichols** (p. 31)



**Konrad Heiden** (p. 161)



**Margaret Sanger** (p. 151)

## *Between These Covers*

• • • Robert S. Kerr, Governor of Oklahoma, claims he's seen the musical he writes about umpteen times, in both New York and Chicago . . . Dale Nichols, whose landscapes hang in New York's and Chicago's art museums, is one design authority who has harsh words to say about streamlining . . . *Der Fuehrer*, the bookette by Konrad Heiden, has been acclaimed the most authoritative biography of the century's greatest heel . . . For 30 years Margaret Sanger has preached her gospel of planned parenthood which today is incorporated in the health programs of seven states, may soon be in five more.



